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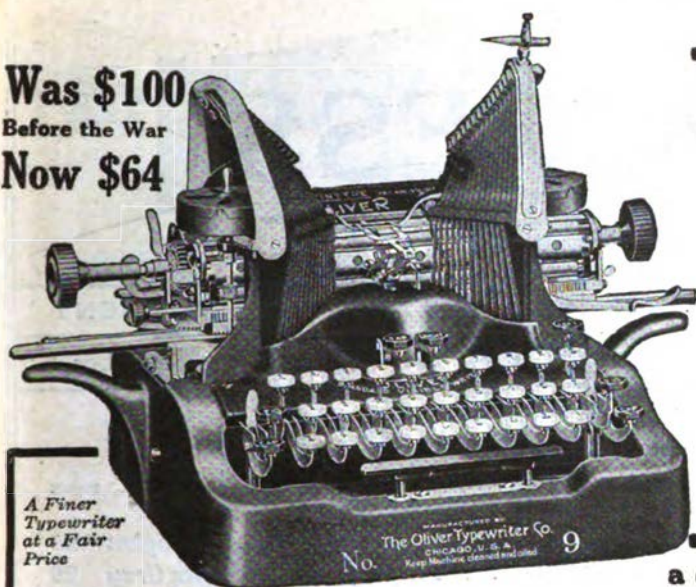
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The New **SUCCESS** Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V.

NEW YORK, May, 1921

Number 5

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The NEW SUCCESS

MARDEN'S

MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLUME V

NUMBER 5

NEW YORK, MAY, 1921

An Interview with the Greatest Woman in the World

MADAME MARIE CURIE

The Discoverer of Radium

By JOHN T. DRAYTON
European Correspondent of THE NEW SUCCESS

FIRST of all—do you know what radium really is?—for this is an interview with the woman who discovered it, and before we go into the subject further let us actually understand what we are talking about.

Radium is a metal found in minute quantities in pitchblende, carnotite (named for Carnot, once inspector of mines in France, and a product of Western Colorado) and other uranium minerals. Radium is remarkable for its radiations, or rays. They will ionize glass, affect photographic plates, produce sores on the skin and create many other striking effects. Radium is the most remarkable metal that science has ever known.

Radium was discovered by M. and Mme. Pierre Curie, of Paris, nineteen years ago. They separated it from pitchblende by a tedious process. M. Curie was then 43 years old, and his wife 35. The husband died four years later, but, Mme. Marie Curie, then one of the most remarkable students in chemistry in the French metropolis, continued with the development and exploitation of radium, and to-day—at the age

of 54—she knows more about this important mineral, its possibilities, its mysteries, and its great power than any other person in the world.

MARIE CURIE is called the ablest woman in the world. She is making her first visit to the United States, and the women of this country are to present her with a fund amounting to \$100,000. The money is not for her personal use. She cares just as much for money, to-day, as she did a quarter of a century ago, when she was a poor girl washing bottles in a Paris laboratory so that she might continue her studies. Her income then was twenty dollars a month and her diet, mostly, was the black bread as it is made in her native Poland, and milk.

The hundred thousand dollars which the women of America will present to Mme. Curie will be used by her to purchase one grain of radium—and that tiny particle will be used to further her scientific studies and researches which have brought so much of value to the world but which have never put a cent in her

pocket. For radium is destined to open many doors now closed to science. Not only is it the only hope of thousands of sufferers of cancer, lupus—and even tuberculosis—but it has been found invaluable in curing other maladies that have defied science. What its ultimate end may be—it may furnish the key to material equilibrium in the universe—none can say.

WHO is Marie Curie? She is the daughter of Dr. Ladislas Sklodowska, late professor of physics at Warsaw, and principal of a girls' school in the same Polish city. She was born November 7, 1867. She spent her childhood days in her father's laboratory taking care of his test-tubes, crucibles, and other apparatus. She began to do this when she was only six years old.

At sixteen years of age, she was graduated from the Girls' High School of Warsaw with the gold medal, the highest honor of her class. At that time, she was recognized as a scientist. Her first employment, secured shortly after her graduation was in the physics laboratory of the Industrial Museum of Warsaw.

Just as Dr. Sklodowska was about to send his daughter to Paris to continue her scientific studies, he passed away. He was willing to work hard and make any sacrifice that his talented daughter might complete her education, and his death only spurred her to carry out his purposes. From the meager estate that he left after many years of constant plodding to help the world, she managed to secure the equivalent of twenty dollars a month. She went to Paris. She lived alone in one small room. Her only furniture was an iron bed and a chair. Her food—black bread and milk.

AT first she could not find work. Every laboratory at which she applied was overcrowded with students. Finally, at one place, she—then an advanced scientist and chemist—was permitted to wash bottles that she might continue her studies. One of her professors, a man named Lippman, recognized her ability and, through his influence, she was enabled to take a free course in her chosen subjects at the Sorbonne. In this world-famous institution she is now a teacher and lecturer—the first woman to be so honored. She set her mind, just as soon as she entered the Sorbonne, to do something distinctive.

There is a great lesson in her struggle. Desperately poor she was—and alone in Paris—an eager student hungering for knowledge and ready to bear all things in the execution of her purpose. Few know the privation and humiliation endured by young women who come from distant coun-

tries to the French capital, determined to pursue advanced studies at the Sorbonne or the College de France. Sometimes they almost starve. I myself knew such a student who actually lived on ten dollars a month, and, later, took distinguished honors in chemistry. The first signal success gained by Marie Sklodowska came when she entered the lists in competitive examination in mathematics, against all comers including the best students from the famous women's school at Sevres.

Her opponents then were fresh from the coaching of the most skilled professors in France. Marie Sklodowska prepared herself! But—when the results of the examinations were read, it was Marie Sklodowska first, and the rest nowhere, for they were simply crushed by her brilliant superiority. Later, in sustaining her thesis for her doctor's degree—her subject being radium—it was quite clear that not one of her examiners could cope with her on this new ground—*her ground!* She was not a pupil, but a master; not a follower, but a discoverer.

SHORTLY after she became Dr. Sklodowska, she married Pierre Curie a fellow scientist. He was in deep sympathy with her work. He helped her to give radium to the world. Poor and obscure, they suddenly became famous and acclaimed. But the plaudits of the world mattered little to them. They went on living as they had lived—in the modest home down by the fortifications on the ill-famed outer Boulevard which was so picturesquely haunted at night by plunderers and harpies. Money did not interest them—fame was a bubble—and radium was only an incident in their work, a proof of their love of work. Both M. and Mme. Curie had so sweet and sane a philosophy that their general serenity was scarcely influenced by the world's verdict of failure or of triumph. I am certain that both discovered wisdom long before they discovered radium.

EVERY student of chemistry knew that salts of thorium and various substances emitted rays possessing the quality of radiation discovered by the French electrician, Antoine Henri Becquerel. But Mme. Curie and her husband discovered that pitchblende also produces radio-active force that will pass through any substance except lead or steel.

But this is the secret of Madame Curie's success: Others were satisfied with the vague information regarding radio activity, she insisted on *knowing* what it is that causes that activity. It took her three years of the closest kind of hard work to find out. Her experiments cost her



**MADAME MARIE CURIE, OF PARIS, DISCOVERER OF RADIUM**

Madame Curie comes to the United States to receive several university degrees, medals from scientific societies, and, what is most important, one gram of radium with which to continue her experiments. This gram of radium will cost \$100,000. The sum is being raised by American women throughout the country. It will add fifty per cent to the quantity of radium now available for the vast amount of work, for the betterment of the world, in which Madame Curie and her associates are now engaged

every penny she possessed—except just sufficient to keep her alive. She reduced tons of pitchblende. Her fellow students told her she might as well try to solve the riddle of the universe. She toiled far into the night. She kept at it unflinchingly. And for three long years!

Finally, in Paris, one day in 1902, there was placed on exhibition on a half of a watch case, a tiny speck of something white—a speck of the world's rarest, most extraordinary element. It bore a small card on which was printed these words: "Radium—Discovered by Mme. Curie."

It was a discovery that the wise ones of the world could not value—and never will. Those who knew the least about it were—as usual—the most prolific in telling what it would accomplish—everything from curing rheumatism to measuring the distance to Betelgeuse. I was in Paris at the time, and, I distinctly remember, the thing that impressed me most was the modest, simple way in which the Curies spoke of their success. Over half the scores of questions that were hurled at them about the possibility of radium, they answered with "*Je n'en sais rien*,"—"I do not know."

In 1906, Pierre Curie was killed. There was only one person able to take his place at the Sorbonne—his wife. Then that ancient institution broke its rule—made centuries before—and admitted a woman to the full professorship that Mme. Curie now holds. This position pays her a very modest wage—I will not dignify it with the word "salary." It is her only source of income. One of the greatest scientists living, she has given all her discoveries free to the world—free for the benefit of humanity. Nothing has she patented, nothing sold! Her discovery of radium—claimed by scientists to have possibilities that are infinite—might have made her a millionaire.

How marvelous! A particle of matter so small as to be scarcely visible on a black surface, can exert a power that is inconceivable to human calculation—can retain within itself a force and energy that is utterly beyond conception. It is startling to think of, but still more startling when you stand in the presence of the small, pale woman fifty-four years old, who is responsible for radium.

I MET Mme. Curie at the Curie Pavilion of the Radium Institute of the University of Paris, just before I sailed for America last February. It is very difficult to get her to talk. Like all really great persons, she is extremely reserved. The first impression that she gives one is that of almost childish shyness. I thought that it would put her more at her ease if I first asked her about her work.

"I presume that your experiments with radium are far from being finished," I said.

"My investigations into the nature and application of radium are progressing," she replied.

"Have you been hampered in any way by the amount of radium at your disposal?" I asked.

"We are reaching the danger point," she quickly replied. "We have been able to continue our researches, but the radium at our disposal is beginning to reach a degree where it is insufficient." Her gray eyes lit up with intensity as she spoke. "The gift of one gram of radium which the women of America are to present to me will enable us to extend our studies in all our departments. Almost every day we discover new uses for radium—new problems in which it may be employed."

ALWAYS she uses the pronoun, "we." Seldom is she so daring as to use the first person singular.

"Particularly your experiments with cancer, I presume?"

"Yes, indeed! This gift will permit us to increase the number of our experiments in our latest method of treatment. We are now inserting, in certain cases of cancer, tiny tubes, about the size of ordinary needles, containing radium emanations. These needles are left in the cancer for a certain period—until the strength of the emanations is exhausted. Then the tube is replaced by another. The treatment has been successful in many cases."

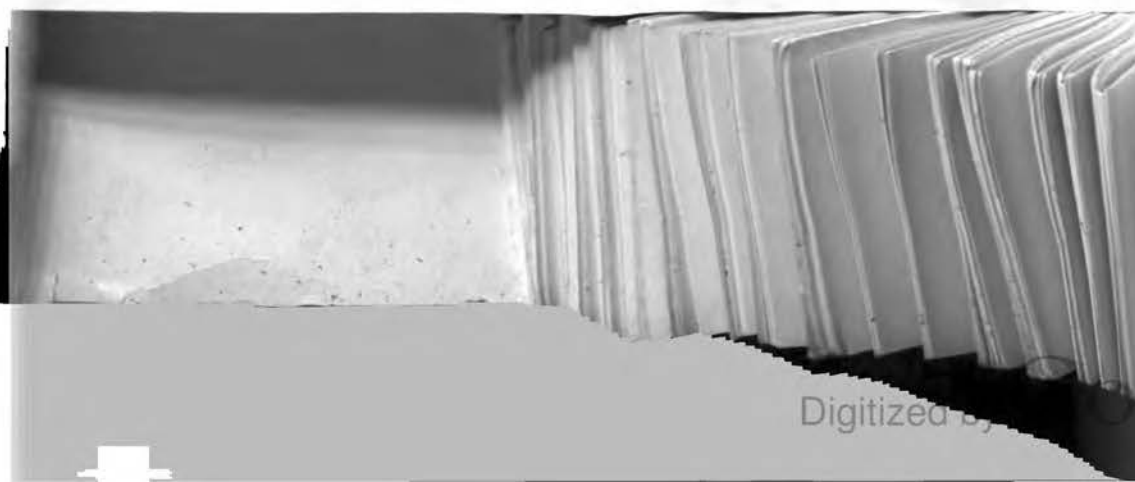
"I take it for granted that you have never lost faith in radium as one of the greatest discoveries of history?"

"The importance of the properties revealed by radio elements has continually increased. Radio-active bodies give out heat. Radium is a constant source of heat. Up to the present time it has been thought that the earth has been cooling since its solidification. A study of radio-active elements proves that the opposite is the case. The earth is not only *not* getting cooler; instead, it is constantly getting warmer. This changes all opinions regarding the earth."

"You believe, I presume, that the most important use for radium will be in connection with diseases?"

"Its curative value must be given first consideration. The possibility of alleviating human suffering must be given first consideration—always. The results, from the first trials, have been encouraging. To-day, radium offers a powerful means of fighting cancer. It has been established that radium rays will cure certain maladies—affections of the skin—such as birth marks, ulcers and lupus. More difficult applica-

(Continued on page 116)



Beginning a Gripping Serial of Romance and Achievement

The Business Butterfly

Proud Prudence Parker, Employed as Private Secretary,
Suddenly Finds that Art and Business Do not Mix

By PETER GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA SHORTMEIER

PART I

IT is one thing to be born a business girl and long to be a débutante or a motion-picture star. And it is quite another to be born a débutante and, at the age of twenty-one, find it necessary to become a business girl. Which situation causes the greater heartbreak, and which presents the greater difficulties to be overcome? That is the problem. But this is the task of Prudence Parker, of fine old New England stock, born with a "silver spoon in her mouth," but who found it rudely snatched from her pretty red lips at an age when she expected to sip the sweetest of life's youthful pleasures.

Prudence's parents were drowned at sea when she was little more than a baby, and her girlhood was spent in a quaint Colonial mansion in Cambridge, under the watchful, if somewhat austere care of her aunt, Mrs. Enoch Tomlinson. In Mrs. Tomlinson's mind there were no worthwhile folk in America save those whose forebears came over aboard the *Mayflower*, and her dignified, courtly husband shared her views, as did their circle of aristocratic friends. Prudence's youthful mind was fraught with the same idea, and, at eighteen, Prue Parker was well on the road to becoming a perfect little prig.

She held her saucy nose high, and her blue eyes looked with scorn on those who had the misfortune to be born of lowly estate. Her boarding-school training, under the prim, austere Abigail Howland, at a select institution for young ladies, did not tend to soften Prue's heart or make her any more democratic. Yet Prue differed from many of her more frivolous school-companions: she had a clever brain and a retentive mind.

Yet Prue was devoted to the social whirl. She gloried in the brilliant Boston assemblies which the family attended annually, and was a welcome guest at many a week-end party at magnificent country estates. She drove her motor-car at a speed that made the police wince, rode her horse

with skill, and was a match for any man on the tennis courts and the golf links. She danced divinely, conversed brilliantly—she was a girl of rare charm notwithstanding her inborn and carefully cultivated haughtiness.

Prue matured early. Mrs. Tomlinson died when Prue was scarcely out of short dresses, and the duty of being hostess at the Tomlinson mansion fell upon her youthful shoulders. And she carried off the task with high honors, much to the satisfaction of her taciturn uncle, who, after the death of his wife, entertained only when necessity forced him, and, for the most part, shut himself up in his library with his books, his pictures, and other treasures.

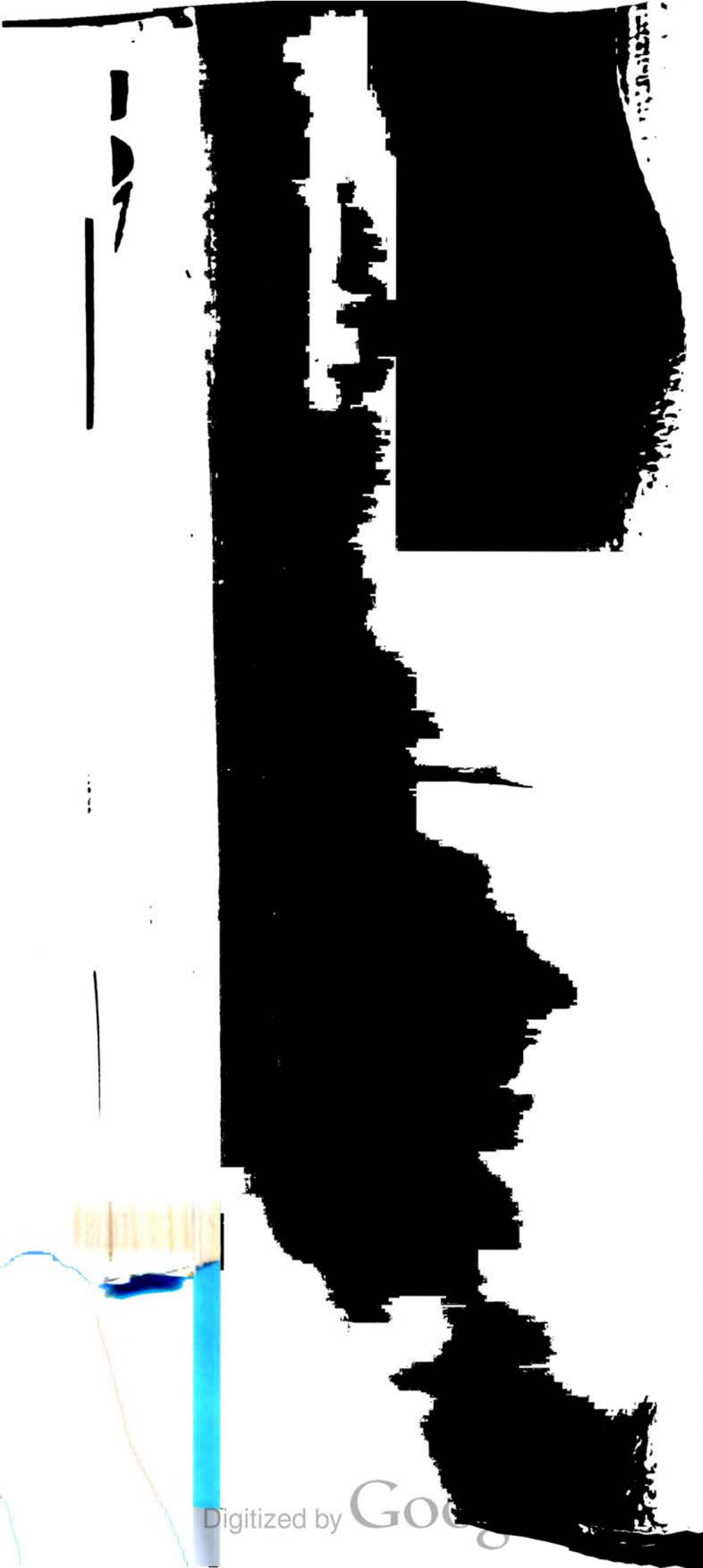
Of money matters he said little or nothing to Prudence, and she naturally assumed that he was wealthy, since every month or so found him adding some new painting to his collection. His frequent trips to Boston and New York were always followed by the shipment of some canvas to the Cambridge home. Prudence would look at these works of art with a saucy tilt to her upturned nose and marvel why any one should pay large sums of money for such bad paintings.

THEN Enoch Tomlinson died suddenly, and Prudence was left alone in the world. It rather shocked her at first, but the subsequent discovery of Uncle Enoch's lawyers stunned her even more. She found that his fortune had melted away like snow in the noonday sun. Every penny he could get his hands on had been used to add to his collection of paintings. Even the old mansion had been heavily mortgaged to enable him to indulge in his hobby.

"Then we'll sell the hideous old canvases!" Prue declared to the attorney.

But his answer completed the shock. "My dear little Prudence," he told her, "I am afraid you will realize but little on them. I have had them examined by experts, and I fear your uncle





was sadly deceived. He was the victim of unscrupulous dealers. There is not a genuine canvas among them. The collection, as a whole, is next to worthless."

Prue thought it over. When the estate was settled she found herself possessed of some fifteen hundred dollars. Needless to say she could not continue to live in Cambridge and mingle with her rich friends with such a "fortune" as that! The idea of marriage had not occurred to her, and there were no active suitors for her hand. Charity or even sympathy would have been repugnant to Prudence. She was too proud and independent to relish either.

THERE was but one answer. At an age when she expected to be a popular débutante in Boston's most exclusive social circles, she found herself thrown upon the world, faced with the necessity of earning her own living—of securing a position without loss of time.

Quietly she thought it all over. Her pride would not let her remain at home and seek employment nearby. She pictured the surprised, somewhat contemptuous raising of lorgnettes on the part of the haughty dowagers of her acquaintance. She foresaw the whispered comments and the looks of pity that would glance from the eyes of her young companions and knew now, all too keenly, that this would have been her own attitude, had misfortune befallen someone else. And in that realization came her first victory. Suffering had softened her own heart and made her realize what a selfish, uppish little prig she had been.

"Perhaps it's just as well it turned out this way, Prue Parker," she told herself. "Instead of being a social butterfly you'll become a business woman, and if you haven't sufficient brains and determination to succeed, it's your own fault. I suppose I could get a place in the chorus, if I asked for it. The managers would jump at the chance of having a Parker, of Cambridge, in the chorus. But I don't care to capitalize my birthright. I'm going to make my living with my brains, or I'm going to starve to death!"

So it was a different Prudence Parker who packed her bag, bade farewell to the old house and made her way to the train for New York. She had not paused to bid farewell to any one. She wondered if they would miss her—if she would miss them—and she told herself resolutely that she really did not care. She was going into a new life, amid new surroundings, and under different conditions—and she meant to win, no matter what the cost.

Late in the afternoon she found a comfortable little fourth-floor room in a Madison Avenue



SUCCESS

boarding-house. After unpacking her things, she went out and was soon enrolled in a class which promised to teach her shorthand and type-writing in six weeks. With her fifteen hundred dollars capital, Prue knew she could take a reasonable time to get herself started in the field of business. She resolved that no ordinary position would do for her. "It isn't that you're any better than any of the other girls in the class," she told herself modestly, "but you've had educational advantages which they have not had. If you can't land a better position than the average girl, you've no one to blame but yourself."

As the weeks went by she began to receive letters from her former friends in New England—outraged, cool little notes, requesting to know why she had slipped away so discourteously and curiously inquiring as to her future plans. "There's not an ounce of true friendship or earnest sympathy in one of them!" Prue exclaimed ruefully, and she began throwing future letters into the waste basket unopened. She had severed her connections with the old life and her old acquaintances, and now she burned her bridges behind her.

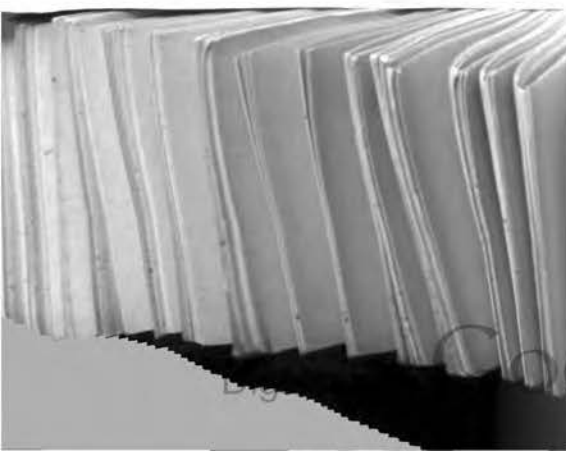
On the day she was graduated as a first-class stenographer, Prue scanned the newspapers for a position.

THERE were dozens of small advertisements indicating the needs of as many business firms—all of them commonplace clerical jobs. Prue was disappointed. Of course she might take one of these places and work herself up to a position of responsibility, but she fondly hoped that good fortune would lead her into a position of trust and responsibility at the start. She did not overrate her ability and she knew that she had no business experience. But she knew also that she had a fine educational foundation on which to build. Naturally she wished to make the most of her business capital.

Finally, in turning over the paper, she saw the following advertisement in the financial section:

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO BUSY EXECUTIVE—A man to act as secretary and not at it. He must be able to meet important callers, keep in order a set of personal books; look after securities; understand the almost forgotten art of polite correspondence; handle varied details, and generally become the second self of his employer. Naturally he must be a man of education, of personality and pleasing manners. He must be wide awake and responsive in his mentality.

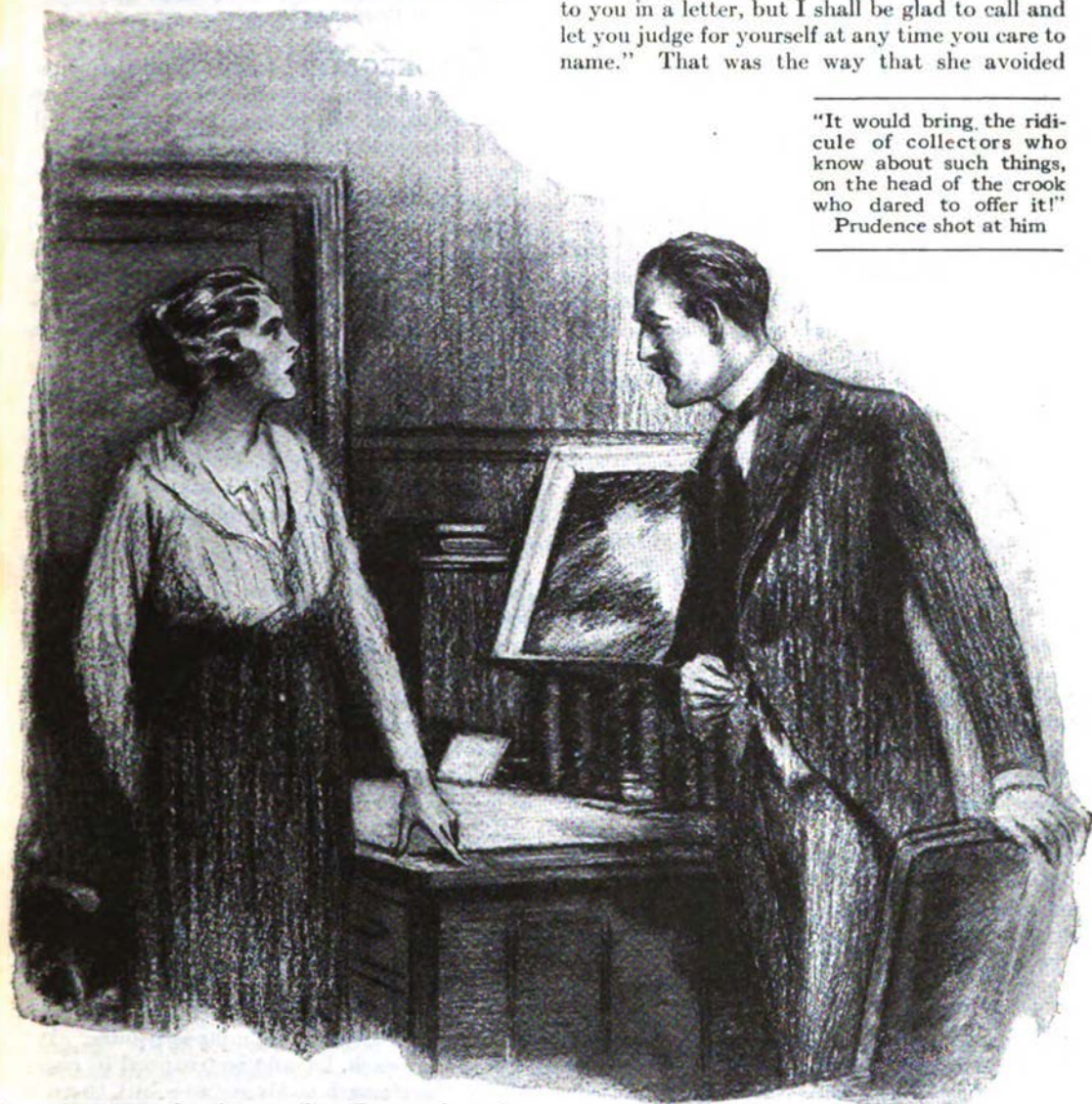
A newspaper box number followed. Prue put down the paper and thought the matter over carefully. She looked down dubiously at the



tip of her high-heeled slipper and frowned. She gazed in the mirror at the lacy richness of her dainty embroidered waist and her frown deepened. "The only things in the way of my getting that position are the fact that I am not a man, and the fact that my clothes are not right.

She stated frankly the qualifications which, she felt, made her eligible for the position, stated that she would supply adequate references, and finished by saying: "There is just one reason why I may not qualify, in my own estimation. That is my personality. This I cannot explain to you in a letter, but I shall be glad to call and let you judge for yourself at any time you care to name." That was the way that she avoided

"It would bring the ridicule of collectors who know about such things, on the head of the crook who dared to offer it!" Prudence shot at him



I can't alter the former, but I can alter the second objection and I'll do it without delay."

Then Prudence went to her traveling bag and took out her private stationery. It breathed good taste and personality—rich yet simple, the monogram in the upper corner, severely plain and suggesting the stability of the writer. Then she wrote a letter that fully measured up to the advertisement's suggestion of "the almost forgotten art of polite correspondence."

stating that she was not a man, without ignoring the fact, and so that it would not preclude an interview, she merely signed herself, "P. T. PARKER."

"Perhaps it isn't just what I should have done," Prudence told herself somewhat doubtfully, "but I feel sure that I can persuade him to give me a chance if he will only see me—unless he's some old bear who still believes a woman's

place is in the home and that all girls are butterflies born without brains and imbued with a desire to play 'Juliet' to someone's ardent 'Romeo'."

She boldly stamped and mailed the letter and then went for a round of the shops. She purchased a stylish tailored suit of modest cut and color, and a becoming little hat that was chic but businesslike. Then she discarded the high-heeled patent-leather slippers for a pair of russet shoes.

"I think, Prudence Parker," she told herself, "you will look the part of private secretary to a man of importance. Now it remains to be seen whether you can persuade him that you can make good—and whether you *can* make good after you've been given the chance. If you can't," she added thoughtfully, "you've no one to blame but yourself." Then she laughed a little as she wondered what her former friends would say if they could see her in her present costume and if they knew of her contemplated errand.

But it was three days—three anxious, seemingly never-ending days, before she received a note on the engraved stationery of Richard Babson Vandergrift, briefly but courteously suggesting that "Mr. Parker" call. Prudence flushed at the "Mister." It was deception from the start. Doubtless he would be angry when he saw her, and she felt that she should have told him plainly what her disqualification was. But the thing was done now, and Prudence resolved to go through with it. She was just a trifle nervous, for who had not heard of Richard Babson Vandergrift—a man whose word was law in Wall Street, and whose name stood high in the inner circles of Manhattan Society. She had once met his daughter, Margaret, at a house party at the Haviland's, in Brookline; but she was sure that Miss Vandergrift would not remember, and she did not mean to tell Vandergrift any more of her personal history than might prove absolutely necessary.

SO it was that, at the appointed hour, she presented herself at the door of the great man's office. A bright, well-dressed office girl greeted her with a pleasant smile, inquiring the reason for her errand. Prudence handed her the letter, stating that she had an appointment with Mr. Vandergrift. The girl looked at it and then stared at Prudence in polite surprise. "You are representing *Mister* Parker?" she asked courteously.

"No," explained Prudence with a flush of embarrassment, "The *Mister* is a mistake. The appointment is with *Miss* Parker, and I am she."

"Oh," said the office girl and disappeared behind the glass door which led to Mr. Vandergrift's sanctum. Prue's heart was beating wildly. Would he see her—would he be furious—would he turn her down politely but firmly? But while she was wondering, the girl appeared again and invited Prudence to enter.

VANDERGRIFT gazed at his visitor with a look of calm appraisal. If he was angry or surprised at her sex, he made no comment. He was a tall, well-set-up man of some sixty-years—gray of hair and moustache and with piercing blue eyes. His bearing was that of an aristocrat; his manner that of a man born to command. On his great mahogany desk, Prudence saw three framed photographs. One she recognized as that of Margaret Vandergrift. The other was evidently his wife, and a third that of his son in the uniform of a Naval aviator.

"Won't you sit down?" Vandergrift invited, and Prudence sank into a leather armchair, trying her best to steel herself for the battle to come. "I see now what you meant by your lacking qualification. What makes you think you can serve me more satisfactorily than a man?"

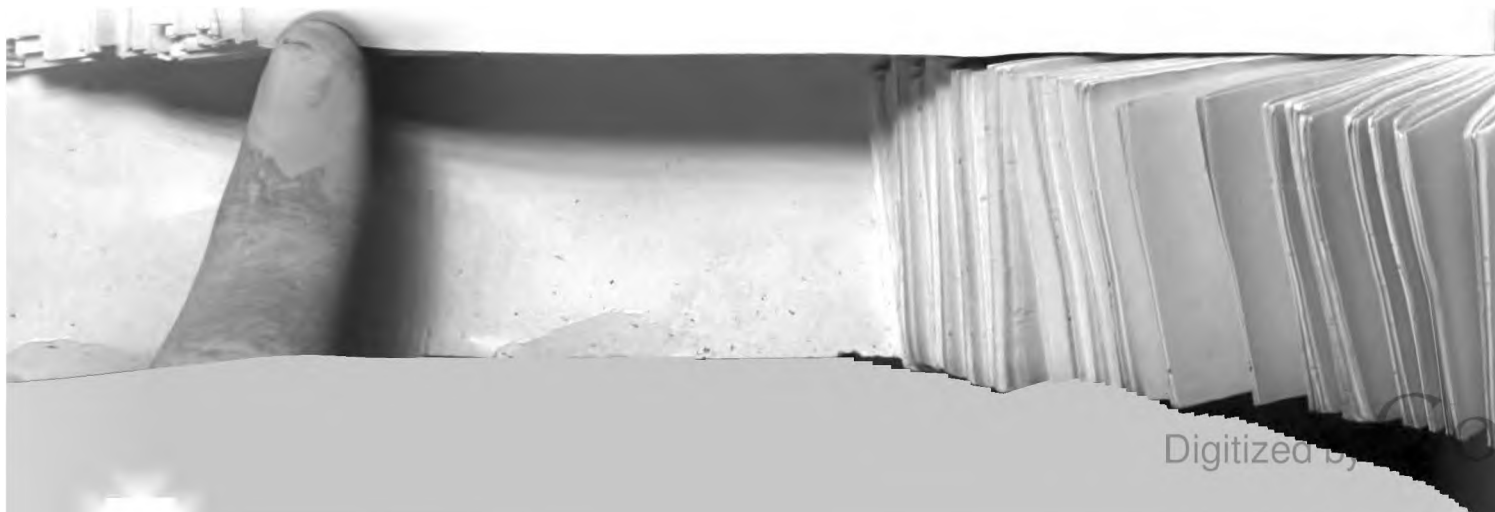
"I don't think that," Prudence answered calmly. "I merely believe I can serve you *as well* as a man. I am used to meeting prominent men, and I am not afraid of them. I understand them, and I believe I could soon absorb your point of view and handle matters as you would have them handled."

"How have you been used to meeting prominent men—in what capacity?" Vandergrift shot at her, his eyes narrowing appraisingly.

"Through Mr. Lanning, the attorney who gave me my letter," Prudence answered, mentioning her uncle's lawyer, and determined not to trade on her social position in soliciting this coveted place. "You, of course, know that Mr. Lanning is one of Boston's foremost attorneys."

"Naturally," snapped Vandergrift. "It is my business to know attorneys. Some are useful and some are harmful. Lanning is square. If he says you are okeh, I would be tempted to engage you on the strength of his say so—but there are many objections to a woman secretary for a man like myself. I frequently require my secretary to be with me at home when it is not pleasant for a young woman to be out of doors, or to keep appointments during late hours when I cannot be present in person. The position needs a man's judgment—a man's steadiness."

Prudence smiled rather sarcastically. "Some of the prominent men I have known were none too steady. I have known some of them whose



judgment sometimes became fuddled; or, to say the least, distracted."

Vandergrift bit his lip in an effort to repress a smile. "Then, too," he went on, "by the time a woman secretary becomes really efficient, she begins to think about marrying. Then I would have to break in a new one."

"Quite possibly," Prudence told him, "but I have no thought of marrying. Even a mere man might do that or he might go further and fall in love with a chorus girl. In that event you would be even worse off."

THERE ensued a battle of wits for some moments. Vandergrift was searching her out as a prosecuting attorney seeks the innermost secrets of a witness's soul; and the more Prudence replied with repartee and common sense, the more he became convinced that this businesslike young woman, with a pleasing but not too attractive personality, was the very person he needed in the vacant place at the desk in the adjoining office.

"I suppose you would be willing to begin at a figure slightly less than a man secretary would ask?" Vandergrift suggested, with a view to sounding her out. Prudence's reply surprised but pleased him.

"I don't see why I should," she shot back at him. "If I can do the work to your satisfaction, the fact that I am a woman should make no difference in my compensation. If I can do it, I am worth what I earn. If I can't make good, I am not worthy of my hire—no matter how small it may be."

"I'll give you a chance!" Vandergrift snapped. "When can you begin?"

"As soon as I can get off my hat and coat."

"Good!" snapped Vandergrift. "You'll find your office in there, with a wardrobe for your belongings. If there isn't everything furnished that you need, tell the young woman at the gate. Her name is 'Miss Morris.' I'm going to luncheon, and I don't know when I'll be back. You can reach me at the Sachem Club, if I am called. Take off your coat and prepare to work as you never worked before. By the way," he said casually, "your salary will be three thousand a year to start. Is that satisfactory?"

Prudence's flashing blue eyes met his steely, inquiring ones frankly. "For the present it is perfectly satisfactory," she told him.

Then Prue Parker went into the next room—a cozy little office with every convenience one would expect to find in the quarters of the secretary to a man like Vandergrift. She sat down in the swivel chair before the handsome desk, and a sigh of relieved surprise escaped her.

"Prue Parker, *you've put it over!*" she exclaimed, pinching herself to see whether she was awake or dreaming.

On his way out of the office, Vandergrift had advised his chief clerk that he had a new secretary on the job. He had told him her name and her salary, and had stated that all inquiries and phone calls received in his absence during the next two hours, should be referred to Miss Parker. "There can't be anything terrifically important," he said to the office manager, "and I want to see just how she will handle whatever comes up. Don't advise her. Give her a free hand. It isn't a fair test, of course; but it will give me an insight into her character, judgment, and initiative."

So it was that the desk telephone rang at Prudence's elbow some fifteen minutes later; a call from Vandergrift's home having been switched to the instrument on the new secretary's desk. With something of a start, Prudence lifted the receiver and heard a cold, superior tone respond to her quiet, "Yes, Mr. Vandergrift's secretary speaking."

"I understand Mr. Vandergrift is not in," came the same arch-tone. "This is his daughter," and Prudence knew that she was talking with Margaret Vandergrift. "Will you kindly endeavor to reach him and say that Mr. Taranoff, of Boston, is in town with a very valuable painting which my father may wish to purchase?"

PRUDENCE could picture Margaret Vandergrift at the other end of the wire, probably seated in the luxurious library of her father's home. She also laughed inwardly as she recalled that, a few months ago, she would have assumed the same ultra-inflection in speaking over the phone to the secretary of a prominent man of her acquaintance. But Prudence remembered her rôle of faithful, respectful, efficient secretary, and determined to get all the details so that she might make her first report to her new employer as specific as she knew he would exact.

"So that I may give Mr. Vandergrift full information," Prudence said, "will you please tell me everything he may wish to know? Just what is the painting, what is asked for it, and when can Mr. Vandergrift see it?"

There came a surprised, haughty gasp from the other end of the wire. "I do not see that you need burden your busy brain with such details," Margaret Vandergrift said with a note of sarcasm. "When you reach my father, say that I shall be at home if he desires to talk with me. You may also tell him that the picture Mr.

(Continued on page 104)

The Imperious "Must"

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

FATHER, Prince and me just chased a woodchuck up a tree! It was great sport to see him tryin' to climb; but he just had to an' he did it!" shouted Farmer Green's youngest hope, as he rushed excitedly into the barn where his father was at work.

"Now, Teddy," said the father quietly, without looking up, "don't try to put any o' your yarns off on me. Nothing in the world could make a woodchuck climb a tree, because he ain't built for climbin'; it's impossible; so don't y' tell any such fool stories as that."

"But, father, this one did," persisted the boy. "He just had to, there was no other way; an' he's there now. If you don't b'lieve me, just come and see."

The explanation of the "impossible" thing was there, too, and Farmer Green's eye took it in at once. The dog, in chasing the woodchuck, had got between it and its hole, for which it was making, and left it no escape. It had either to climb the tree or fall into the jaws of its enemy. So, in its terrible emergency, regardless of its handicaps, its squat clumsy form and short thick feet, which nature had never fashioned for climbing, the animal did what, in ordinary circumstances, would be actually impossible for it to do.

MANY of man's greatest achievements have been accomplished under stress of the same sort of impelling "must" that forced the woodchuck to climb the tree. No one can estimate what civilization owes to the efforts of men and women who under compulsion of that imperious "must" have been driven to do the impossible. That strenuous effort which we make when driven to desperation, when all outside help has been cut off and we are forced to call upon all that is within us to extricate ourselves from

an unfortunate situation has done more to develop man's hidden powers and push the race up the difficult path of ascent than anything else.

Everyone who will ever amount to anything feels a mysterious power, an insistent, divine urge, ever pushing him on and urging him to perpetual improvement. Whether he feels like it or not, this inward monitor holds him to his task. The same is true of all those who in the past clung to their vision and accomplished great work for mankind in spite of incredible difficulties and hardships, even opposition and persecution.

THE great deeds, the great inventions and discoveries which have helped to lift man from the savage to the splendid civilization of to-day, have been wrought out of all sorts of hard conditions. It has not been the men and women of wealth or leisure who have done the epoch-making things that have rendered life so much easier and pleasanter to-day than it was in the past, but men and women who were tied down, fettered by poverty, ill health, and, in some instances, by physical handicaps which seemed to unfit them even for the ordinary occupations of life.

It is easy to pick out in any company those who have fought their way to success. You see a vast difference between those sturdy, self-reliant, independent characters, and those who have never had to struggle with the problems of life. At a glance, you can tell the difference, just as a shipbuilder can tell the difference between the soft wood which has grown in the thick forest swamp, where it was protected on all sides, sheltered from every strong wind, and the stalwart oak which has fought every inch of its way with the tempest and the storm on the open hillside.

The strongest men and women, those who

THE happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work. The work may be done in a thousand different ways—with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done, and well worth the doing, that is all we have a right to ask.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

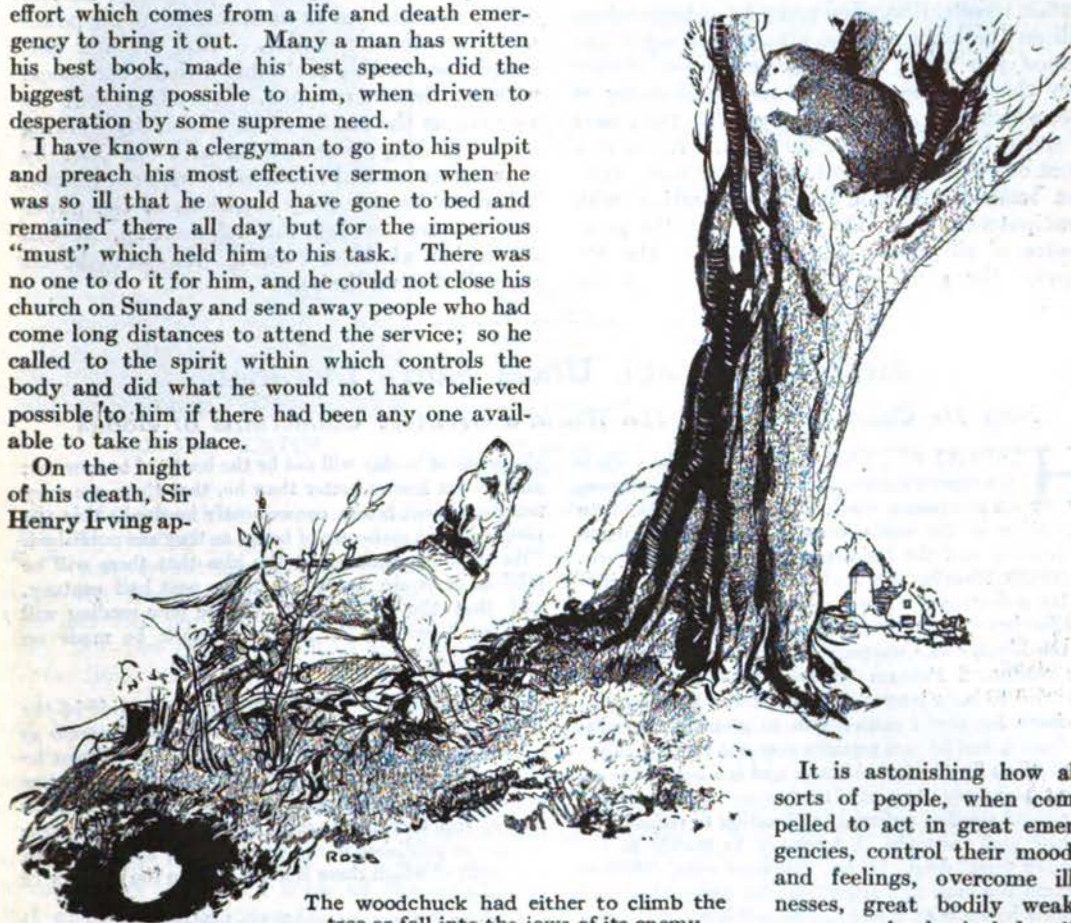
have done the greatest things in the world, have been made by disappointments—by rebuffs piled upon rebuffs. In other words, those sturdy characters have been built up by their fight with obstacles, with the tempests and conflicts of life.

The greatest thing in a man often lies too deep to be reached by any ordinary occasion, any everyday exertion. It requires the supreme effort which comes from a life and death emergency to bring it out. Many a man has written his best book, made his best speech, did the biggest thing possible to him, when driven to desperation by some supreme need.

I have known a clergyman to go into his pulpit and preach his most effective sermon when he was so ill that he would have gone to bed and remained there all day but for the imperious "must" which held him to his task. There was no one to do it for him, and he could not close his church on Sunday and send away people who had come long distances to attend the service; so he called to the spirit within which controls the body and did what he would not have believed possible to him if there had been any one available to take his place.

On the night of his death, Sir Henry Irving ap-

would ever have believed possible, and I got through all right." There are few of us, looking back over our careers, who cannot recall some experience when, facing a great crisis, battling against terrible odds, with our backs literally to the wall, we did things which we never before dreamed were possible to us.



The woodchuck had either to climb the tree or fall into the jaws of its enemy

It is astonishing how all sorts of people, when compelled to act in great emergencies, control their moods and feelings, overcome illnesses, great bodily weaknesses and physical handicaps, and do the impossible.

peared in his great rôle of *Becket*, and his physician said that he was undoubtedly dying throughout the entire performance. But buoyed up and stimulated by his great zeal for his work, the bracing influence of his audience, and, above all, by the unconquerable power within him, he actually held death at bay and finished the performance!

How often we hear people in all ranks of life say: "How I got through that situation is a mystery to me. I never believed I could do such a thing. But somehow when the day came and the demand called, something in me responded in a much larger and bigger way than I

Where does the strength come from which enables an invalid woman, who has not risen from her bed for months, to arise and carry her young children from the burning house, even to rescue furniture and carry other valuables from the flames, when there was no one there to help her? Whence comes the power that sustains a frail woman wrecked at sea and enables her to float for days on a raft or some piece of wreckage, without water or food, struggling with the high seas, the cold and wind, until picked up by some passing ship? What keeps these women alive in such situations when, in ordinary conditions, they would succumb under half the hardships?

It comes from that great reservoir of divine strength latent in every soul, but which is never called out by most of us until every outside aid is removed, and we are unconsciously driven to make use of what is there all the time, waiting to serve us if we only knew it.

Haven't you found when you were absolutely compelled to do a thing, and had to bring about certain results, that when you made a tremendous call on the inner man he always responded and helped you out? You may not know exactly how this is done; but the new philosophy of life, which lays so much emphasis on the power of spirit, is making this clear to us. When, in a great emergency, the soul calls on its God, without realizing it, you make connection with Omnipotence—you ally yourself with the great Source of all power you contact with the All-supply, the great creative Intelligence of the

universe, from which everything must spring, and thus make yourself a channel through which flows from the Fountain Head the divine supply to meet your needs.

IT takes all sorts of things,—great crises, catastrophes, emergencies,—to arouse the giant in most of us; that is, to connect us with our Source and put us in command of the power that does the impossible. But the new philosophy seems able to do this without the shock, without the catastrophe. It calls it out by showing us the reality of ourselves; by showing us our divinity; our oneness with the One; by showing us our real relationship with our Source. When we become fully conscious of the power that is ours through this relationship, we can accomplish whatever we will. We can make our lives all that we desire.

Herbert Putnam, Uncle Sam's Librarian

How He Conducts One of the World's Greatest Collections of Books

HERBERT PUTNAM is a man of books. He is the superintendent of the Library of Congress, an institution which contains more books than any other in the world, except the British Museum at London, and the Nationale Bibliotheque at Paris. Naturally, these institutions being much older and given to the collection of a larger variety of books in all languages, have a greater number of volumes than that of the Library of Congress. Mr. Putnam belongs to the celebrated Putnam family, publishers of books. He tried to be a lawyer and knows the law; but his fondness for books caused him to give up the legal profession, and he now presides over one of the greatest institutions in the United States and is a better-known man than ninety per cent of the lawyers in the country. Small and slender, a distinct inclination to reddishness in hair and mustache, a tendency to freckle in the summer sun, deep, brown, lustrous eyes, Herbert Putnam is a man who attracts by his personality, and because he looks as if he knew something. When one comes to converse with him, one soon becomes aware that this impression is correct, for the librarian of Congress is one of the very intelligent men of the country.

THE Library of Congress is one of the most artistic buildings in the world, particularly its interior decorations which are strikingly beautiful. It is not only a handsome building, a credit to the architects and designers, the artists and artisans who completed the structure, but it is so arranged as to be all that it could possibly be in the way of accommodations to the thousands of people who make use of it.

"Books were made to read," is one of Putnam's remarks in connection with his big job, and he offers every facility for carrying out this idea. He knows that

the books of to-day will not be the books of to-morrow; and no one knows better than he, that there are very few permanent books, consequently he thinks that the people should make use of books as they are published. "We should quickly grasp the idea that there will be millions of books published in the next half century, and that the books that we are now reading will be long forgotten," is another remark he made on this subject.

HERBERT PUTNAM takes as much pride in the collection of music in the Library of Congress as he does in anything else connected with it. When he became librarian, in 1899, 250,000 pieces of music were catalogued. The collection has since grown to 800,000 pieces, and there is scarcely anything that was ever written or published in the way of music in any part of the world of which there is not a copy in the Library of Congress.

Herbert Putnam, as said in the beginning, is a man of books. He reads on the trains, on the trolley cars, and at all times and in every place where he has a little leisure. He plays golf for recreation. He begins the day at half past four; arising at that time and is often at work in the library at six o'clock. Performing a full day's work before mid-afternoon, he is on the golf links on fine days, being really a devotee of the game.

Mr. Putnam presides at what is called the "round table" in the library private lunch room. It is a round table for a small number, but with wings when the number is increased. At this "round table," some of the most distinguished men and women of letters and art have been entertained. At the "round table" much of interest is discussed, and Herbert Putnam not only absorbs valuable information, but he usually furnishes more than he receives.



SAMUEL AUSTIN

It Doesn't Pay to Be a Bluffer

If You Want to Know Why
Read this Interview with
Samuel Austin, the World's
Largest Builder of Factories,
Who Began as a Carpenter

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

SAMUEL AUSTIN, founder and president of The Austin Company, specialists in standardized factory buildings, has his head office in Cleveland, but makes his home at Willoughby, a residence suburb just east of the city. He keeps in touch with the business, but no longer participates in actual construction work. He is deeply interested in philanthropic activities, and makes a specialty of looking up and cultivating friendly relations with men of advanced years, who are so apt to be neglected. Every Sunday afternoon, when the weather serves, he is out making calls of that kind—trying to help someone.—*The Editors.*

A MAN who thinks he can advance by fooling people, is deceiving nobody but himself. He should recall the famous saying of Lincoln:

You can fool part of the people part of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. That applies to business and industry as well as to politics. A 'bluffer' may last for a little while, but he will not get very far in legitimate lines. If you expect to achieve anything worth while, you must base your efforts on solid knowledge, experience, and work."

Samuel Austin, the greatest builder of factories in the world, was speaking. We were in his private office discussing some of the qualities that enable men to succeed.

"What is your definition of a bluffer?"

A BLUFFER," Mr. Austin replied, deliberately, "is one who pretends to have power, knowledge, or experience that he does not really possess. He knows that employers demand experience. Being without the requisite training, he assumes it, with the expectation of learning enough to hold his job. If such a man says he is an expert automobile mechanic, for instance, the boss takes him at his word and puts him to work. Now, he may slide along and keep from being discovered, until he actually learns how to do something; but the chances are he will be de-

tected and discharged, especially if he is obliged to work by himself where he cannot watch others, or ask questions.

"In the same way, a man may claim to be a carpenter, a painter, an electrician, a bookkeeper, or a salesman, and get a position. He may even hold it; but he is always at a disadvantage. He will have to be constantly on the alert to conceal his ignorance. And that will put him in a state of mind where he cannot possibly be at his best. In order to make his bluffs good, the bluffer is sure to venture too far. Sooner or later, he is going to be cornered. Some day, he will be assigned to a piece of work possibly involving grave peril to life or property, if it is not done right. In such an emergency, he must either go right ahead and take the consequences, or back down and admit that he does not know. But a man who bluffs will squirm and twist and do anything rather than confess that he has been bluffing. And so he rushes in where angels fear to tread. With what result? He sometimes learns. Yes, but at the expense of others. The best thing that can happen to such a man is for him to get a jolt that will knock all the bluff out of him.

"In the end, the man who bluffs is the chief victim of such a policy. He comes to feel that

he can get away with it all the time; he does not learn anything thoroughly. But he simply cannot fool all the bosses all the time. He is sure to get on the black list for exactly what he is worth, and then he will find his level."

"There are men all about us winning good places and putting over big deals because of their effrontery," I suggested.

"THAT is true," Mr. Austin said. "But there is a difference between boldness and bluffing. A bluffer is like a man offering goods to sell that he really does not possess, while the man with effrontery really may have something worth while. Sometimes a man with real ability who has been hiding his light under a bushel, will wake up and begin to make claims and demands that sound like bluffing, but which are legitimate, for he is able to make good. Incidentally I might say that the timid fellow with real solid ability sometimes fails because he does not claim enough for himself. He is held back by the fear that he will be regarded as a bluffer, and so he waits to be 'discovered.' He may have to wait a long time, but such matters generally even up in the course of events. (If you are a shrinking violet give yourself a good shaking, and boldly declare what you can do. But be sure that you are able to deliver the goods you offer. If you are inclined to overestimate yourself, and think you can climb the ladder by bluffing, take second thought and—don't! It is far better to get down to solid ground yourself than to be thrown down."

Mr. Austin got his start in a manner quite the opposite of bluffing, which may account for his views on the subject.

"I know," he continued, "that my thorough training as a house carpenter under an English master has had more to do with my success than anything else. My father apprenticed me to a man by the name of William Rollings. It was a regular iron-clad contract. Young fellows of this day know nothing of such agreements. My pay began with seventy-five cents a week. During the fifth year of the five-year term, I received two dollars a week, besides which my father paid Rollings fifty dollars and provided me with board and lodgings. Rollings taught me the trade of carpenter and joiner. That involved practical work and instruction. Furthermore, I was required to remain unmarried, not to play at cards or dice, not to haunt taverns and play houses, and to be loyal to my master."

Samuel Austin's building activities range all over the United States and reach into Mexico, Canada, Peru, Chili, Venezuela, Porto Rico,

Panama, France, England, Gibraltar, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and South Africa. Recently he sent eighteen large steel structures, all ready to erect, to Constantinople, Greece, and Bulgaria. He has offices in New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago. His men are working on eighty buildings all the time, and his aggregate business amounts to \$15,000,000 a year. During the war he erected an air-plane factory, at Buffalo, that covered twenty-seven acres. It is the largest structure in the world under one roof. His workers used bicycles to go back and forth in the big factory.

"After your years of experience how would you define your philosophy of success? What rules would you lay down for the guidance of others?"

"OF course I have worked out a philosophy, but I am afraid it is not very new," was his response. "You know there is not a great deal to be said on the subject. There are just a few fundamentals, and you will notice that they have been applied by every man who has made his mark in the world. I will summarize them thus: Learn a trade, business, or profession that has a market value—for which there is a demand. Master it before you start out. Everything depends on thoroughness. Learn to adapt old ideas to the work you are doing, and to evolve new ideas. Be prepared for changes. Don't get caught with too much sail up. Business shifts are your greatest opportunity. If you are not ready and on the alert, they may be your ruin. Learn to develop your associates and employees. Find the latent talent in the men about you and develop it for mutual profit."

Mr. Austin gave me a number of instances from his own life illustrative of his philosophy.

Soon after he had finished his apprenticeship and had stepped forth as a journeyman carpenter, the great fire swept away a large part of Chicago. When news reached the little village in England, where Mr. Austin lived, he exclaimed:

"It's going to require a lot of carpenters to rebuild all of those houses that have been burned down. I guess I'll go over and get a job."

He talked the matter up among his young associates. Quite a party of young carpenters agreed to go; but when sailing time approached, all of them backed out with the exception of young Austin. So, packing his outfit he started for the new world to help reconstruct a stricken city, but which he did not reach until twenty years later. He stopped off in Cleveland to look around, worked awhile and then returned to England to get away from the panic that had gripped this country.

Once more he went to Cleveland, married, remained a few years, and returned to England with a wife and two children.

Mrs. Austin was a dressmaker. Among her belongings was a pleater, a clever Yankee invention that was of great use to the dressmakers of a day when pleats were the fashion. There was nothing like it in their town.

"Could you make me a pleater like the one your wife has?" a woman friend asked Mr. Austin.

"I have never thought of it," he responded, "but I'll see what I can do."

He set to work. In a short time he had produced a pleater that would do the work as well as the one they had brought from America.

There was such a quick and insistent demand for them that he made more. He worked nights and holidays, and ere long was taking in as much with his side-line as he could earn as a carpenter. Then he quit building houses, and devoted all of his time to making and selling pleaters.

His method was to manufacture a supply, and then dispose of them to dressmakers in nearby towns. In this way he traveled over part of England, Wales, and Ireland, taking orders and establishing agencies.

He did well for fifteen months, at the end of which time he started for Cleveland again.

"Why did you quit? You had just laid the foundation for a big business."

"TO put it the American way," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I got out while the quitting was good. There was a change in style, and pleats went out. I knew that, in a short time, nobody would want my goods. If I had continued, I would have lost money, for there was no market. That is a mighty important thing to understand: when a market is going to drop or when one is going to develop. The same principle holds good in the matter of promotions and increases in pay. Shifts in a business affect all the people connected with a concern, and it is a good thing to know how to read the signs of an impending change either way. The big point is to be ready to go after an order when the opportunity develops, or to look ahead and get yourself ready for the promotions that must be made when somebody up the line dies, resigns, is discharged, or transferred. Likewise you must be equally ready for the slump that comes with a business depression, and trim your sails accordingly. Many men have gone down because they carried too much sail, and could not shift quickly in a business storm or emergency. Inventions,

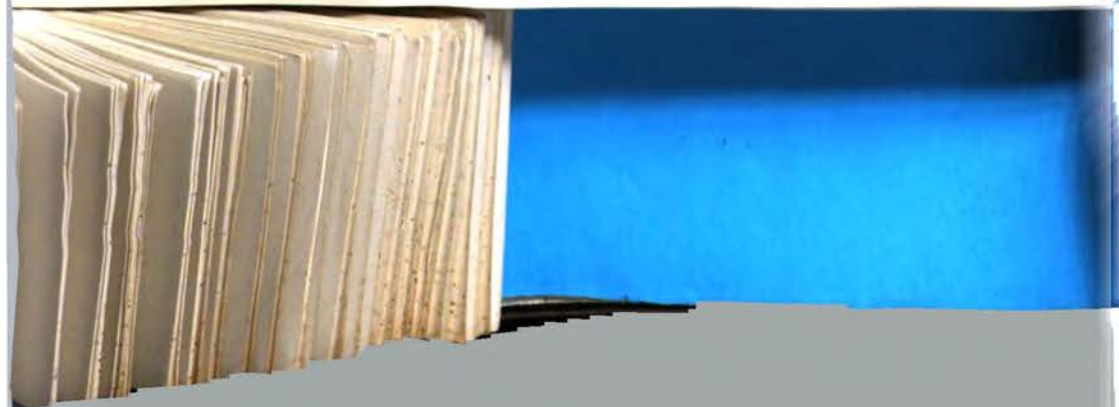
discoveries, financial combinations, and court decisions all have a bearing on your pocket-book and your job. Likewise styles, such as the use of pleats and—the weather. You have to watch a good many things in order to keep from being caught.

"To show you how an invention will destroy one industry and develop another, I must tell you about my experience with mineral wool and cork. When I began building factories, mineral wool was used for insulating cold storage plants. In fact, my first factories were for the manufacture of this product. It took the place of tar which had been used up to that time. Mineral wool, by the way, was made by turning a blast of air into molten slag, and creating something that was very light and looked like wool. It was an excellent non-conductor of heat or cold. I erected a number of plants for the mineral-wool people, one of them in Chicago, twenty years after I had left England to help rebuild that city. Then cork was introduced as an insulator, and drove mineral wool out of the market. The inventor of the cork insulator challenged me to a test. He proposed that we build two boxes exactly alike, one to be insulated with mineral wool, and the other with cork. Then we would place a cake of ice in each box. If the ice in his box lasted the longest, it was to be accepted as proof that cork was superior to the mineral wool for cold-storage insulation. So we made the test on that basis—"

"Who won?" I interjected.

"OH, I guess the other fellow did," Mr. Austin replied dryly. "Soon afterward cork became so popular that the mineral wool company went out of existence. I lost a few shares of stock in the company, and the chance to build more factories. There are numerous instances in other lines in which inventions have affected large manufacturing enterprises. Naturally such changes hit the employees.

"We lost out with the mineral wool, but we made a valuable discovery in another line that was really the secret of our success. We had been engaged to put up factories, in various parts of the country, for the National Lamp Works. As the structures were pretty much alike, we found that we could standardize the parts. This enabled us to erect them faster and at less expense than if each building had been different. We had stumbled upon a very important principle, and I quickly saw the value of standardization in building all kinds of factories. As pioneers in this line, we had to educate the steel-mill owners so they would produce parts of cer-



tain sizes and shapes that would be practically ready for use on delivery. We applied to the construction of factories the same principle that is applied to building automobiles where quantity production is desired. We disposed of the architects by forming our own engineering department. We now have the planning and construction work all under our own control, so that we can put up almost anything in the way of a factory in thirty working days."

"You began work in America as a house carpenter; how did you get started as a builder?"

THAT was an evolution. After we came back from England for the last time, I began working on houses by the day. In a little while, I was made foreman. One day, a doctor, who is still living in Cleveland, asked me if I would remodel his house. That was something new to me, as I had always worked for wages and had never carried the responsibilities of a contract. In the first place, I did not know how to figure on a job. The doctor and I talked the matter over and finally agreed on a price. I knew that if I failed I could get work again on houses. So I went ahead with the alterations. I made little more than regular wages, but I gained in other directions. One big gain was in self-confidence."

MR. Austin had actually become a master builder, but he did not realize it at the time. In remodeling the doctor's house, he displayed some of the qualities that have had so much to do with his later achievements. For example, he put a hood over each window which gave distinctiveness to the entire building and greatly pleased the owner. While working as a journeyman, he had finished off other houses in the same way. All he did was to adapt old ideas and give them a new application. This job aroused much favorable comment, and by the time he was through other orders were awaiting him. Soon he had developed an organization and went forward as a contractor at a time when work was scarce, and many men were out of jobs. Austin never again worked for wages.

"In telling about those early days I must not forget Henry Dipple," Mr. Austin remarked.

"And who was Henry Dipple?"

"He was a carpenter, like myself, who had been trained under the apprenticeship system, but in another country. There was no bluff about Henry. He knew his trade thoroughly. But he was a good deal more than a carpenter. He had a hidden talent that I discovered and developed, and which had much to do with laying

a good foundation for our business. He is now in charge of one of our mills in Cleveland.

"But to get back to the beginning of the story: When I began building houses, architects often held up my contracts by not filling in the details of the plans. It was an architect's job, and they became very temperamental if anybody else tried to do the work for them. However, I used to fix up the details myself, and let them rave. But, one day, when I was very busy, I thought I would try Henry. He was a first class mechanic and I made him outside foreman. While he was skillful with tools and in handling men, he had never tried his talent as an architect. Like other good carpenters, he had always left such matters to the men who were paid for making the plans. His duty, as he understood it, was to take the plans and specifications, and follow them. But when the plans had not been finished he was blocked. So I gave Henry a set of plans and told him to fill in the details, at the same time assuring him that I would deal with the architect later. Much to my surprise, and gratification Henry did a good job.

THE architect gave his approval and we were able to go ahead with the work without further delay. In a little while, Henry became so expert with his drawing-pen that the architects not only welcomed his help, but often consulted him! But Henry was prudent. He never went ahead with a job without the formal approval of the architect. Now, I have told you about Henry because it is part of my philosophy to find the latent talent in the men about me. See how the usefulness of Dipple was more than doubled by giving him something to do that he had never thought of attempting on his own initiative. And the same principle runs through our entire organization. Any man can apply this to himself by asking the simple question: 'Have I any powers that I am not using?' I am confident that there are many men who have not really found themselves, because they have not really turned the searchlight within. They get into a routine and stay there until somebody shakes them out, or something illuminates their minds and they wake up. It is a part of good management for an employer to go prospecting in the minds of his men. He will find gold often where he least expects it. By such discoveries he helps both the man and himself and their profits are mutual."

Mr. Austin has his system down so fine that he can get a factory building underway within twenty-four hours after the contract has been signed. This is done by keeping large quantities of standardized material in stock, and by ship-

ping directly from the mills to the building site. Everything moves with the celerity and precision of an army. His traffic department is about perfect. In order to insure the prompt delivery of material, his own men, called "expeditors," take charge of the cars at the steel mills where the parts are made, and stay right with the stuff until it reaches its destination.

Much of the work is done under the "bonus and forfeit" plan. Mr. Austin will contract to erect a standard factory in thirty working days. For every day that he saves, he receives \$500 a day additional; and for every day he exceeds the specified time, he pays a forfeit of \$500 a day.

A BIG concern that has its yards near the Austin Company's head office, in Cleveland, was in a hurry for a new building and called on Samuel Austin to build it. Samuel Austin talked the matter over with his son, W. J. Austin, who is now general manager.

"That job is so near home that I believe I'll take charge of it myself," was Samuel Austin's conclusion.

Samuel Austin was sixty-nine when he decided to take charge of this job. He had not been in active work for some time, for his men had taken his job away from him. He was but little more than a spectator, although chief owner of the business. That will explain the significance

of his desire to erect another factory under his own personal supervision.

The terms were thirty working days, with the usual daily bonus or forfeit of \$500 a day. The structure was of concrete and steel, 180 by 200 by 60 feet. Austin went at the job with all his might, even using his own private automobile for hauling gasoline sometimes to keep the force of workers intact. He finished the contract in twenty days, thus winning a bonus of \$5,000.

A customer called on Mr. Austin, one Sunday, to pay a bill, but Mr. Austin declined to accept the money.

"Since you have made the trip," he said, "and have done your part, I will call at your place tomorrow to make settlement. It is contrary to my principles to transact business on Sunday."

In the early days of house building, a very curious custom prevailed. As soon as the frame was up, the men would fasten the branch of a tree to the ridge pole, which was the signal for a "treat" by the boss. A treat in those days meant beer. The first time a tree branch was raised over one of Austin's houses, he called his men together and said:

"I recognize the signal, but you know I am opposed to any kind of liquor. However, I will give you a treat."

Half an hour later, he appeared with a basket of oranges which he passed around.

Self-Discovery at Seventy

A FEW years ago a man almost seventy-five years of age was graduated from one of our colleges. He had never discovered himself, never glimpsed his full powers and possibilities until after he had entered college.

Ability seems to lie in different natures at different depths. Some of us find our natural bent easily; others of us go half way through life, even long past the half-century milestone, like this man, before we discover ourselves. Multitudes of people never get even a glimpse of their latent possibilities. They go to their graves with their greatest talents still undiscovered.

Many people remind us of one feeling his way about in a dark room for the electric button. It is pathetic to see them groping for years, trying to find a light on their vocation. They are not lacking in ambition, but do not know just where their greatest ability lies.

It is unfortunate that every child cannot be studied scientifically by psychological experts with a view to discovering his special gifts and possibilities, uncovering his achievement assets, and giving him a fair start at the very outset of his life.

Think what a difference it would make in the career of the average person if, when a child, he could be given a scientific chart of his personal capital, his personal assets, and could be taught how to develop his

ability to strengthen the weak links in his character, which are likely to wreck him if not corrected.

We have often seen college graduates in middle life, or later, who have not yet discovered themselves, but who seem to think that in some mysterious way their college education will secure their success in life. They do not realize that there is something much more important than a college education, and that is self-discovery, the finding of oneself, finding out strong points and weak ones, and learning how to develop strength and correct weakness. This knowledge will be worth much more than a college education without it.

Thousands of men are like a poor farmer who just barely gets a living on some apparently wornout farm which covers great wealth, and would yield him a fortune if he only knew how to mix brains with the soil and bring out its hidden value. Many men after working like slaves for years and making all sorts of sacrifices, finally abandon a farm on which their more intelligent successors found vast wealth in oil wells, or rich minerals.

Most people we meet are comparative strangers to the wealth in themselves. They live on the surface of their natures. They have not delved down into the depths of their beings where their real powers and possibilities dwell.



THOMAS DAVID SCHALL, THE BLIND CONGRESSMAN

Photograph copyrighted by Harris & Ewing

From Bootblack to Congress

The Remarkable Life-Story of Tom D. Schall, Who, at Twelve Years of Age, Faced the World Alone, Lost His Eyesight, and Won His Goal in Spite of Incredible Odds

By CAPTAIN PAUL V. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALTON E. PORTER

THE Minnesota State University is in Minneapolis; Hamline University is in St. Paul. The rivalry between the two centers of learning and sport is as keen as it ever was between the Twin Cities.

But Hamline—in those days—could play ball. There was a game at the State University Grounds. The bleachers were packed with students and the public, and the score was 14 to 1 in favor of Hamline. Feeling was at fever pitch, and the pitch was melting. Richardson, a Hamline player, was so exasperating in his persistent sarcastic taunts that, finally, the wrath of the "State U" boys broke bounds and they mobbed their tormentor—twenty-five or thirty piling upon him.

He was down. He had had his sweater sleeves tied around his neck, rather than donning the garment regularly, and part of his foes pulled on one sleeve, part on the other, in a strangle hold. His tongue was protruding.

The excited students, mad with fury and keen for victory, did not realize that their revenge might prove fatal.

TOM SCHALL, of the Hamline Nine, saw the fight. He butted against the solid mass in vain. What could one do against thirty?

He could take a flying leap to the top. He could stride, with hobnail shoes over the impacted heads and shoulders—in spite of hands reaching for his feet—and fall with a crash into the very center of the seething mob. There his two fists could score like the claws of a wildcat, until his fallen comrade could wrench himself loose, and then the two could fight it out. And how they fought!

Reinforcements arrived, and, finally, the heroes, Schall and Richardson, with no bones broken, emerged from the battle.

Amongst the fans, was a State University coed, who saw that heroic leap, and forgot that the vaulter was a Hamline "enemy." He was everything a hero should be—in her eyes. She wanted to meet such a man!

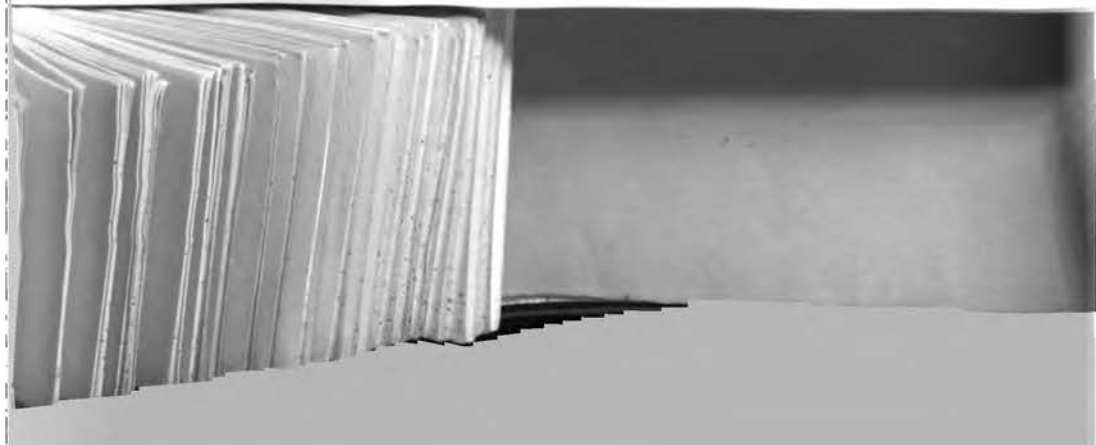
WHO was Tom Schall?

He was the son of a German widow who failed to earn a living as seamstress, and who, for years, had been a cook in various hotels and restaurants. She could hardly speak English and could neither read nor write. She was a Christian woman and taught her boy due reverence for God and the principles of truth which became the fiber of his soul. But what chance had she to give him an education? He played about the garbage pails of the restaurant kitchens, and foraged for scrap iron and waste paper, until he was big enough to black boots and sell newspapers. When he was twelve years old, he scarcely knew the alphabet.

Then came a farmer who offered to take Tom Schall to his farm, where he could go to school and do chores for his keep; so, for the boy's welfare, the mother gave him in charge of the man. The farmer proved to be inhuman. He did not send the boy to school at all. Instead, he set him to tasks of a full-grown man. Tom escaped, one night, and started to walk twenty miles to his mother, who was in Fairmont, Minnesota. The farmer, noticing the boy's absence quickly mounted a horse and overtook him. And Tom Schall was actually driven back to the farm, the farmer lashing his bare legs, all the way, with a whip.

The following night, Tom again escaped, and, this time, by avoiding the highways and hiding all day in wheat fields, he reached his mother. Then the farmer reappeared, to persuade the widow to relinquish the boy again. Tom, fearing she might yield, set out to face the world alone—a twelve-year-old soldier of life. He slept in barrels and boxes, and ate what his few nickels would buy. He had his shoe-blackening kit and twelve years' toughening to make him self-reliant. He could sing; he could dance; he could fight.

He was so droll that when he boarded a passenger train and the conductor demanded his fare, he was able to amuse and satisfy that official by singing a song and dancing a jig in



lieu of a ticket; in this way he arrived at Wheaton, Minnesota.

BUT as soon as Tom stepped on the station platform, the town bully emitted a great guffaw at his comical appearance. The twelve-year-old wore huge shoes, and a pair of men's trousers, with the legs cut off to his length but with the seat reaching to his knees. The trousers were held up by one suspender, fastened with a nail.

The bully shouted:

"Look at the scarecrow!" and gave the boy a slap on the back. The onlookers laughed and jeered.

Tom Schall did not laugh. He fought that bully. Like the untamed savage that he was, with fists, feet, and teeth, he fought the whole crowd. The onlookers were shocked at his fury, and called for the town marshal to arrest him as an undesirable citizen, for Tom was upsetting the prerogatives of the village "toughs."

A local school-teacher, Mr.

Munger, happened to be on the station platform, and he said:

"No, a boy who has spunk enough to fight a whole town, has some good in him. I'll take charge of him."

Mr. Munger took Tom Schall to his home, gave him a bath, a suit of boy's clothes and a pair of soft shoes that fitted—handsome shoes with buckles that made the wearer proud; he had never before possessed anything so fine.

For Tom's protection, Mr. Munger took him into his own room at school, where the boy divided his attention between the pictures in a book and the beautiful shoes on his feet, sprawling his legs so that one foot stuck out in each aisle.

The boy across the way spat upon the shoe nearest him. The next second, he was dragged

from his seat and soundly punched by the infuriated Tom. Mr. Munger strode down the aisle with a stern: "Thomas!"

The voice of his protector was all-controlling, and Tom's conduct was denounced as inexcusable. Tom explained that the provocation was an insult, not only to himself but to his benefactor—Mr. Munger—who had presented him with the shoes. His gratitude, he declared,

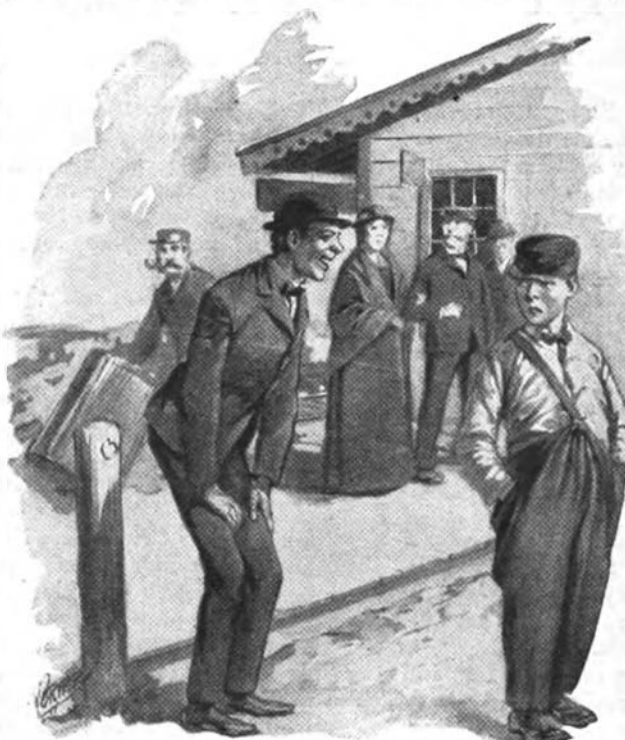
was the justification for his pugnacity. His eloquent defense won the renewed admiration of his teacher. That teacher is, today, a dentist in Washington, D.C., and he is not ashamed when he occasionally meets Thomas David Schall, Member of Congress from Minnesota.

The waif was duly entered in the Wheaton school; later he went to Ortonville, nearby, where he secured work which made him self-supporting, while he continued to attend school. At first, a saloonkeeper gave him a room in exchange for clean-

ing the cuspidors and sweeping out. By tending furnaces, he earned sufficient to buy his food, which he cooked himself. Then he achieved the school janitorship.

The first year, he failed in every one of his studies, and one of his classmates, a little girl, twitting him with his failure, said she couldn't see why he didn't quit school. Yet he stubbornly plodded on with his studies.

WHILE in the high school, he paid for his board in a private home, in exchange for chores. A girl of the household gave a school party; all the members of the class were invited with the exception of Tom Schall. Sitting in his upstairs room, listening to the gaiety of his schoolmates, he heard some of the boys ask: "Where's Tom?"



As soon as Tom stepped on the station platform, the town bully emitted a great guffaw at his comical appearance

"Tom Schall?" replied the young hostess, "Why he's not invited, of course. He's our slop boy."

Tom vowed then that he would study and rise above that supercilious girl who disdained the "slop boy."

In the Ortonville school, there was to be a declamation contest and the teacher called for volunteers. Tom did not presume to offer himself; the teacher turned directly to him and said:

"Thomas, why don't you try it?"

Thereupon, the boy who had won a previous contest, sneered: "You? Huh!" which so stung Tom's pride that he decided immediately to meet the challenge. He chose Daniel Webster's famous oration, and, for weeks, to the tune of the streams of milk in the pail, the strokes of the broom and the grinding shovel of the furnace, he practised: "Sink or swim! Live or die! Survive or perish!" The town attorney drilled him in pronunciation.

When the night came for the contest, some friends proceeded to dress him in a white shirt and stiff collar. He tolerated the shirt but balked at the collar. He won first prize. This was the beginning of his powers of eloquence, which, last June, brought fifteen or twenty thousand hearers to their feet, in frantic applause, when this same Tom Schall seconded the nomination of Senator Hiram Johnson for the Presidency.

His Ortonville oratorical triumph made him the representative of the school in the State High School contest. There he achieved only second place, but his ambition to excel was aroused, and his success gave him unquestioned standing at home. The girls fussed over him and taught him how to dance; the boys invited him to join the ball team and the men of the town invited him to deliver the Fourth-of-July oration. With all this turn of fortune in his favor, Tom Schall attracted the attention of some officials of Hamline University, who offered him a scholarship.

DURING the vacation prior to his going to college, he ran a merry-go-round, sold ice-cream and peddled books and merchandise in order to get

sufficient money to start in Hamline. There he supported himself by tending furnaces and running a student laundry,—hiring a woman to do the washing while he, with a bicycle, gathered and delivered the clothes.

His reputation for oratory followed him to college. He became class orator, winning the right to represent Hamline in the State Collegiate Contest—an extraordinary distinction for a freshman. Again he labored untiringly, in the preparation for the great forum.

When the eventful night arrived, and the hour approached for him to make his address, he forgot to be afraid of his handicaps, for his mind was possessed by his theme. The cheering of the various colleges and the music of their bands, the confusion, the brilliance of the audience, were all apart from himself. He remembered only his oration, and threw himself into its delivery with the utter abandon of a true orator.

When he had finished, there came no applause. He walked down the aisle. Not a sound broke the absolute silence, and his heart sank with the dread sense of failure—as did Abraham Lincoln's after his imperishable Gettysburg speech.

Finally, the spell was broken. The whole house burst forth in unprecedented applause. A girl classmate, sitting behind him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him; other girls crowded up, and the boys lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him about the hall. Some one gave him a huge bunch of American Beauty roses.

When the chairman stepped to the front of the stage, to announce the results of the contest, there came a hush of eager suspense:

"Edgar Slocum, of the State University, third prize; Roy Wallace, of Carleton College, second prize."

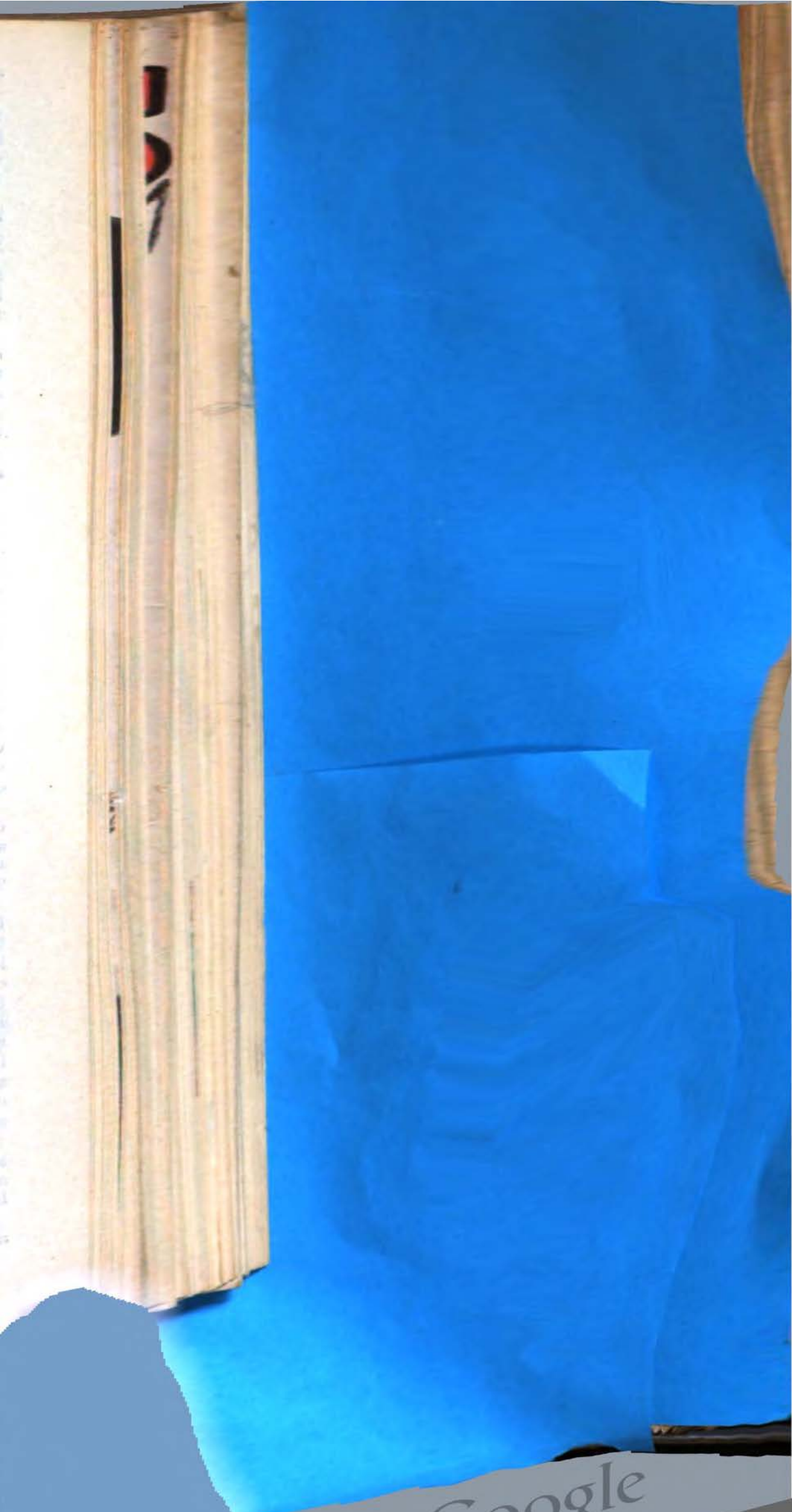
Tom was chagrined. Was he to go without recognition, after all? Were the plaudits of his college premature and partisan?

"Thomas D. Schall, of Hamline, first prize."

When the exercises ended, his college mates carried him outside to a buggy, took the horse from its shafts, and pulled Tom through the streets, a band leading the procession and the whole college zig-zagging behind.



Congressman and Mrs. Thomas D. Schall, and their little boy, at one of their favorite pastimes—a picnic in the woods



When they returned to Hamline, there was a bonfire and a "spread," where the professors made speeches of congratulation and the university acclaimed the "slop boy" as its pride.

No later glory could ever exceed the joy of the lonely heart of Tom Schall in the unrestrained pride of his university. He looked up at last! The future was bright! He felt the vitalizing force of victory, the psychology of success. Later contests followed; even the Northern Interstate Contest—all were Tom's.

By doubling up his law course with his academic, he crowded his graduation into practical business life as a lawyer. He had a desk in an outer room of a law firm, where he made a living as collector of bad debts, while waiting for real law cases. Then clients began to come—provided he would accept a cow or merchandise for his fees. He accepted everything, and converted it into cash.

He was beginning to feel that his troubles were over. His little apartment, with his loving, cheery wife, was heaven. The future could not have been brighter. Then, one day, he stepped up to an electric cigar-lighter, fed by the city electric current. Something short-circuited; there was a flash—and the world went black. Tom Schall was blind—hopelessly blind.

Henceforth, he must walk forever in the night. He had begun life an outcast; must he end it a sightless mendicant? He could fight even fate, when he could see to strike; he could defy the world, when his own welfare alone was the prize; but now, another's happiness, dearer than his own, was added to the stake.

Here was the supreme test of him whom the coed had seen leap over the top. Now, with the superb moral strength of the man, combined with that of the woman whom God had given him, Tom Schall bowed, but did not break.

Once, while he was a ragamuffin, and James G. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency, Tom had carried a torch in a Blaine procession and had listened eagerly to a political speech. At its conclusion, he was one of the first to clamber upon the platform to shake hands with Mr. Blaine. Prominent men tried to push the bootblack aside; but Mr. Blaine held the dirty hand of the boy, and, looking earnestly into his eager face, said: "When I am shaking hands with the boys of America, I am shaking hands with her future great men."

"Great men!" Those words became ineffaceable on Tom's heart, and the germ of political ambition, at that moment, was planted in his breast.

But now—what could he hope? Of what avail was ambition? He was blind!

Physical and spiritual gloom rested on him—until the other pair of eyes, which looked into his heart, and, from it, out upon the world, became the windows of his soul. His glorious feat of physical courage on the ball field, which had won the coed's love, was a symbol of the more glorious courage of the man, whom no odds could crush. He was captain of his soul! He leaped again, with a mighty vault, and trampled destiny!

When the Progressive Party came into existence, in 1912, Thomas D. Schall, the blind lawyer of Minneapolis, was nominated for Congress on that ticket; but, as was the case of all other Minnesota Progressive nominees, he was defeated.

The race gave him favorable publicity, and, in 1914, he reentered the contest for Congress as an Independent Progressive. He received no help from the Republican State Committee, and it is essential that this fact be remembered, in the light of subsequent events; for with a majority of 1,400 he was elected and took his seat March 4, 1915. Tom Schall was reelected as a Progressive Republican, in 1916, with a majority of 9,000.

The House of Representatives, March 4, 1917, was evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, and Thomas D. Schall, the Progressive—by grace of the State law, not a Republican—sat on the Republican side. It was expected that, in the organization of the House, he would vote with that party, and his vote would elect James R. Mann, speaker, and thus give the desirable chairmanship of committees to Republicans. All considerations of self bade him stand with the Republicans, whose principles, in the main, were his faith. If he voted with the Democrats, his own political future appeared doomed, for the Progressive Party had passed into history, and the doors of the Republican Party, already slammed against his re-entry, would be bolted forever.

THE United States had entered the World War. With Republican control of the House, against a Democratic Senate and President, this Progressive member, physically blind and almost inexperienced in politics, saw before the House of Representatives, partisan dissension and disputing, with prolonged delays and cross-purposes.

Of what weight was the political future of one man, against the needed harmony of action by both branches of Congress in standing by the responsible administration?

There was no one in Washington with whom he dared confer. In his dilemma, he went to

Oyster Bay and laid the situation before the one man in whom he had supreme faith—Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt discussed the crisis from every angle, and agreed emphatically as to the danger of prolonged parliamentary wrangles, when the fate of the nation was at stake. He declined, however, to advise the young congressman to make the personal sacrifice, for the price it meant to his own fortunes appeared obvious, and no one but Schall had a right to decide whether he should pay that price.

There has seldom been greater tenseness in the House than there was when Representative Schall, the first member to rise, upon the nominations for Speaker, addressed the chair:

"We are met, to-day, efficiently and harmoniously to organize the House, and quickly to put it into condition to transact the public business. The issue of the organization of this House, is the issue of the nation. . . . The question is whether the nation, involved in an international crisis, shall show to the world a solid front. . . . The extraordinary peril, to-day, renders partisanship dangerous, for it would be interpreted as showing a divided spirit. To-day there should be just one party, and that is the *American Party!* . . . I have asked God to guide me, that, in my vote, I might not be false to any man, much less betray a trust confided in me. . . . Should the Republican party succeed in organizing the House, evenly divided as it is, with a Democratic Senate and a Democratic President, it would accrue no possible advantage, and would only furnish an excuse for Democratic failures. The party that has controlled our nation during the development of this crisis, should reap the harvest of the seeds they have sown. . . . Leading Republicans from all over the Country—among them no less than the illustrious ex-Presidents, Roosevelt and Taft, and Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes—pledge their words to stand by the President in this international crisis."

Mr. Schall then extolled both candidates—Mann, the Republican, and Clark, the Democrat,—but said clearly that he would vote for Mr. Clark:

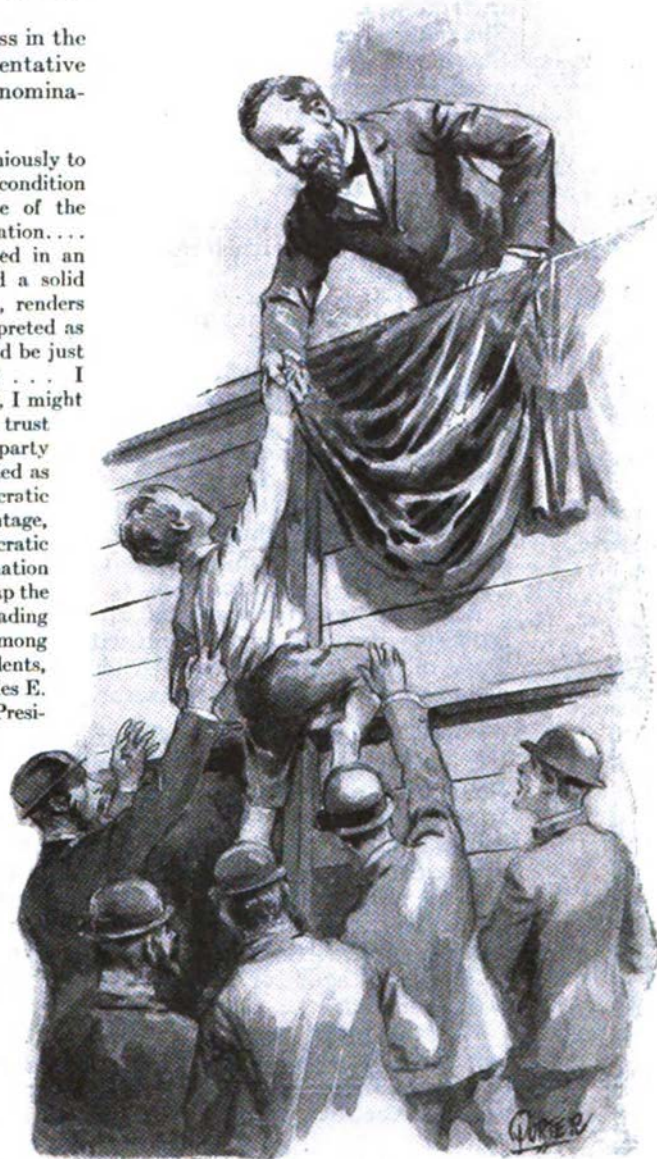
"It is my patriotic hope that, not to-morrow but to-day, after the first roll call, the trained lightning may flash the message of our unity, a warning to all the world that, despite internal differences, when external danger threatens, from North to South, from East to West, *Americans stand for America!*"

The Clerk: "Did the gentleman from Minnesota intend to place Mr. Clark of Missouri in nomination for Speaker?"

Mr. Schall: "It was not my intention. I merely wished to state the reasons and motive for my vote; but since I am going to vote for Mr. Clark, I see no reason why I should not. I deem it an unusual honor and gladly place him in nomination for speaker."

The die was cast! As Mr. Schall resumed his seat, the Republican partisans who had been sitting near him, moved away. He sat in "splendid isolation." Mr. Clark became Speaker of the House, and the administration—legisla-

(Continued on page 113)



Tom Schall, when a little boy, carried a torch in a parade in honor of James G. Blaine, then running for President. After the parade he insisted on climbing the platform and shaking hands with Mr. Blaine

MENTAL VACATIONS

AN invalid who has not left her room for many years says she takes the most marvelous daily journeys to all parts of the earth. She crosses the ocean, walks through The Strand in London, visits Parliament House, calls on the king and queen in their palace, goes over to Paris and Switzerland, in fact, wherever she wills, with the greatest ease and comfort. She makes her own itinerary and chooses her own mode of travel. She flies through the air, or skims over the land faster than any airship or automobile could go.

One of the most remarkable things about the vehicle in which she travels is that, no matter where she may happen to be, whether on the sea or in the air, whether in China or Japan, India or Australia, whether on the earth or on the planet Mars, she can transport herself home in an instant. Time and distance are as nothing to this wonderful vehicle of hers, which is—Imagination.

DO you realize that you, too, may fly where you will on the wings of imagination? No matter how hemmed in you may be physically, even though, like this woman, you may be an invalid, or you may be shut in by bolts and bars, yet you can fly out of your prison and visit every corner of the earth. You can visit your old home where you have not been since you were a boy. You can sit down by the fireside with father and mother, sister and brother, and listen to the reading of home books and papers as in your childhood. You can fly up among the stars, see the glories of the heavens and feel your kinship with the Creator of the universe.

All of our great inventions, all music, all art, all of our great modern industries, civilization with all its achievements, are the fruits of man's imagination. They are the realities of the dreams or imaginings of countless generations of man.

THE men who see things only as they are, who have not developed their imaginative faculty, plod along in the same old rut from boyhood to manhood; from manhood to old age. It is the one who has cultivated his imagination that improves things. He is the man who advances the stage coach to the palace car, the sailing ship to the ocean greyhound.

If the imagination of the child were trained and rightly directed at the start, his future happiness and success would be assured, and his value to the world increased many times. But too often it is discouraged or suppressed as "unpractical," something really harmful.

We little realize what is going on in the child's mind when he is busy with his playthings and his plays of all kinds. He is learning to express himself; he is building a powerful, vivid imagination which in the future will do wonders for himself and for the race.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND

Health Commissioner of New York City

On Guarding the Health of the Greatest and Most Complex City in the World

By FRANK WINSLOW

BROODING over the skyline of New York Harbor, there hung the shadow of a threatened enemy invasion—mysterious, sinister—that might crystallize, any hour and without warning, into a wholesale death-dealing attack.

And if such an attack should come—with half of the devastating power of which it was capable—only a small force of sorely harassed men realized how complete it might be, and how instantly and thoroughly the pulsating arteries of the metropolis might be paralyzed; for the foe that was crouched to spring was one of the most virulent disease-menaces of modern humanity, the dreaded typhus.

Already gruesome warning had been given of its presence, and a death-dotted trail of victims had been reported. But the terrifying possibilities—if ever the disease germ gripped the city's vitals—were unrealized by the general public.

It was this fact—the knowledge that an unseen cloud of destruction was hovering just over the unconscious metropolis—that increased the burden of responsibility of those men whose expert knowledge had detected the insidious foe unseen by others, and in whose hands was given the task of safeguarding the health of the world's largest city.

For two weeks of alarm-crowded days and nights Dr. Royal S. Copeland, alert-eyed Chief of the New York Health Department, and his staff of assistants and helpers, extending from the wooded municipal limits of Van Courtlandt Park to the three-mile buoys in the churning white-caps out beyond quarantine, had been waging a nerve-racking battle to check the typhus advance before it could find more enlodgment on the shores of America.

It was a battle, the strain of which, was apparent in the tension that hung about the City Health Headquarters, on Pearl Street; which was reflected in the stream of hurrying messengers to and from the outlying stations of the department on the rim of the harbor; and which would have found its climax in the private office of Dr. Copeland had he not been schooled for years in the training of the master physician and surgeon, which demands the steadier eye and firmer pulse the greater the emergency.

On this particular February afternoon, the health chief of New York City might have been seen standing before a large map of the world on the walls of a room adjoining his office—a room which resembles nothing so much as a lecture hall of a university.

The map was liberally covered with red-inked circles, meaningless to a layman, but which, to Dr. Copeland's practised eye, marked the more imminent disease areas of the globe at that date. It was from certain of these areas that the threatened typhus plague had emanated. Like a wise general in the face of the enemy's fire, Dr. Copeland was not only seeking to avert immediate attack, but endeavoring to measure every possibility of reinforcement by studying the sources from which they might come.

It was not sufficient to quarantine the motley crowd of tattered emigrants from the dingy steerages of the ocean liners, and stamp out from their persons and raiment the louse germs which spread typhus in ever widening circles, but to search out the geographical sections from which these unconscious carriers of death journeyed, and the primary conditions generating their possibilities of contamination—if an intelligent line of defense were to be maintained.

The task of safeguarding the

IT takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand;
Just a word from one we can understand,
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt and fear we had,
So little it takes to make us glad.

—Selected

health of New York City is not alone a municipal problem. For its success, it demands a close and constant study of the world.

With a pointing finger, Dr. Copeland drew a zigzagging line from one red-circled area of the map before him, whose circumference touched the Upper Baltic countries of Europe, to another red-inked segment of the Adriatic.

TYPHUS is claiming its victims by the thousands in the congested regions of Central Europe. It would also claim its victims in the congested regions of New York, by the thousands, if we give it a chance," he said. "To the average American the statement that the health of New York City, or, for that matter, the health of the United States, has direct connection with the conditions of life three or four thousand miles beyond an ocean, may seem absurd. That is one of the great problems which our department is facing: the necessity for public education to the discoveries and advancements of modern medicine and science.

"A disease germ is not at all dazed by the matter of distance, and it can do quite as deadly damage after a journey half around the world as it can at home. Perhaps more; because, in that journey, the germ may multiply many times.

"A suit of vermin-infected clothes in a second-hand clothes store, brought from the interior of Russia, for instance, can quite conceivably do greater destruction to the residents of a community than a bombardment from a fleet of hostile battleships. It is because in our battle with disease we are fighting an invisible enemy that most of us are disposed to accept the Municipal Health Department as a bureau of incidental routine, and to dismiss its usefulness if the garbage pail in the back yard is promptly removed and the street corners kept clean.

"The discovery that public health is always purchasable, and, consequently, individual health to a large degree, through a properly administered scientific organization, is a fact which the majority of our cities are slow in accepting.

"The hurrying New Yorker may read in his newspaper that two deaths from typhus have been reported in the city this year, and may dismiss the announcement as having nothing at all to do with his own concerns. If he were told that the two deaths might be multiplied by one hundred, or even one thousand, within a matter of days, under certain conditions of contamination, he would likely stare at you in disbelief. And even if he were forced to a grudging admission of your correctness, the chances are that the next time he observed the health inspectors segregating a group of newly arrived aliens and examining their

bodies with a microscopic lens, he would shrug his shoulders, with a tolerant smile, never realizing that the one-inch surface of the microscope might enclose disease poison enough for a thousand deaths.

"It is not until a malady as awful as the infantile paralysis of a few years ago strikes with its mysterious fangs apparently out of a clear air, and leaves in its trail the flower of happy childhood, that the majority of us, accustomed to dealing only with what we can directly see and feel, admit that a disease peril, originating on the other side of the globe, may have an intimate interest in our own lives.

"That is why, although the Health Department of New York City may be engaged, as is now the case, in the typhus fight, in averting a menace as deadly as any of warfare, we must proceed very largely on our own initiative, and without the sympathetic understanding of many of those whose lives we are seeking to protect.

METHODS in disease prevention and control have made tremendous strides in the past fifty years. One of the most vital of these has been the realization that the health of the home and the domestic circle is intimately dependent upon certain fundamental conditions of the community, sanitary and otherwise. When we come to know that the guardians of these conditions have as difficult, and important, and often as dangerous a task as a military force in repelling the invasion of an armed foe, then the results of the Municipal Health Department are bound to be more and more successful. Public education is always a component part of public health."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland in action is as aggressive as a general in the field. In the cordons of protection, which he insisted on throwing over New York Harbor and its environments in the threatened typhus epidemic, he established so rigorous a censorship on the passengers of incoming vessels that several of the great steamship companies, protesting wildly at the interruption in their schedules, conceived the idea of circumventing his vigilance by landing their passengers in Boston and sending them to New York City by train.

Nothing daunted, the determined Dr. Copeland at once established a new line of sanitary sentries at the Grand Central Depot, New York, with orders to admit no foreign arrival without a microscopic test, including not only his person, but his antecedents and environments. And not content with this precautionary measure, representatives of the New York Health Department were dispatched to Boston to cooperate with the

He has tackled the most complex problems of the most complex municipality in the United States



DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND
Health Commissioner of New York City

authorities there. It made no difference to the impersonal point of view of Dr. Copeland whether the aristocratic passengers of the first cabin were subjected to the same delay as the horded occupants of the steerage. He was concerned only with his job—and his job is protecting, so far as is within his power, the lives of some seven million people.

In his estimate, it was not a matter of whether the steamship companies were losing, as they claimed, seven thousand dollars a day from the imposed delays, or, for that matter, seven thousand dollars an hour. He was engaged in stemming the influx of heedless or unconscious disease carriers, whether from the sordid or the leisurely classes of society. And when he clanged shut

the gateway of the western world, he was determined it should stay shut until he knew who and what was to enter there.

A study of Dr. Copeland and the Health Department of New York is not only of local interest. It is a demonstration of civic efficiency that holds a national significance. It is an inspiration in personal loyalty to a big job that should find its appeal in Oshkosh as much as in Manhattan.

TO begin with, dropping the prefix, for somehow a fighting man loses much of his color in a conventional address, and Copeland essentially is a fighting man, he has tackled one of the most complex problems of the most complex municipality in this country, with a directness that is unique. Before he was in office a month, he had eliminated several miles, more or less, of red tape, and substituted that virile quality of American red blood which distinguished itself in blazing short cuts for the astonished officialdom of Europe in the World War.

The manner of Copeland's acceptance of his job in itself is illustrative of the man's character. Before he was New York Health Commissioner he had won an international

reputation as an eye specialist, and had planned his future career quite definitely in an atmosphere of the high-class consultant. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to exchange this enviable and attractive program for the wear and tear of a municipal health bureau.

Hurrying through the traffic jam at the City Hall, one day, he was arrested by a hand on his arm and the voice of a friend exclaiming that he had been trying to locate him for hours.

"And now that I have found you," continued the friend, "you have a certain most important call to make with me at once. We are to see the mayor."

"But I have nothing to do with the mayor," protested Copeland.

"You probably will have—a great deal—to do with him after we finish our call," said the other mysteriously. Protesting, dubious, and not quite sure whether or not his companion had taken leave of his senses, Copeland a few minutes later, found himself in the private office of John F. Hylan, mayor of New York City, who formally gripped Copeland's hand and offered him, without preamble, the post of Public Health Commissioner.

"But I can't possibly accept such a position,"

said Copeland. "I am a very busy man, I have professional interests I cannot leave. And, besides, I don't know anything about administering a municipal health department. I am an eye specialist. There are plenty of other men, Mr. Mayor, who can take the post and make a much better job of it than I possibly could."

The mayor shook his head stubbornly. "I disagree with you. You are the man I am looking for. And if you won't take the job as a matter of private inclination you are going to take it as a matter of public duty. This country is now engaged in war. It is in your power to contribute a very real service to your government at home. As an issue of patriotism and Americanism, you cannot refuse."

And Royal Copeland, after a moment's hesitation, nodded his head. That nod meant a personal sacrifice of an income of thousands of dollars a year. It meant that he was exchanging four or five hours of professional office work a

day for a stretch of ten to fourteen hours a day, constant duty. It meant that he was leaving behind him a sanctum of professional and financial independence, so dear to the medical man, and exchanging for it a position of constant harassment.

But, having given his word, it was characteristic that he never hesitated.

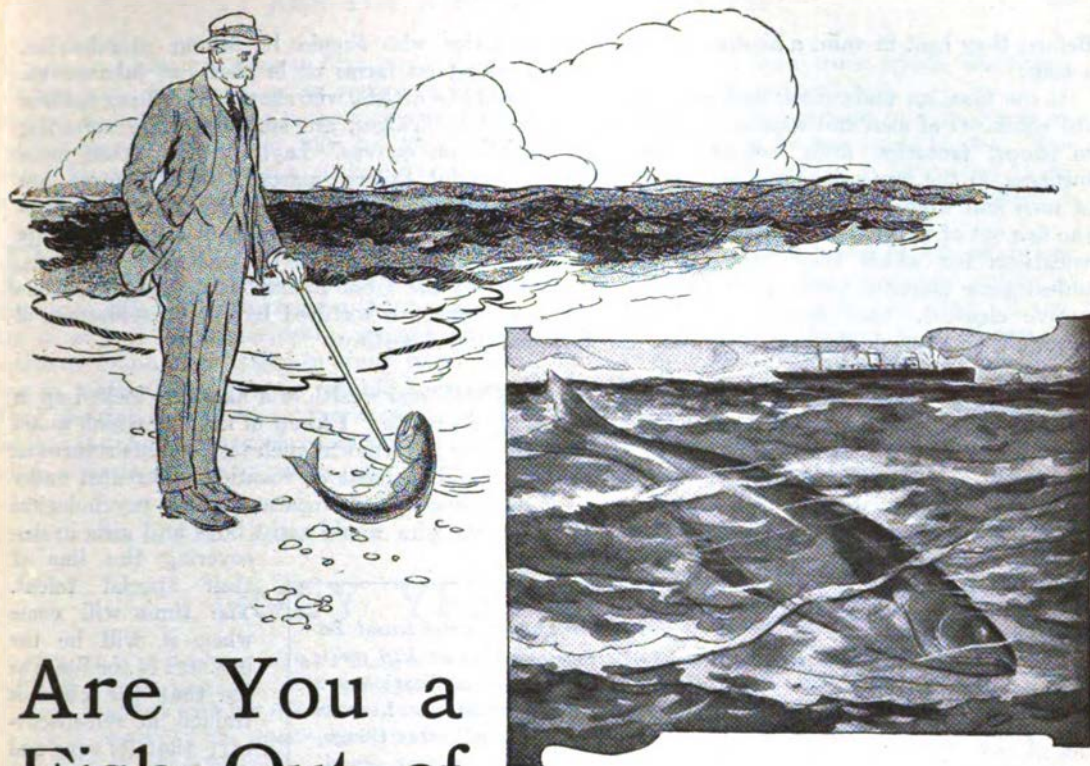
Viewed from the inside of the private office of the health commissioner, the task of administering the department rapidly began to pile up complexities of which Dr. Royal Copeland, the sedate and retiring professional man, had never dreamed.

WHEN the city and nation were plunged into the throes of the Spanish-influenza epidemic, Copeland, with his peculiar insistence in tracing effect to cause, found himself confronted with the problem of totally inadequate heat in the average New York apartment and tenement house.

Under the terms of the prevailing householder's lease, there was no obligation for the landlord to furnish any prescribed amount of fuel. The result was that, in thousands of instances, investigators established the fact that property owners, pleading the excuse of the coal shortage, were not only keeping the families on their premises in a half-frozen condition, but were actually endangering their lives.

Copeland found that there was nothing in the
(Continued on page 108)

Every successful
man is hated by
somebody



Are You a Fish Out of Water?

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

IN his struggle between his natural bent for art and his anxiety to do what he believed to be his duty toward his widowed mother, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema came near to losing his life. In obedience to her wishes, he tried to prepare himself for the bar. But the effort to go contrary to the thing nature had made him to do, broke his health. He sank so low that the doctors declared he had only a short time to live. Anxious to make his remaining days as happy as possible, his mother promised to let him follow his heart's desire. Filled with joy at the thought of doing the thing he loved, the youth's condition changed as if by magic. He soon regained his health; and, following his native gift, he became one of our greatest painters.

Some of the saddest tragedies in human life have been enacted by reason of parents compelling their children to go contrary to nature's bidding. A large portion of the human race is wrecked by misfit occupations. Either because their parents forced them into the wrong calling, or because they themselves made a wrong choice, millions of men and women are wasting

their lives and their talents in trying to do things for which nature never intended them. Dr. Katherine Blackford, the well known character analyst, says that three out of every four men over thirty-five years of age have chosen the wrong vocation. This means that all of those misfits will never do the greatest thing possible to them. It means that they will be failures, instead of the glorious successes their Creator planned them to be.

If a visitor from Mars were to come to our earth, ignorant of its nature, of its inhabitants, its animal and vegetable life, and should see a fish that had been thrown high up on the sea-shore by a huge wave, he would not know what to make of it. Threshing the sand with its tail and fins, floundering about as though it would tear itself to pieces, unable to use its fins to get back to its native element, the fish might look to him like some strange thing in its death agony. But, in a moment, all this is changed. Another huge wave breaks higher up on the beach and covers the unfortunate creature. The moment it feels the water it is itself again, and darts like a flash under the waves. Its fins mean something now.

Before, they beat in vain, a hindrance instead of a help.

If the Martian understood and could analyze the character of men and women, he would find in shops, factories, mills, schools, offices, in business, in the professions and arts, multitudes of men and women in the unhappy position of the fish out of water. Floundering hopelessly in vocations for which they have no aptitude, unless some merciful wave carry them to their native element, the place for which nature especially equipped them, their lives will be wrecked.

When out of place, no matter how hard we toil, we never gain the momentum of joy in our work which comes from effort along the line of our talent. Multitudes of people work for half a lifetime or more, with a great expenditure of energy, without accomplishing much of anything, because they don't get the stimulating effect of a great enthusiasm, which reinforces us when doing the thing in which our heart is. We miss the full benefit of our work when our energy is forced into a channel against which something within us rebels.

If we found our right places early in life, instead of half the world being failures, we should all be successes. If everyone were doing the thing he was made to do, the millennium would be at hand. Jails, penitentiaries, poorhouses, and asylums would soon be empty. Everyone would be normal, contented and happy, because all would be exercising the faculties which would give them greatest satisfaction; they would be working in harmony with the Creator's law.

No one can do the best of which he is capable, can render his greatest possible service to the world, unless he follows the lead of his special aptitude. On every hand we see men and women who are either unhappy failures, or are conscientiously trying to do their best in various callings for which they are not adapted. They are not using their strong faculties, but their weak ones. There are, at this moment, thousands of perpetual clerks in our great stores who, if they had early found their natural bent, would be successful lawyers, physicians, engineers, or farmers. Good farmers are murdering the law, capable counsellors are barely making a living ruining fine farms. Young men are pining in

factories who should be selling merchandise, working on farms or in chemical laboratories. Would-be artists, who should be making roads or building bridges, are starving while spreading daubs on canvas. Laymen who would make successful tailors, masons, or carpenters, are murdering sermons, while Beechers and Bushnells are failing as merchants and people are wondering what can be the cause of empty pews. And so the great human waste goes on, while each misfit is tortured by the consciousness of unfulfilled destiny.

THE real wealth of a nation is locked up in its youth. I know of nothing which would pay our government such tremendous returns as the establishment of vocational bureaus, under the direction of vocational and psychological experts who would assist boys and girls in discovering the line of their special talent.

The time will come when it will be the business of the State to see that the child is trained in self-discovery; that its sons and daughters shall get their living by their strength instead of their weakness.

It is a foolish thing for parents to say that their children shall

adopt this or that calling without consulting their inclinations or desires. No man has the right to say that his son shall be a lawyer because he is a lawyer; a physician because he is a physician; a merchant because he is a merchant. You don't want your boy to be another you—one's enough. Nature is the only arbiter who can, with authority, say to a boy or girl, "You shall do this or do that," because she has fitted every human being for the part he is to play in life.

If you have been arbitrarily forced into some work for which you have no liking or aptitude; or if you have made a mistake in your choice, don't lose heart and think there is no chance of retrieving your mistake. And, whether you are young or middle-aged, my friend, do not jump to the conclusion that because you do not like the thing you are doing, and have not been successful in it, that you will be a failure in everything. If you are normal there is some kind of work which you will like and be enthusiastic in, and, if you will, you can find it. Only a short time ago, I heard of a man who had been a misfit, a fish out

YOUR whole thought current must be set in the direction of your life purpose. The great miracles of civilization are wrought by thought concentration. Live in the very soul of expectation of better things, in the conviction that something large, grand, beautiful will come to you if your efforts are intelligent, if your mind is kept in a creative condition and you struggle upward to your ultimate goal of success.

of water, until he was close to fifty years of age. He had been discharged as an inefficient book-keeper; he had failed as a lawyer; he could not conduct a business office, but he ultimately found his niche and made a big success as a traveling salesman for a large manufacturer.

PERSONALLY I have known many young men, who, after floundering about for years in a dozen different occupations without succeeding in any of them, suddenly, sometimes by accident, found their place in some particular line in which they became notable successes. They developed marvelous power when they got into the place where they could express themselves according to their nature, and developed

an enthusiasm in their work which astonished even those who knew them best.

I once asked a young man how he knew he was doing the thing he was made to do. "Because," he said, "whenever I have tried to do anything else—and I have tried many things—I have always come back to it."

It is the thing *we always come back to*, or always long to come back to, that is our real calling in life. If your heart is not in your work; if you do not take pride and pleasure in it; if you do not come to it with joy and leave it with regret, if every nerve and fiber in you does not say, "Amen," to your calling you are a misfit. You must find your place or you can never do the big things that are possible for you.

ONLY YESTERDAY——!

ONLY yesterday men were hung for stealing a loaf of bread for their starving families! Only yesterday, for comparatively minor offenses, men had their ears cut off, were branded with hot irons or mutilated in some other way!

Only yesterday the insane were treated like wild beasts, chained, put in cages, and abused in the most brutal manner!

Only yesterday men were imprisoned for debt, and allowed to languish for months and years, thus making it impossible for them to pay what they owed!

Only yesterday men whose skin differed in color from our own were slaves. Even white men were held as chattels by the owners of the great estates on which they worked!

Only yesterday men and women were suspected of being witches, in league with the devil for the injury of their neighbors, and were burned at the stake or hung!

Only yesterday the highest civilizations classed women, politically, with idiots, the insane and the criminal. Religious teachers doubted whether they even had souls. This question was discussed in the theological or church conventions, and usually decided with a negative vote!

Only yesterday good people believed that those who did not "get" religion and join the church, who were not baptized in a certain manner would be punished by everlasting fire; that they would suffer through all eternity in flames that would never be quenched!

Only yesterday men believed that God was a huge personality, animated by passions like our own, punishing his enemies endlessly; selecting his chosen people whom he favored, while cursing their enemies and visiting them with all sorts of calamities.

Only yesterday it was the universal belief that God sent sickness and misfortunes to human beings in order to chastise or discipline them. People believed that the Creator took their dear ones from them—the child, the youth, the young man, the young woman—because of some sin they had committed!

Only yesterday, in good old New England, any man found kissing his wife on Sunday was arrested and put in the stocks. People were punished for cooking a meal, for harnessing a horse, for whistling or doing on Sunday the most innocent thing that was not considered absolutely imparative by the ruling powers!

Only yesterday wives had no rights as human beings. Their husbands actually owned them and everything they possessed. A wife had no legal right to her own property, to her own earnings! The law gave them absolutely to her husband. Even her own child didn't belong to her. The father could take it away from her, and she had no redress!

Only yesterday what crimes and iniquities were committed in the name of religion!

To escape criticism: Do nothing—be nothing—say nothing.

"Wake Up, Jonathan!"

By Hatcher Hughes
and Elmer E. Rice

REVIEWED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man with the Hoe," and
other poems

Photographs by Ira D. Schwarz



Helen Holt as "Helen Blake," and Donald Cameron as "Bernard Randall," the dreamer. "Helen" reminds "Bernard" that his practical rival "Douglas Brent" holds a high position in the world of affairs

HERE is a story that is wholly modern: it runs along the brittle edge of the moment. It is a play that is enacted before our eyes every day. It embodies the old struggle between idealism and materialism—between spiritual success and mere worldly success.

In Jonathan Blake, the husband of Marion and the father of her four children, we have a Napoleon of finance, a captain of industry who goes crashing and crushing his way to power. In Adam West, Marion's childhood lover, we have the dreamer and poet who fails to win his way to money and who also failed to win Marion, the ideal of his young romantic boyhood. At the opening of our story, both men are on the verge of returning to Marion's home in the town of their boyhood. Jonathan has been absent for years, building up a hundred-million-dollar fortune; while Adam has been absent for a yet longer stretch of years, wandering and dreaming on the romantic roads of France, and he is coming home with Jean Picard, a French peasant boy, picked up on his many travels, while he was helping to care for the wounded during the World War.

At the opening of our story, these two wanderers, talking jocosely and playing fantastic boyish games, make their way into the home of Marion Blake. Adam, in the temporary absence of Marion, strikes up an immediate friendship with the children, entering into their revelries and

shedding the brightness of his young spirit over the whole house. It is Christmas Eve, the loaded tree is in a corner, and everywhere we hear the hilarity of happy hearts.

A telegram has announced the return of the father; so the children are quick to believe that Adam is their father, returned after the many years. How they love this father, applying to him, again and again, the endearing name! Here is the father they had needed and longed for all their lives—a father that is a comrade, a playmate; a father to love forever.

Long years before this, back in her girlhood, Marion had been forced to choose between Jonathan, the materialist, and Adam, the idealist. Jonathan won out because he could put a tin roof on her house. Now history is repeating itself in her eighteen-year old daughter, Helen; for the young woman has two suitors, Douglas Brent and Bernard Randall—Douglas, all business, all push and pull, untouched by poetic sentiment—Bernard, a school teacher, all sentiment, all devotion to beauty, evermore atremble with his ambition to be a poet.

DOUGLAS makes his appeal to Helen, telling her that poets are impossible beings, all destined to melt away before the march of machinery. She protests, saying, "You forget: the world has always had poets." Douglas retorts, "There always had been dodos until a few centuries ago. But they're extinct now." Thus he carries on his raillery against the poets in the hope of turning the heart of Helen from his poet rival. When Bernard appears before her, she reminds him of the high position held by Douglas in the world of affairs. "He is going to be a big man some day." At these words, Bernard

rushes desperately from the room. When Adam wanders into her presence, he finds her torn by conflicting emotions. Shall it be a man of deeds or a man of dreams? He understands it all and begs leave to tell her a little story, and this is the story:

"Once there was a girl, just about your age and there were two young men who wanted her above everything else in life. You see, I'm following the usual formula. One of the young men was a dreamer, a cloud dweller; he wanted to be a sculptor, he used to spend hours playing with lumps of clay, when he might have been learning to add columns of figures. Am I boring you?"

"Well, between him and the girl there was a bond of deep understanding. They used to

chum together. They knew every trail through the winter woods, every footpath by the river, and all these country roads. And they dwelt in a private Utopia of their own construction. But they must have been a little careless about the underpinning—because one day the other man came along. Shall I stop? This other young man came back after his first year in the big city. He was no dreamer. He had a brilliant future. He was going to be a big man some day. He knew all about underpinning and such



Frank Hearn as "Junior Blake," Nadis Gary as "Chippy," and Charles Dalton as "Jonathan Blake," who finds his children rebellious against his directions and refusing to recognize him as their father

things. He reconstructed the Utopia—put on a tin roof, installed electric lights, steam heat, modern plumbing—all the comforts of a modern hotel. And then—do you know what happened?—he and the girl moved in."

This is the story of Adam and Marion, the mother of Helen. She is moved by its tragic appeal, and she takes it as a hint that she must choose the poet, the man who is stirring the highest emotions of her soul.

Now Marion sweeps into the room a moment after the children have spirited Adam into a place of hiding. They think that he is their father and they are determined to surprise their mother. "Turn your back and shut your eyes!" cries little Chippy. At this Adam is pushed into visibility, and Marion, turning around, beholds him, the lost lover of her girlhood. Their hearts thrill at the unexpected meeting. She cries out

to him in her wonder and her great joy: "Adam West, after today I shall always believe in fairies!"

Now there are happy words and happy moments—moments also of sorrowful remembrance. She attempts to explain to Adam why it was that she married Jonathan. "What was I when he took me, twenty years ago? An impossible, vain, erratic, flighty, spoiled, headstrong girl, who did not know her own mind. And you didn't always know yours, did you? But Jonathan knew his. That's where he had the best of us. There was never any doubt about what he wanted. The young Jonathans always have a singular fascination for young girls who don't know their own minds."

ADAM goes on to say that he had often met a Jonathan. Sometimes this Jonathan is a politician, sometimes a preacher: once he was a famous artist. And then Adam rips out the statement, "I met him here—in this room—not half an hour ago. His name is Douglas Brent."

And so the story runs on. She tells him that in that early time he had shown himself oversensitive, not quite sure of himself; whereas Jonathan wasn't afraid of anything, and strode on like a lion to his chosen goal. After their marriage, he had no time for play, no time for beauty—no time for anything but the pursuit of dollars, the building up of a useless and nerve-racking fortune. All this time his ego was growing more and more inflated, his selfishness more and more cold and stony, for he had no great social purpose in his life. He organized himself into a monstrous machine for making money. And all this time, Marion with her ideals, was passing out of his life, the gulf between them was growing wider and wider.

Finally the telegram arrives, announcing the fact that Jonathan is on his way home. In the confusion of this news, Marion turns to Adam crying out in a moment of heart-revelation:

"Now I am going to tell you something I never dared hope I would ever have the chance to tell you. The children are his but their spirit is your spirit. What has gone into the molding of them is the part of me that you awakened—the part of me that has always belonged to you."

"It is just that: the memory of the old days, the old talks, the old



"It was just that: the memory of the old days, the old talks, the old comradeship that has sustained me, inspired me."—Mrs. Fiske as "Marion Blake"

comradeship that has sustained me, inspired me. You had the gift of inspiration then. You may have it still. Everything I have taught them I learned from you—the dreaming boy with the wonderful vision!”

At this, Adam grew pale with emotion and his reply came in low intensities:

“Dare I believe this? Do you know what you are doing for me? You are giving life back to me. You are waking thoughts and feelings that were dead. I am alive again. My blood is beating at my temples. My heart is singing. I have something to live for.”

AT this moment, Jonathan Blake, after his many years of absence, strides into the room, his back half-turned to the open door, while he shouts to his chauffeur outside, “Report for orders in the morning, at eight o’clock sharp!” Consternation fills the house. Marion receives Jonathan coolly holding him at a distance. “No kisses yet.” He comes expecting to seize his old place as the high master of the house; she is determined to receive him only as a guest.

As Jonathan is casting his looks of thunder about the room, he beholds Adam and remembers him as the man “in the air-castle business.” Jonathan continually looks on Adam with a hundred-million-dollar air. He knows himself to be “a front-page man,” He boasts of having written his name on the mountain sides of Alaska,



A thunderbolt falls! “Helen” and “Randall” return from their wedding. “Jonathan” is struck with admiration for the strategy and push displayed by the dreamer

of having spanned the deserts of South America with bands of steel, of having turned the sands

of Australia into teeming gardens. Here are the two men: Materialism, naked materialism, stands face to face with idealism.

Jonathan determines his children shall follow in his tracks, also that his daughter, Helen, shall reject poet Bernard Randall with all his dreams and shall marry Douglas Brent with all his devotion to business. Helen now stirs Bernard to action. They win the mother over to their fond purposes and they are married in secret.

Meanwhile, Jonathan finds the children rebellious against his directions, refusing to recognize him as father. At this, he ceases to be an exploding firecracker and turns into an active volcano. But lava and hot rocks are useless: so he starts in to win the children by trying to buy their hearts by giving them money. But money fails. Their hearts were won by Adam, and they insist on calling him father. Jonathan is only "a guest."

BUT Jonathan never forgets to preach the gospel of how to tame the world to his selfish uses. He declares that the method is simple, "I just grab the old thing and swing it around till I get it going my way." He roars out at Marion: "Do you realize what is going to happen if people like you continue to ridicule men like me, simply because we use our brains to make money instead of beefing around about the social millenium?"

"But I believe in money, too!" cries Marion.

"Then why do you kick it downstairs every time I mention it?" "Because," Marion shoots back, "downstairs is where it belongs—down where the work is done. It is our servant, not our master."

But Jonathan, insisting that money is the master, whistles back: "I was right in giving my son that hundred dollars. In a week that boy will have all the other boys at school eating out of his hand. That will teach him the value of money."

Jonathan and Adam come into a sudden collision. Jonathan sees him as a bad influence on his children and he wants him thrown out. Marion resents this, saying that her home is Adam's home.

It is not long before Adam, goaded by Jonathan's poisoned darts, hurls back this heated retort: "Do you know what your way is? It is the way of the jungle. Have you ever put joy into a human life. The cries of the disinherited that are ringing through the world—do you ever hear them? You hear nothing but the cry of self!"

Hereupon there is a crackle of words: "Donkey!" "Egotist!" "Octopus!" "Mouse!" "Insect!"

All events now rush rapidly to the crisis—who is to leave the house: Jonathan or Adam? The children are called in to decide. "Bring in the children!" shouts Jonathan in his desperation. In his excitement, he overturns the loaded Christmas tree, whereupon the children let out a volley of tears and screams. Little Chippy, the youngest, is called on by Jonathan to say something, and the child blurts out: "Mother wouldn't let me say what I want to say!"

AT this crisis, the mother tells the little ones a story about a giant—a giant whose name was Paterfamilias. It is the story of Jonathan, who is pictured as a giant "so big that when he came into a house there was no room in it for anybody else, not even for an insect. Men looked like mice to him. He tamed the world. He grabbed the old thing, as much as he could grab. He had dwarfs to help him—a hundred million little yellow devils. They wrote his name on the mountain sides of Alaska—wrote it with the help of a press agent. A press agent is a little animal that squirts ink when you press it in the right place."

As soon as the story is over, a thunderbolt falls! Helen and Randall return from their wedding. The news appears to shake Jonathan like a downfall of the seven thunders; whereupon mother Marion cries out to him, "Jupiter, postpone the thunderbolt till after they've had dinner." As the wedded ones turn to depart, Jonathan, is suddenly struck with admiration for the strategy and push displayed by Randall, and he calls out to him:

"One moment, Bernard. I owe you an apology. I thought you were one of those moon-calves. But you've shown that you are capable of acting quickly in an emergency. You do things while the other fellow's thinking about them. And that's the first secret of success in life. . . . I never object to a man who succeeds. I need a man like you in my business."

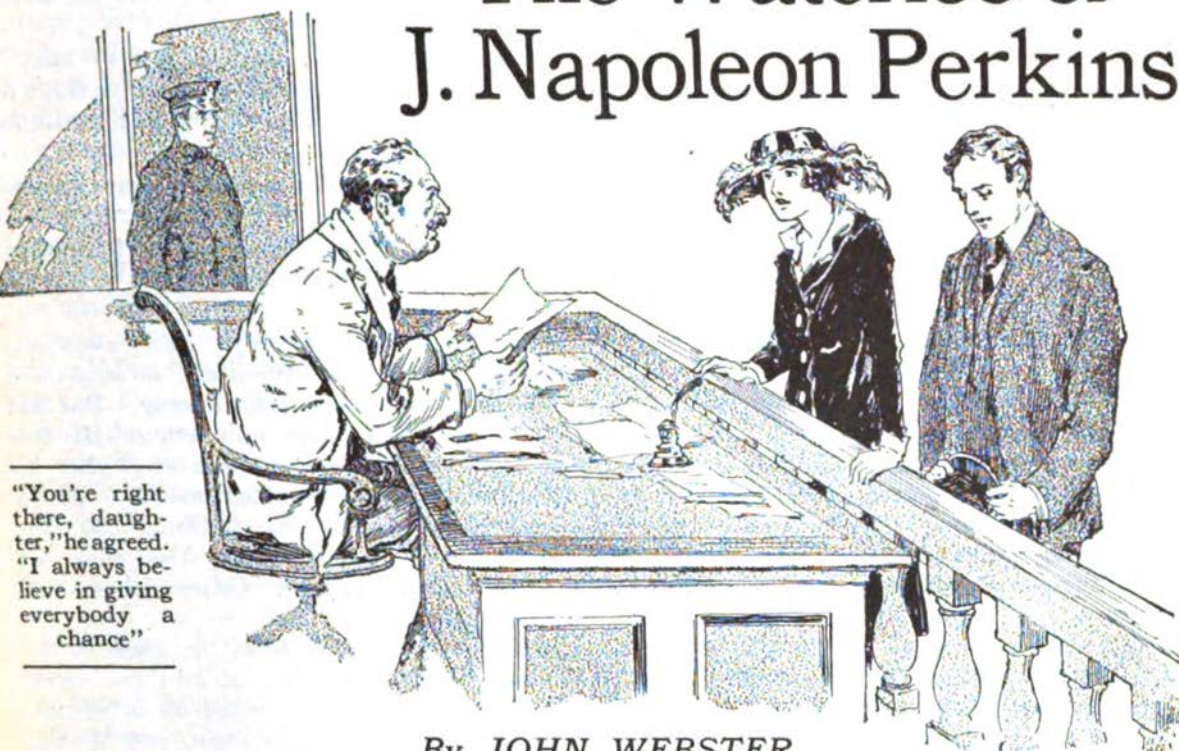
Bernard rejects the glittering offer because he cannot see his way to turning himself into a mere machine operated by Jonathan. Douglas Brent now swings into the scene only to be rebuked for his dilatory tactics in his love affair with Helen. Bernard has shown far greater wisdom and swiftness, for he has won and wedded the girl.

Jonathan has yet other troubles ahead. He strives in vain to win the children from their faith in Santa Claus. His bribes of money have been returned to him by the children, and his materialistic philosophy has been rejected. He stands bankrupt in hope. Tears start into his eyes, and the tears wash away the false enchant-

(Continued on page 114)

CONCLUSION OF THE TWO-PART STORY

The Waterloo of J. Napoleon Perkins



"You're right there, daughter," he agreed. "I always believe in giving everybody a chance"

By JOHN WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

J. NAPOLEON PERKINS walked from the office in a daze.

Twenty-four hours in which to make good seven hundred dollars which he had not stolen, and he could not prove himself innocent! He bitterly resented Lyon's accusation of theft, and still more bitterly blamed himself for his folly in having handled his employer's money so foolishly.

With jail staring him in the face, all hope seemed gone. He could not secure seven hundred dollars in twenty-four hours or twenty-four days, either! He wasted no thought on that score. And he knew, too, that Lyon would do as he threatened. Already he heard the clang of the cell door behind him.

Why had he been such a fool? It was the age-old story of repentance when it was too late. But the cruelest part of it was that James was guiltless of anything but carelessness. His only crime had been his fondness for display—his desire to make people think he had money.

The very fact that so many had seen him with an unaccustomed sum of money—which he could not now replace—would make them believe the worst when Lyon should make his charge of theft.

Hardly knowing what he did, James left the office and began to wander the streets. He mentally took stock of his modest possessions

and decided that if he were to sell or pawn all but the clothes on his

back, there would still be far less than he needed to replace the missing seven hundred dollars.

To add to his misery, he felt that he could not again face the people at the boarding house. Their "serves you right" would be enough—but if they, too, believed him to be a thief, he felt that he could not endure it. And he found himself wondering what pretty Minnie Halsey would think of him. That she cared for him he felt certain—but was her regard for him deep enough to cause her to stand by him and believe in him in such a crisis. He doubted it—yet his heart cried for someone in whom he might confide.

So he resolved to make a clean breast of it to Minnie and see if her womanly wisdom would suggest some way out of his dilemma.

Stepping into a telephone booth, he called up Minnie's office. Her voice, over the wire, seemed to soothe him and he promptly asked her to meet him downtown for supper.

But instead of readily accepting his invitation, Minnie demurred. "Jimmy," she objected gently, "just because you have all that money you mustn't get extravagant."

Her words were like a blow in the face to James. He felt that he must see her.

"You spent enough on the theater and supper, Friday night," Minnie went on. "Let's spend the evening at home, or, if you like, we can go for a walk."

But in sheer desperation, James found his voice. "Not to-night, Minnie," he begged. "It's about the money that I want to talk to you—all alone."

OF course Minnie didn't understand—but, finally, she reluctantly consented to meet him at six o'clock. And James had named the Hotel Gildmore as the rendezvous.

This done, he sought a pawnshop and pledged his watch for seven dollars. It was all the money would lend him—and it was all the money James had—or could look forward to, since there would be no pay envelope for him at Lyon & Co., that week.

It was a quarter of six when James seated himself in the luxurious lounge of the Gildmore. The place was thronged with modishly dressed women, and James looked with envy upon the well-groomed men who accompanied them. But this time James had no desire to attract attention to himself. Instead, he preferred to remain unnoticed and almost wished he had named some other place of meeting.

A moment later, he heard a familiar voice at his elbow. Turning, he found himself face to face with James T. Lyon. His employer's features were distorted in a scowl of contemptuous rage. In a loud voice, he began to upbraid James.

"So this is the sort of thing that makes you so free with other people's money!" he exclaimed. "You claim that you are innocent—that you lost my seven hundred—yet I find you hanging about the most expensive hotel in town—waiting for some woman—"

"That will do!" James snapped, his face flushed and his fist clenched. "You can call me a thief if you like, because I can't prove that I'm not one—but you shan't drag the name of a girl who doesn't even know what it's all about into this mess!"

"Oh, is that so, young jackanapes!" Lyon laughed contemptuously. "I'll say what I please and I don't think you'll have a great deal of objection to make to it. One more word from you and I'll turn you over to the house detective right here and now. What's more, I'm dining here with some friends and I advise you not to be about—for I object to having around any one who may attempt to pick my pockets or those of my guests."

James's face was scarlet, and he was painfully aware that Lyon's words had been clearly heard

by a number of men and women who were standing nearby. He stood there speechless with embarrassment and mortification. Then, close to his ear came a softer, pleasanter voice, and turning, he looked pitifully into the blazing eyes of Minnie.

"Jimmy," she said in a calm even tone, "I don't know who this person is—but I don't see why you don't knock him down for his insulting language."

Lyon gazed at her in rage, and James hung his head. "Minnie," he said brokenly, "I can't—I don't dare. He has just threatened to have me arrested—for stealing—and I think he's going to do it."

Lyon laughed unpleasantly. "I'll leave you to talk it over with your little siren," he announced and turning on his heel, walked away. But that remark galvanized James into action. His eyes shot fire, and he took a quick step after his retreating accuser. Minnie, however, put a restraining hand on his arm. "Don't, dear," she begged him. "I was wrong. You must not make another scene here. Come with me and tell me all about it."

He let her lead him from the glare of the brilliantly lighted corridor out into the street. For several blocks they walked on in silence, James not knowing how to begin, and Minnie, too tenderly considerate of his feelings to question him. But her heart was heavy with fear, though her militant little spirit was aroused with all the fury of a mother love.

At length, they came to an open square. At Minnie's suggestion they sat on a bench. James leaned forward, holding his head in his hands, and he felt Minnie's hand resting comfortingly on his back.

"Tell me everything," said Minnie.

SLOWLY and fully he told her all that had happened. She listened with growing concern, for she saw very clearly that the evidence was all against him. Even those at the boarding house would believe the charge, since they all had seen James with an unaccustomed sum of money. It was a clear case of circumstantial evidence—evidence upon which many a man has been convicted—and which is often harder to disprove than actual guilt. That James had told her the truth she was certain—but she knew that he had been at fault in any event and since Lyon refused to compromise, even though James's statements were true—there seemed no ray of hope.

"The whole trouble, Minnie, is that I can't make good to-morrow—unless I turn real thief and steal the money!" Jimmy said bitterly.

"Hush!" said Minnie quickly. "You must not talk like that. I have a little money in the savings fund, Jim, dear. It's only a little over two hundred dollars—but you are welcome to it. Go to Lyon in the morning—give it to him—and offer to pay back the rest in weekly installments. Surely he will agree to that."

James shook his head decisively. "You don't know Lyon," he told her. "Besides, Minnie, I wouldn't take your money under any circumstances."

"But Jimmy, I can't—oh, I can't see you go to jail because of this foolish prank!" she said in a voice that trembled with emotion. "It's too cruel—too unfair!"

"I suppose a fool always has to take his medicine," Jimmy philosophized, "and there's no doubt that I've been a fool, right enough. All I can do in the morning is to go to the office and give myself up. There's no sense running away. They'd get me most likely—and in any event running off would show fear and admit that I'm what I'm not—a thief."

For a long time they sat there quietly, Minnie's hand closed over his—her brain working rapidly as she discarded one plan, only to think of another.

At length a look of relief—an expression of decision—came over her face and she turned to tell him of her idea. "I think I have it, Jim," she told him. "There's not the slightest doubt in my mind that the sandy-haired man who jostled you in the restaurant at the trolley station is the one who took the money. It was undoubtedly he who drugged your drink. The thing to do is to prove it."

"Prove it!" exclaimed James. "How can I prove it—and after what Lyon has said, what difference does it make?"

"It would prove your innocence of everything but foolishness," Minnie replied. "That means a good deal to me. I believe you, of course. I know you are innocent—but I want the world to know it. But, Jimmy, dear, even if—if you should—go to prison—I'll be waiting for you when you come out."

"Minnie, you're a brick!" he whispered, "and I love you, little girl. But I'll never ask you to marry me

until this thing is squared—and I'll never ask another girl if you're not waiting for me."

"I shall be," she said simply, "but perhaps there won't be any waiting to do. We must start in to-night—at once—to prove your case."

"Who's going to do it?" he asked.

"The police," she told him.

"The police!" James laughed. "That's a good one. A crook asking the police to help him prove he's innocent."

"But you're not a crook," she explained. "And that makes a difference. Jimmy Perkins, you get up and come with me to the police station this very minute!"

HE hesitated, then stood up. "I suppose I might as well go there sooner or later and get used to the place," he said cynically, and together they started off.

What was in Minnie's mind, he did not know, nor did he ask. He was satisfied to accompany her blindly, to submit to any scheme she might have to get him out of his trouble. And if the plan did not work he would be no worse off than before.

It is said that there is a special providence hanging over fools, and this may be so, or it may be that fate was kind to Minnie Halsey. For when they reached police headquarters Big Dan McNamara was sitting behind the desk.

"Sorry, kids," he grinned as the two entered hand in hand. "Marriage license bureau's closed, and we don't perform weddings after sundown."

Minnie blushed. In their confusion the two looked precisely like the prospective bride and groom McNamara had taken them for. But it was Minnie who hastened to correct the detective's impression. Leaning against the rail, her voice rich in its earnestness, she told James's story—just as he had related it to her. She voiced her disapproval of what he had done—her outraged sense of justice at the stand Lyon had taken, and frankly begged the detective's aid in clearing James.

"I love him," she concluded, "and some day I'm going to marry him."

"And make an honest man of him," the detective smiled skeptically. The idea was



Why had he been such a fool? It was the age-old story of repentance when it was too late to repent



"Jimmy Perkins, you get up and come with me to the police station this very minute!"

old to him. He had seen it fail too often.

"If that was all that was necessary, I wouldn't be coming to you," Minnie declared with a challenge in her voice. "He's not a crook—he's a foolish boy—and it is a crime to send him to jail. I wonder how many men become crooks in after life because they are too severely punished for a mistake like this!"

Dan McNamara nodded his head. "You're right there, daughter," he agreed. "I always believe in giving everybody a chance. Many is the young fellow I've helped get off when I wasn't so darned sure that he didn't deserve to be sent to the 'pen'."

MINNIE'S face brightened into a smile. "Then God was good in bringing me to you, to-night," she said very simply. And that smile won Big Dan McNamara.

"Now suppose we get down to cases," the detective said slowly, looking at James. "Are you telling the whole truth son—on your honor—as you love this girl—or as you ought to love a girl like her?"

"I am," said James simply, and though his face didn't show it, Big Dan believed him.

"Then tell me what this red-headed individual looked like—this man the lady says bumped into you."

Jimmy described him as best he could. His recollection was somewhat hazy, although he had looked the fellow squarely in the eyes. However, it is difficult to accurately describe the facial appearance of even one well known. So Big Dan gave up the attempt and beckoned to

James to follow him from the room. The detective led the way to a smaller room, the most important object of which was a filing cabinet.

"No use looking through the whole rogues' gallery," he explained, "but here's a few pictures of crooks that have recently come to town or finished their terms up the river. Take a squint at them and see if your friend is there."

Eagerly, with Minnie peering anxiously over his shoulder, James scanned the faces of the varied types of criminals spread out before him. He was about to give up in despair, when an exclamation escaped his lips, and he passed a photograph to the detective. "That's the man! I'm certain of it!"

"Hum," mused the detective. "Sounds likely. That's Red Mike. What you told is his usual stuff and he's only been out two weeks. Startin' in early at the old game. Of course there's no certainty that he frisked you, even if he is the man you saw; but maybe we can get him to tell us something about it."

He crossed the room and pushed an electric button, while Minnie and James stood watching him anxiously. The door opened and a plain-clothes man entered, saluting Big Dan, who handed him the picture. "You know Red Mike; don't you, Saunders?"

The detective nodded. "Go look him up and see how he's making out," Big Dan said casually. "If you find that he has any too much money or is leading too gay a life, bring him in. I may want to have a little chat with him. I have reason to believe that he was out at that barn of Zinatella's near the park, last night."

You might see if by any chance he found seven one-hundred-dollar bills in his wanderings."

The detective smiled and, without further parley, went out. Then Big Dan turned to James.

"Don't expect too much, and don't get downhearted, son," he said in a kindly tone. "I've got a hunch, that's all. It may prove right and it may not. But this lady had the right idea. A man has nothing to be afraid of from the police authorities if he is innocent. We're far more glad to see a man prove he didn't commit a crime than to pin one on him. And the fact that you two came here and put all your cards on the table, was the thing to do. Now, you take the lady home and then come back to me."

James paled slightly. "You mean that I'm under—"

"Arrest?" said the detective. "No. It's just to prevent your being arrested that I want you to sleep here. Who would ever think of looking for a fugitive from justice in the room of a detective inspector? Kind of rich one that, eh?"

"He's right, Jimmy," said Minnie confidently.

"The thing is this," McNamara went on. "Saunders may or may not find Red Mike to-night. And even if he does, he may not learn anything that is useful to me. If you go to your office in the morning, this man Lyon will have you arrested. I probably wouldn't be assigned to the case and you might get into hands that wouldn't treat you any too gently. Lyon's a big man in this town. But so long as you're under my wing, you're not likely to get into much trouble."

Minnie stepped forward and seized the detective's hand. "I don't know how to thank you!" she said earnestly.

At the boarding house, to avoid suspicion, James packed up a little handbag and announced that he had to leave town for a few days. "If Lyon comes here inquiring for me in the morning, they'll know all about it," James said quickly to Minnie. "But if McNamara can make good—though I don't know how he can—the secret will be safe."



"I intend to make him an example to other young men of the community"

"I know he'll make good!" Minnie said confidently. "Don't worry. I'll come to the police station in the morning and find out what has happened."

But when she got there, a little before eight o'clock the next day, she found McNamara at his desk, a curious smile on his face as he spoke into the telephone. "I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Lyon," he was saying, "but can you stop in here on your way to your office."

Minnie could not hear the answer; but she knew the detective was talking to James's employer, and her heart gave a joyous little bound. Evidently the detective had learned something worth while.

"Well, it may have some bearing on that very case," McNamara continued. "Anyway, I'll appreciate it if you can be here in half an hour." With a chuckle he hung up the receiver. "I think I'm going to have some fun," he said. "While we're waiting, go over to the room and cheer up that glum looking friend of yours."

"You mean you weren't successful?" Minnie asked with sinking heart.

"Wait and see," McNamara said mysteriously.

JAMES rose eagerly as Minnie entered. "I don't know anything more than you do," he told her when she had mentioned that Lyon was on his way.

"There's no use of McNamara's trying to change his mind. The old man has it in for me and he has a heart like flint."

And for the remainder of the time the two stood there in silence, staring out of the window into the muck of a dismal drizzling day. Then, the door opened and McNamara ushered in James T. Lyon. He glanced coldly at Jimmy and then his eyes glinted as he observed his companion.

"So you caught both birds, eh!" he said in a hard metallic voice. "I thought they were up to no good when I saw them in the Gildmore last night. While you're about it you might as well file my charge against him," he continued, pointing to James.

"Just a moment," McNamara said, indicating a chair. "I'm an old hand at this game, Mr.

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THE OBSERVANT EYE

IT is said that the idea of the suspension bridge was suggested to its inventor by a spider's web suspended across his pathway, while walking in his garden one dewy morning.

Sam Cunard, a poor Scotch lad, used his eyes to such good purpose that he was able to whittle a model of a steamship, from which the first ship of the great Cunard line was copied. This whittled model became the standard type for all the magnificent ships since constructed by the Cunard firm. In after years, when the poor, whittling Glasgow boy became Sir Samuel Cunard, he never forgot that he owed all his honors and wealth to his powers of observation and his conscientious whittling.

When Henry Ward Beecher, at the peak of his power and popularity, was asked where he got his sermons, he said: "*I keep my eyes open and ask questions.*" In other words, the great preacher got his sermons everywhere, from life and nature, through his marvelous powers of observation.

THE power which inheres in a trained faculty of observation is priceless. There is no position in life where an observant eye cannot be made a great success asset. No matter what your task in life or what you intend to make of yourself, there is nothing which will help you more than a keen power of observation. And there is no faculty more easily cultivated. Its development is not dependent on books or schools, but on the intelligent use of your eyes.

Charles A. Eastman, in his book, "Indian Boyhood," gives us a good idea of how the Indian youth acquires the marvelous keenness of observation for which the Indians are noted. He says: "My uncle, who educated me up to the time when I was fifteen years of age, would say to me when I left the tepee, in the morning, 'Hakadah, look closely to everything you see;' and at evening, on my return, he used often to catechize me for an hour or so. 'On which side of the tree is the light-colored bark? On which side do they have the most regular branches?' It was his custom to let me name the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color or shape of the bill or their song or the appearance or locality of the nest. In fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic."

IF children, especially those reared in cities and towns, were, like this boy, trained at the start to look at everything with the seeing eye that would take in every detail of its appearance, and to tell what they saw, there would be a far higher grade of intelligence among us than there is to-day. There would also be many more successful people.

Building Big Business on Determination

How the Steel-Tube Industry, in Shelby, Ohio, Made a Success of Alonzo Clay Morse, and how Mr. Morse Turned Around and Made a Success of It

By ARCHIE C. SHRINER

EDITORS' NOTE

THIS is the sort of article that THE NEW SUCCESS likes to publish, because it shows what determination will do. There is no romance so interesting as the romance of big business, and this story of the building up of the Ohio Seamless Tube Company, in Shelby, Ohio, to a successful organization that was completely destroyed by fire, then denied a new existence by its parent company, and, finally, the com-

plete rebuilding by the company's workmen and citizens of the town, proves that individuals, collectively, can accomplish what they start to do, just as thoroughly as a single individual working heart and soul for some particular goal. This is a story of the real American spirit, of that never-say-die element that has done so much to make the industries of this country the greatest in the world.

ALONZO CLAY MORSE, President of the Ohio Seamless Tube Company, Shelby, Ohio, is a hard man to interview on anything concerning his connection with the steel-tube industry. He has a great deal to say about the tube plant but little to say about himself.

The seamless steel-tube industry was established in Shelby, Ohio, in 1890. The process was brought here from Birmingham, England. Consequently Shelby is the birthplace of the industry in America. The capital stock of the original company was \$50,000. However, only \$37,500 was paid in and it grew into a \$13,000,000 plant in ten years.

I asked Mr. Morse when he started with the company.

He answered, "When the company started."

"Well, how did you start?" I persisted.

"Why, by shoveling dirt," he replied.

This is true. Mr. Morse had just come to Shelby from his father's farm, some miles out, and he took the first job that offered itself—shoveling earth from the excavation for the foundation of the plant.

Mr. Morse continued: "I didn't know how long the job

would last. I didn't think much about it anyway; but when we finished I started carrying bricks. I made myself pretty generally useful around there."

When the first factory-building was finished and everything was ready to operate, Clay Morse thought he saw the end of his job, and he was surprised when he was asked by the general manager if he wanted to fire the boilers.

"You bet!" said Clay. This is where we find "Clay," as he was called by his associates and fellow workers, at the beginning of this industry. And he is "Clay," today, on the streets of Shelby and in the factory over which he presides.

Clay Morse did not fool himself into thinking he had a dream or a vision, and that, someday, he was going to be the hero of the story.

No, Clay Morse was a plodder. The job that he had in hand was sufficient unto the day for him, and he let it go at that. He fired the boilers so well that they set him to running the engine. Then he started on his upward climb, step by step, through the following years, acquiring, on the way up, such a complete knowledge of the tube-making industry that,



ALONZO CLAY MORSE
President, The Ohio
Seamless Tube Company

fourteen years later, he was made general superintendent of all the steel trust's tube plants, and, twelve years after that, president of the Independent Shelby Plant.

Clay Morse's ancestry dates back to the founding of Shelby by Kentucky pioneers after the War of 1812. Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky, in 1812, had marched his troops up through Ohio to Lake Erie to help General William Henry Harrison in the battles against the British and Indians. When the Americans were victorious, Governor Shelby marched his troops back again through the Ohio region. A few of those hardy Kentucky mountaineers dropped off there, and Clay Morse's ancestor was one of them. So, he and his forebears have lived in Richland County, in which Shelby is located, for 109 years, and every one of them were farmers, including Alonzo Clay Morse himself. Mr. Morse worked on the farm until he was 24 years old, when he started his career as a tube maker. It is some jump from a tiller of the soil to making steel tubes.

CLAY MORSE wasn't the only young farmer around Shelby to make that jump. The big tube-plant, to-day, has hundreds of workmen recruited from the farmer lads near the town.

"We encourage our workmen, who are fathers, to send their sons into the plant when they are old enough to learn the tube-making business," said Mr. Morse, "and, in this way, we have greatly strengthened our organization."

I wanted to know about the great success of the first and parent company, for I heard something of what this pioneer in the tube industry of America had achieved in the way of financial success.

"The first tube company was called The Shelby Steel Tube Company," said Mr. Morse. "In ten years after it was organized, it multiplied its original capital nearly twenty-five times. It started off with seventeen workmen; when it burned down, in 1908, it had nearly a thousand. It paid in the first ten or twelve years about three thousand dollars for every hundred dollars invested. This little country village, in 1890, with its eighteen hundred souls was hard put to it to raise the money for this factory. Nobody in the town had more than two thousand dollars. Only two persons possessed such a sum. The amount was raised in little sums of one hundred dollars and over."

I put this question to Mr. Morse: "What made the plant such a huge success in such a short time?"

"Well," he replied, "it was due to this fact: Prior to 1890, every industry using steel tubing

had to import it from England at high prices. This was true especially of the growing bicycle industry of the early nineties. That was why this plant was established. Henry A. Lozier, of Cleveland, was a bicycle manufacturer then, and he wanted to cheapen the cost, so he sent his superintendent over to England to acquire the secret of the process of seamless tube-making. When his superintendent had acquired the secret he returned to the United States, and this factory was the result. When the bicycle manufacturers in this country found out we were making this tubing, and it was proven as good as England's, a perfect avalanche of orders flooded our factory and we were hard put to it to keep up. Purchasing agents from all over the country camped out at our offices endeavoring to secure priority in their orders. We were swamped, and this condition kept up for five years. Naturally, another deluge of stock dividends flowed out from the earnings of the company to its Shelby stockholders, during these years, in a constant stream."

"What were you doing all this time?" I asked.

"Oh, I had been traveling from one department to another, building up my knowledge of the work."

Mr. Morse had been traveling along—always a little ahead of the other fellow, always a little in advance of his fellow workers. As a result, when a foreman was needed in any department on his itinerary, as he traveled through the plant, he was the one who always picked off the job.

He had become assistant superintendent, in 1904, when the Shelby plant combined with six of seven independents. He was soon promoted to general superintendent of the combined plants. When the steel trust took notice of this little combination and forced the latter to sell out to it, Mr. Morse was made general superintendent of all the trust's plants—fourteen in all.

THE steel trust discovered when they absorbed these independents that they also absorbed Clay Morse, the best steel-tube maker in America. So it was Mr. Morse's job to constantly travel among those fourteen plants. When he wasn't traveling by day he was traveling by night, and he was so busy that he almost forgot where he lived! Clay Morse never forgot that old mother plant at Shelby, the pioneer of them all. Here was where he was born into industrial life along with the birth of the new industry itself. He marveled at the great change in the Shelby plant since the trust had taken over its affairs.

None of the vast earnings were going to the citizens of Shelby now. The dividends were

being shipped out of town regularly. The workers' wages were lowered, the plant was irregularly operated, the men were restless, some were being shifted to other trust plants and matters, in a general way, were very unsatisfactory. Mr. Morse pondered over all these things. The condition saddened him. He saw breakers ahead for old Shelby.

Finally he came to the conclusion that trust methods were not his methods and he also realized that, looming up in the future was the sorrowful ending of his dreams for the mother plant. He decided he did not want to be present at the obsequies. So he quit his job as superintendent of the trust and, in about a year, the expected occurred—but not exactly as he had anticipated.

Fire did its work. There was nothing left over which to hold any obsequies.

To say that Shelby, Ohio, was prostrated and her citizens stunned by the dire event, is putting it mildly. The worst that could possibly happen had happened.

Nearly a thousand employees were out of work. Nearly all of them owned their own modest little homes in the town; nearly all had become small stockholders in the enterprise.

These men were not plunged into financial dependency nor were they doomed to become objects of charity by the catastrophe; but here was a problem which had confronted but few small municipalities. Here was a compact and efficient organization of workers, comprising possibly one-fifth of the population of the little city, suddenly projected into idleness without warning.

The situation was chaotic. There was but one hope that buoyed up the hearts of those workers and the citizens of Shelby.

That hope was that the steel trust would immediately rebuild. After a few months of anxious waiting, during which despair had gradually displaced hope in the hearts of all, there came the announcement that the trust would *not* rebuild.

Then what happened? Did the citizens of this stricken community meekly bow their heads on hearing this dire decree and humbly say, "So be it." Not on your life! A mass meeting was instantly called and a wire sent the trust for its price on the site. The quotation came while the

meeting was in progress. The amount was raised in thirty minutes, and, before the day was over, the deal was made and an organization effected.

One other thing was done on the spot: A wire went to Clay Morse, but it was addressed to A. C. Morse, somewhere in Pennsylvania. It read, "Come back to Shelby. We need you at once."

And A. C. Morse came back—and with his coming began to rise, phoenixlike, from the ashes of the old, a bigger, better, more up-to-date, more modern plant than before—one destined for greater success.

Every cent of capital was raised in Shelby.

Every citizen in the town and every employee of the former plant subscribed. Before the first tube was turned out, they had raised \$350,000. That was all, but it looked big to Shelby. That \$350,000 was every cent ever put into that company by stockholders. To-day The Ohio Seamless Tube Company is a twelve-million-dollar concern.

DWELLING on unfortunate experiences, mistakes only makes them bigger, blacker, more hideous. Forget them, thrust them out of your mind as you would a thief from your home.

The difference between these two figures represents earnings.

Alonzo Clay Morse subscribed too; but he did more. As the general manager of the new plant, with a trained organization ready at hand and waiting, he performed a miracle. This time there was a worthy competitor—a veritable gladiator in the vast arena of industry—and the new company was forbidden to use the trademark "Shelby" on its products, or even "Shelby" in the name of the company itself, so jealous had this mighty rival become of the birthplace of the industry.

Think of it! Barred from the trade use of the name so sentimentally associated with the inception, the progress, and the success of the first enterprise.

The Shelby Steel Tube Company it was, and The Ohio Seamless Tube Company it is; the parent and child with little in common except the phenomenal success attained by each. The offspring profited by the mistakes of the parent, and, to-day, it is still in the hands of the citizens of Shelby—independent as the day it was born and free of all trust entanglements. And the name of Shelby has clung to it despite the prohibition imposed upon the name. In fact, this prohibition produced exactly the opposite result

intended and served only to further advertise the product.

And here is an astounding revelation: Every workman in the tube plant is a booster and always has been. There isn't a kicker on the pay roll. The reason for this is that all the workmen are Americans. Another reason is that most of them are stockholders. Still another is that Mr. Morse and the company have always done the square thing by them. You don't find any grumblers or knockers in this plant.

The company provides for their welfare—provides homes, coal, entertainment. The company owns a hotel for its single men and officers, and the employees own a coöperative grocery. There has never been a strike in this plant since it was started. There never will be as long as Alonzo Clay Morse is at the helm. He is not only making his men satisfied, but he is also making men. By making them satisfied he improves their social status.

He is also making men in another way. Every foreman, every officer, every executive has an understudy or two, perhaps more. There is always a man made ready to step up and take the next fellow's place.

From 1910 to 1918, the plant expanded and grew under his management. When this country was drawn into the World War, The Ohio Seamless Tube Company was called upon by the government to become a hundred-per-cent institution to supply the War and Navy departments, and it was commissioned by the government to produce steel boiler-tubes for its hundreds of thousands of shipping tonnage which the United States was feverishly constructing to carry foodstuffs and munitions to Europe.

BUT this was not all. Mr. Morse had created a specialty mill by keeping always a little in advance of his competitors. This fact was recognized by the government at the beginning of the war, for The Ohio Seamless Tube Company was commissioned by the War Department to manufacture war-plane and Army truck-bearing steel-tubing which hitherto had been made in Germany.

War activities made it a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition, and the office of A. C. Morse was as brilliantly lighted at night time as were the nearby factory buildings. It was no uncommon occurrence to witness his automobile, at midnight, departing from the offices with its weary passenger who was none other than the general manager himself, and then to see it return, early in the morning, with a refreshed and recuperated official ready for the day. These were heart-breaking days, when the manufacturing execu-

tives in this country were lavishly consuming their reserve forces, and the sixteen-hour, or even the twenty-hour day, was no unusual thing to them.

The echoes of the armistice were still reverberating around the world when a handful of men met around the directors' table in the general offices of The Ohio Seamless Tube Company and elected Alonzo Clay Morse president. Despite his lavish expenditure of his mental and physical powers through all these years and during the war period, nature has not penalized Mr. Morse by diminishing his vitality. Rather, he is more rugged and robust than at the beginning, his mental progression has kept well in advance of his rise, and now, on the threshold of his middle fifties, Mr. Morse stands preëminent among the leaders in the steel-tube industry of the country.

DO you see those tall trees over there?" he pointed out to me as he stepped to the window of his office. Where he indicated I saw a forest of big oak and other trees, and nestling among them countless cozy homes.

"We built a little village over there for some of our workers who came to Shelby a few years ago and couldn't get homes," he said. "There are six streets, and they are all sewered, and each house has gas, electric light, and water."

"Are you selling those homes to these workmen?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "We just rent them for sufficient to enable us to pay the overhead, such as the interest on the investment and taxes, that's all. I think it amounts to about ten dollars a month. The workers get their water and light free."

Then his eyes fastened on an object high above the factory buildings over toward the railroad. I was trying to follow his glance, when he remarked: "Do you see those two big brick stacks over there near the tracks?"

"Yes—I see them," I answered.

"Well," he continued, "those two big stacks were all that was left of the old plant after the fire. We never disturbed them. See those words painted near the top of that further stack?"

I looked and made out the dimly outlined word, "Shelby," and immediately below it, in plainer letters, "Lives."

"'Shelby' was on the stack before the fire," said Mr. Morse, "but the next day after the fire, some fellows climbed up there with a paint bucket and added the other word."

Yes, "Shelby lives." It was the spirit of those painted words high up on that black smokestack that beckoned "Onward" to the citizens in their travail.

Is It to Be Race Suicide?

Noted Students of Racial Conditions Claim that the True Nordic and American Types Are Rapidly Disappearing from the Earth.

By GEORGE W. E. DANIELS

EDITORS' NOTE

"WE Americans must realize," says Madison Grant, in his very important book, "The Passing of the Great Race," "that the altruistic ideas which have controlled our social development during the past century and the maudlin sentimentalism that has made America an asylum for the oppressed, are sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss. If the Melting Pot is allowed to boil without control and we continue to follow our national motto and deliberately blind ourselves to all 'distinctions of race, creed or color,' the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as distinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles, and the Viking of the days of Rollo."

"Never was it so true as now," says Seth K. Humphrey in his "Mankind," "that 'the proper study of mankind is man.' That study is going on under skilled leadership in many places, especially in England and America. . . . The mania for achievement has at last turned to the rather desperate case of the human race itself."

After reading the books mentioned above, the quotations have remained vividly in our minds. We were glad when Mr. Daniels's article came along and we are hopeful that it will be read and digested by all our readers. That the great white race, the race of blonds with blue eyes and powerful bodies—the Nordic strain—is slowly dying out, is a fact that all leading ethnologists admit.

THIS doubtless is to put the question rather bluntly to a sensitive American public. But the time for mincing matters has long gone past. The question of the falling off of births of the right kind is engaging the attention of the governments of practically all the civilized countries of the world. And in this respect we are not one whit better off than the others—if, indeed, we are not in worse plight. It is almost impossible to give too much publicity to so vital a matter. Every serious man and woman should be turning his or her attention to it.

It is probably eight or ten years since Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the most versatile thinkers of our day, made the following significant pronouncement in regard to the population of the United States:—

It is particularly noteworthy that each accession of new blood (speaking of bodies of immigrants) seems to sterilize its predecessors. Had there been no immigration at all into the United States, but had the rate of increase that prevailed in 1810-20 prevailed to 1900, the population, which would then have been a purely native American one, would have amounted to more than 23 million in excess of the present total population. The new waves are for a time remarkably fecund, and then comes a rapid fall in the birth rate. The proportion of colonial and early republican blood in the population is, therefore, probably far smaller even than the figures I have quoted would suggest. Had the promise of 1815 been fulfilled there would now be in the

United States of America 100 million descendants of the homogeneous and free-spirited native population of that time. There are not, as a matter of fact, more than 35 millions. Against the assets of cities, railways, mines, and industrial wealth won, the American tradition has to set the price of five and sixty million native citizens who have never found time to get born, and whose place is now more or less filled by alien substitutes.

The extract is a long one, but its length may be pardoned, perhaps, on account of its tremendous significance. These waves of immigration are likely to prove our undoing unless we succeed in keeping them in their true perspective. So long as these immigration figures kept up to a high mark all was well—or at least appeared to be well, according to figures and statistics, which, it may be said in passing, are very fruitful sources of error and confusion. Our population went ahead by leaps and bounds, and whether it was native born or not did not seem to matter. But now that the European reservoirs which seemed to stand an unlimited amount of tapping have been suddenly shut off, the real situation in all its alarming features becomes at once apparent. The present ratio of births to population is altogether inadequate if we are to keep and maintain the place in which fate and a combination of circumstances have contrived to place us.



As already stated, the trouble is not by any means confined to this continent. It is the trouble of the White Man in all corners of the globe, and its echoes may be heard from Britain and France to Vancouver and Australia. It is so vital a question to the supremacy of the white races, and of such urgent and outstanding importance, that it is indeed conceivable that something like concerted action by the civilized peoples of the world may yet be taken in the matter. A few comments on the subject from different quarters may not be amiss.

Writing in England not long ago on this question Sir Rider Haggard said:

The issues involved are enormous—nothing less than a continuance of the Western Civilization in its power or its fall. If the European birth-rate continues to decline, the Eastern races will become so powerful that we shall be unable to resist their domination. In the East, every woman considers it a shame to be childless. The East and Africa are learning the arts of war as practised to-day. Unless some startling change occurs, therefore, it appears as though, within the next two centuries, the dominion of the Western races will cease, as that of Rome ceased, perhaps beneath a new influx from the East beneath which their remaining population will be submerged.

And not long ago a wealthy Chinese merchant, in Vancouver, calmly told a newspaper man that it was only a question of time before his people took over the whole of this continent, peaceably and without bloodshed, by sheer force of numbers. Every Chinese woman, he said, had eight children. So much meantime for what has come to be known as the "Yellow Peril."

Threat of 400,000,000 Blacks

THERE is, also, it appears, a Black Peril—a much more urgent peril, perhaps, for us on this continent. And the blacks in Africa must not be overlooked in the reckoning. Mr. Leo Walmsley, in *The Daily Sketch*, London, quotes from a speech of Marcus Garvey, President of the Universal Negroes Improvement Society, said to have been delivered in New York, as follows:—

If we fight it will be to make the negro free, and it will be the bloodiest war the world has ever seen. It will be a terrible day when the blacks draw the sword and fight for liberty. I call upon you 400 million blacks to give your blood to make Africa a Republic for the negro.

Commenting on this incitement to revolt, Mr. Walmsley says: "We must acknowledge the undoubted fact that were it only a matter of 'volition' the 'civilized' negroes of America, the

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West Indies, and South Africa, would annihilate the white races to-morrow."

Mr. Robert Blatchford, another English writer, touching on this question says:

The relations between Blacks and Whites can only be described as impossible. As equals they cannot mingle. Only as inferiors can the Blacks be admitted. Such a state of things can only be maintained by force. It would make for safety and ease of soul if the two colours could be separated. But short of the establishment of Black Republics no remedy seems available; and of such Republics it has to be admitted that they would probably be warlike, and they have only too much excuse for racial hatred and feelings of revenge. And then again it does not seem probable that the Whites would give up to the Blacks territories of which they had robbed them in the past.

Assuming that the whole continent of Africa were given to Blacks, if the Blacks were warlike they would be a danger, and if they were not warlike they might be a temptation say to the Yellow Races. A nation of 400 million Blacks would be a most disquieting proposition.

What would a League of Nations do should the Blacks and Yellows come to blows? The League of Nations might have to pacify or over-rule 800 million people, and one nation of the League has some two or three hundred millions of Indian races to govern or protect. It were idle optimism to pretend that the last war has ended war or that a League of European Nations, with or without the United States, can be depended upon to maintain the peace of the world. The Yellow and the Black Perils contain possibilities beyond our ken and beyond the power of any Western League to control.

From France comes the following from Professor Pinard, a leading French authority on maternity, who has just been elected from Paris to the New Chamber of Deputies, and who announces that he will devote his political career to working for larger French families. "France is dying," says Dr. Pinard. "She is not dead, but it is necessary to repopulate the country. At the present rate of natality, France will soon be only an immense desert. Children—France must have children. The Frenchman is a procreator of the first order. It is not the race which is in default. The race is good. It is our laws which are bad. They are bad because they make the child a charge and a heavy charge upon the family."

Roosevelt Drove the Lesson Home

IN our own country the most ardent champion of the large family was the late Theodore Roosevelt. When he was President, he lost no opportunity to drive the lesson home. But it is evident that in the face of the seriousness of the



proposition something more than mere rhetoric is required to awaken the nation to a sense of its duty. From information collected in many quarters and from questions put to men in different walks of life there seems to be little doubt that the remedy is not really hard to find. Make it worth while and there will be no lack of births. In most cases it is simply a matter of expense.

Mr. Wells proposes a scheme of Motherhood Endowment. He would have the State grant a sum of money to the mother for each child, said sum to vary according to the walk of life the particular child happened to be born in and the amount of money its parents would be likely to spend in rearing and educating it. He makes a point of the fact that equally with the need of births there is a need of "good" births. And he thinks that by varying the allowance in this way, the people of the better class (using the term in its true sense without strict reference to worldly possessions) would be induced to have larger families.

Whether or not such a scheme would meet the case may be open to criticism. It is possible that after the initial shyness and strangeness occasioned by the inevitable publicity entailed had worn off that it might meet with a measure of success. There is no doubt however that, in the vast majority of cases, the difficulty is one of means. The narrowest kind of investigation makes this clear. Laying aside the case of the wealthy (who are in a class quite by themselves in this respect) I will make so bold as to assert that sheer selfishness plays a much smaller part in this business than is commonly supposed.

Taken by and large the American woman loves children and desires to possess them.

It is possible that, before long, the terrible urgency of the matter will impel our government to take a hand in finding a solution of the prob-

lem. It is in the very forefront of our national problems and, in importance, far outranks such questions as the nationalization of railroads and coal mines, momentous as these undoubtedly are. Are we, or are we not, to live as a nation? This is what it means in plain English. And the answer, meantime, is in the lap of the gods.

"What," it may reasonably be asked, "is private enterprise doing in the matter—that boasted Individuality of which we are apt to be so very proud?" Nothing at all. Individualism is running its logical course and giving us each year a few additional millionaires—generally childless. How many American employers when the time comes for going into the question of yearly increases will be found saying: "I don't see how young Jones can get along with his three children on that amount. It is essential for national purposes that he be given so much." Or again:

"Perhaps if we increase young Brown by so much, he will be induced to raise a few children." How many are thinking along these lines? None at all. And, indeed, while the one end and aim of business is "Profit," as measured in terms of dollars and cents, it is not perhaps to be wondered at.

Mr. Wells says that, as a people, we have little or no "State sense." It is possibly true enough. Everything makes way for

HIS COMPANION

By Frank X. Piatt

A MAN was moving with slouching feet,
Midday and the sun was riding high,

But he saw no beauty in earth or sky.
Beside him an unseen spirit walked,
And often and softly to him it talked:
"We've traveled together a long, long way,"

It said, "But I leave you my friend,
to-day;

I have followed you morning and noon
and night,

I have whispered warnings to guide
you right;

I have taken your hand and urged
you on

To seize the chances that now are
gone;

I have coaxed, and driven and pulled
in vain

And thundered cautions again and
again;

To what avail? Ah, behold you
now—

The sunken eye and the lifeless brow.
I leave you my friend for there is no
school,

For the man determined to be a fool."

"And who are you?" sneered the man
with a grin;

Said the Spirit, "The man that you
might have been."

the Individual. Not long ago we were informed in the public press that a certain "movie queen" was remunerated to the tune of \$10,000 a week. Yet the addition of \$1000 a year—or even \$500—would make the difference between a family or no family in thousands of cases—possibly in many cases right in the "movie world." And another paragraph advised us that a "slapstick" comedian had just signed a contract for three years at \$1,000,000 a year. But the nation is dying in spite of its slapsticks. And the late Mr. Henry C. Frick left an estate valued at \$150,000,000. And countless worth-while Americans, of the best and most virile type, cannot afford to have children. If such a state of things is not chaotic it is hard to know how to define it.

So far from married men being encouraged or having any status, in many cases if not in most it is a direct handicap. Alarming stories reach us almost every day of married men having what is known as the "screw" tightened on them in some form or other, advantage being taken of the fact that, as married men, they dare not in most cases retaliate by resigning. First-hand information has been given us of cases where casual help in the shape of single young men was taken on in certain engineering and drafting offices at a larger rate of pay than many married men enjoyed who had been years with the same company. Expostulations avail nothing in most cases. In this "free country," if you do not like it you do not need to "stick it." Yet everybody but a fool knows that the alternative is one the married man of small means dare not face. He must stick to his job until he can find a better one.

A Problem for Every Real American

SUCH cases, while possibly being rather extreme ones, are probably commoner than most people suppose. Turning however from this aspect of the question to another, it is evident that if the great body of married men in the lower middle-classes, draftsmen, clerks, travelers, teachers, etc., whose salaries range from \$100 to

It Is a Moral

TO go through life a failure when you possess success qualities.

To be anything less than a real man or a real woman.

To fail to do your best and look your best.

To have only half tried to make good.

To put into work you are paid to do only half-hearted effort; to perform it carelessly or with apathy or indifference.

To do things that are not morally honest or honorable even though you may act within the law.

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\$150 a month—and such form a very large percentage of the population—the question of having children resolves itself into the voluntary imposition of enormous burdens. A man earning say \$125 a month may live fairly comfortably with his wife, may travel in moderation, entertain in a modest way, indulge himself in books and a talking machine, visit moving-picture theaters and concerts, and enjoy sundry and odd other of such “luxuries” that really make life worth while. But of one thing he is under no misapprehension: This condition can only prevail so long as he is childless. Need we wonder at his reluctance to become the father of a family?

The old argument may be advanced that promiscuous increases in wages and salaries will simply raise the cost of living in proportion, but it is not our purpose to deal with that at present. It undoubtedly will raise the cost of living so long as we let it do so. But whether our present haphazard and ill-considered methods are the best that human ingenuity can devise, surely no sane person will admit for a moment. The “vicious-circle” evil is by no means an insuperable one. In these writings, we are simply indicating the dwindling birth rate and inquiring: “How about it, good people?” While our wiseacres are busy wrangling over the best methods of fire protection, our edifice is well ablaze.

If the end in view can only be accomplished by a complete reorganization of industry, the sooner we get to work on the problem the better. Immigration from Europe, on the lines of past years, is probably over for a long time—if not, indeed, forever. We have now to stand on our own legs. The World War did not end war; a League of Nations cannot enforce peace under given conditions. Our enemies in all parts of the world are numerous and increasing; our birth rate is on the decline. And again I would ask the average American citizen, the American patriot, the American statesman, the American business man, the American mother: “Is it to be race suicide?”

Disgrace——

To go about with a scowl on your face, when a smile can do so much good.

To be a pessimist when there is so much that is promising and good in the world.

To spoil another's life by your cruelty or selfishness.

To be grasping and greedy, always looking out for yourself, trying to get every possible advantage for yourself, and never thinking of the man at the other end of the bargain.



BUSINESS HARMONY AND PROFITS

IF there isn't harmony in the factory, there can't be any in the piano." This significant statement a big piano-manufacturing company prints on its stationery.

If this company lives up to its suggestion its profits must be as great as the excellence of its pianos, for there is a very close connection between harmony and profits, between harmony and excellence.

Whatever increases happiness increases mental and physical harmony, and increased harmony is a condition of increased brain-power, of greater mental and physical capacity. The brain can never manifest or exercise its maximum of power when the mind is discordant, because its faculties will not perform team work unless there is harmony throughout the mental kingdom. And without perfect team work of all his faculties, no human being can do the most and the best of which he is capable.

PROGRESSIVE, up-to-date business men are learning more and more the psychology of harmony. They are trying to make their employees just as happy, just as satisfied and comfortable as possible. They know that light and air, sanitary conditions, a bright, cheerful environment, encouragement, appreciation, kindness, and good will, are the best creators of harmony in factory, shop or office, just as they know that the best an employee has to give his employer is voluntary; that it cannot be forced.

He is a poor sort of employer who doesn't know that when employees see that their "boss" is doing everything possible for their comfort, for their health, for their convenience, everything possible to make them happy and successful, they will do more and better work for him willingly, gladly, with all their hearts, than he could ever get out of them by harsh, bullying methods. Far-seeing employers are finding that harmony pays the biggest kind of dividends, and that establishing it in their business is one of the best investments they can make.

ONLY yesterday, I heard a very successful manufacturer say that there was a spirit of kindness and good will to the weaver and to the user woven into every piece of goods that went out of his factory. He said that the money he got for his goods from satisfied purchasers was only a small part of his satisfaction in business; that the spirit of good will radiating from every piece of their manufactured product, and from every member of the concern, from partners and heads of departments down to office boys, brought more real happiness to all concerned than any amount of money could.—O. S. M.

Are You Following the Mirage of Achievement?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

"BABE" RUTH'S theory of life, as of baseball, is to "Hit big or miss big." "I swing every time with all the force I have," he said in an exclusive interview published in *THE NEW SUCCESS*, last August. "I guess I strike out as often as any one else; but when I hit the ball, I hit it."

The reason why many people fail to accomplish the big things they dreamed of in youth, is that they never hit out in a big, determined, vigorous way, to make their dreams come true. They are always planning some wonderful thing—always preparing, getting ready, anticipating their future triumphs, but never getting down to putting solid foundations under their dream castles.

A man past seventy-five, who has spent all of his active life in this futile way, chasing rainbows but never getting to the end of one, where the great treasure is supposed to be buried, is a good illustration of the impractical type of person who never gets anywhere or accomplishes anything. In the twenty-five or thirty years that I have known this man, he has always tried to impress me with the idea that he was about to do the the greatest thing of his life, but, somehow, he has never done it. He is still looking forward, and is so sanguine about everything that any one meeting him would think he was right on the verge of some wonderful good fortune. He seems to feel as the great inventor does, when, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, certain of success, he is about to put the last touches to his great invention. He is a splendid man, has plenty of ability, a good education, and a fine disposition which makes everybody like him, but with all his advantages he is a failure. He has done nothing for himself or the world. He has been poor all his life, and his family have never had any of the opportunities and advantages he could have given them had he hit out big in any one direction and made practical use of his ability.

There are millions like this man. They begin in childhood to dream of the great things they are going to do. All through the seven stages of life—onward from boyhood to eager youth, full manhood, mature middle age, down to the final stages when their steps begin to falter and their vision to grow dim—they still follow the mirage of the great achievement they failed to make real. They still dream of being great merchants, great editors, great actors, great lawyers, scientists, writers, orators—but they will never get beyond the dreaming stage this side of eternity. While they were dreaming, the time for action sped silently on and others did what they were always "going to do."

IN all the years that I have been studying success methods and the processes of men who have succeeded in a big way in various fields, I have never known any one to accomplish a worthwhile thing, to make a place for himself in the world, who did not make his purpose effective by practical effort, who did not keep his ambition alive, growing, by the constant struggle to reach his goal.

The men who have emancipated the world from much of its old-time drudgery by the utilization of steam, by electricity, by discoveries in chemistry, in physics, by the thousands of inventions which have lightened labor, and given men and women more leisure for self-improvement, and, consequently, for personal advancement, had their dreams, but if they had never translated them into action, who would have benefited by them? They saw visions,—no man ever accomplished anything without a vision,—

but daily, hourly and far into the night, they were tireless in their efforts to make their great dreams realities. Because these men acted instead of waiting for some miracle to realize their longings, or for someone or something to help them do

THE person who faces an issue and, regardless of what it is, faces it squarely, concentrates his mind on it, is optimistic about the outcome, bends all his efforts on it, and does it NOW—NOW, under these conditions, will always change to WON.—S. W. DUKE.

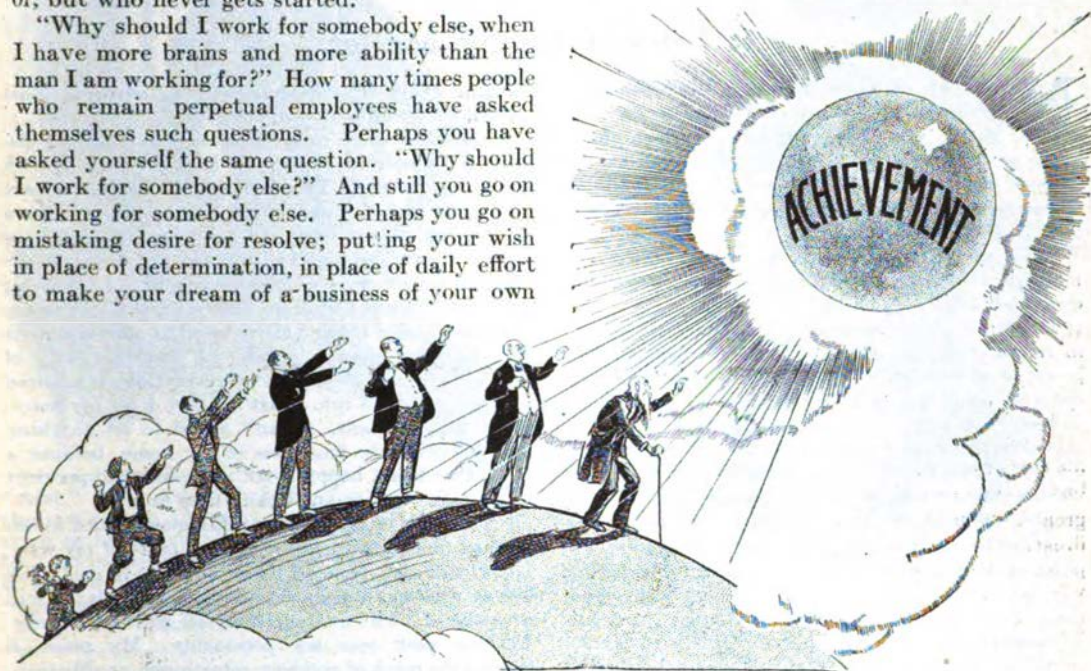


the thing they dreamed of doing, the masses, to-day, have luxuries which the world's wealthiest and most powerful rulers did not enjoy a century ago.

The man who acts is the man who wins. He may make a lot of mistakes,—men who accomplish things always do,—but if he has a definite purpose he will always come out ahead of the man who does not, who is always postponing, always intending to do the big thing he dreams of, but who never gets started.

"Why should I work for somebody else, when I have more brains and more ability than the man I am working for?" How many times people who remain perpetual employees have asked themselves such questions. Perhaps you have asked yourself the same question. "Why should I work for somebody else?" And still you go on working for somebody else. Perhaps you go on mistaking desire for resolve; putting your wish in place of determination, in place of daily effort to make your dream of a business of your own

ing, and they haven't started yet. The chances are they never will, for by the psychological law of repetition, every postponement of action makes it all the more certain that another postponement will follow, until the habit of deferring action to some future time becomes so fixed that a man completely loses his power of initiative. He becomes incapable of independent action and drifts along in a rut until old age overtakes him and even the desire for change has died.



come true; visualizing constantly without corresponding effort to realize your vision. You may be waiting for a more propitious opportunity; for good times, better business conditions, a better location, a little more capital—waiting for something or other that makes you put off the time of starting from day to day, from month to month, perhaps from year to year.

In the meantime, my friend, while all these things are keeping you back, somebody not far from you with less capital, less education, perhaps less ability than you have, has made good. While you were dreaming, planning, wishing, he has acted, forged ahead on his own initiative and succeeded. There are thousands of men in middle life, or later,—I know many of the kind,—who have been waiting since they were young men for better conditions, better times, more capital, somebody to help them—just as you are wait-

They begin in childhood to dream of the great things they are going to do. All through the seven stages of life they still follow the mirage of the great achievement they failed to make real.

A remarkably successful business man says that from early youth he made it a rule to start out every morning with the determination that he was going to do the biggest thing possible to him that day; that he was going to be a bigger

man at night than he was in the morning; that he was going to be nearer the goal of his ambition at the end of the day than he had been the previous day.

There is no other way than this to make the whole life a success; that is, to form at the very start the habit of making every day a success. The great trouble with most of us is that we don't live the day within the day. We look forward too far or we look backward. We lose the opportunities of to-day in dreaming of the future or regretting the past. That is why the great majority of people who have reached middle age have not found life anything like what they

expected. The mirage of youth, they will tell you, led them on only to disappoint their hopes. The truth is, their disappointment, their failure to achieve their ambitions, the happiness they dreamed of, is largely due to the fact that they never learned the art of getting the most out of each day as they went along.

To act, not to dream; to live in the day, not in yesterday or in to-morrow, is the only way

in which we can attain success and happiness. Unless we get our happiness out of each day as we go along; unless we do something every day to bring us nearer the goal of our ambition, we are doomed to disappointment. We are living only in the passing instant. Our success or failure depends on what comes to us through the gateway of the moment, and that we determine ourselves.

It Doesn't Really Matter

NO one has really lived until he has developed a philosophy which will enable him to say, "No matter what happens, none of these things move me. It doesn't matter." When a man has developed such a philosophy he is a master of conditions, a master of what people call fate. "Whatever happens, nothing matters. It can't last; nothing does." What a motto for husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, business and professional men; indeed, for everybody!

The sun is always shining behind the blackest cloud, in the most terrific storm. Troubles, no matter how great, are always temporary; they will not last. Nature quickly covers the ugly scars made by tornadoes and violent explosions, and when we acquire the power that true philosophy gives we shall learn that there is a healing balm for all painful experiences. No matter what happens to us, we shall be able to say, "I don't propose to have to ask circumstances, conditions or events as to whether I shall keep my mental poise, my peace of mind, and be happy, or be miserable, with a worried, anxious mind. There is something in me bigger than circumstances or conditions, bigger than any happenings, misfortunes, disasters, afflictions or catastrophes, because God is in me. I am a part of Him. I am made in His image. I live, move, and have my being in Him. I have partaken of His qualities

because I am His offspring, and an offspring must inherit the qualities of the parent.

"I don't propose to go home nights blue and discouraged simply because things have gone wrong with me during the day. This would not be acting the part of a man, but of a puppet. I don't propose to be a shuttlecock, tossed back and forth by any chance or happenings. I propose to keep the even tenor of my way, no matter what conditions may be. I am doing this now. When I leave my office at night, I leave my troubles there. I don't allow them to mar my home life—to bring shadow or discord into that holy of holies, the home. That is where everything is repaired for the next day's run. That is where I get my buoyancy, pep, and grit. I can't afford to let anything interfere with the happiness of my home, because a home that is not happy is not a one-hundred-per-cent recuperative station and I can't keep fit in it.

"No failure of my plans, no disappointments, losses or hard times shall disturb the even tenor of my way. I shall still say, 'None of these things move me.' No matter what has happened to me during the day, I will go home at night and enjoy myself with my family. Nothing shall mar my personality. My poise is beyond the reach of accident, catastrophe, or affliction. My Divine Parent is infinite in resources. He is my banker. I shall not want. He will provide for me."

Success Nuggets

The best heads the world ever knew were well read and the best heads take the best places.

—Emerson.

The door to the temple of success is never left open.

No wound bleeds longer than a cutting jest or slander.

To worry about the past is to dig up a grave; let the corpse lie. To worry about the future is to dig your own grave; let the undertaker attend to that. The present is the servant of your will.

No man can be truly educated or successful in life unless he is a reader of books.

—Benjamin Franklin.

A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.—Molière.

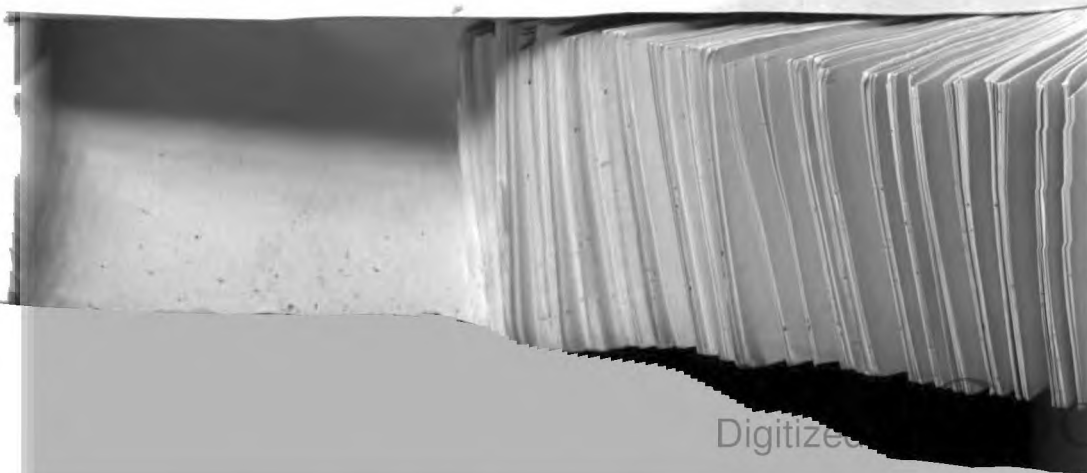
We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

There are two kinds of religion, one consists of creeds, the other of deeds.

He who knows one religion knows none.—Max Muller.

A woman can never understand what her husband does with his money, even when she gets it herself.—Life.

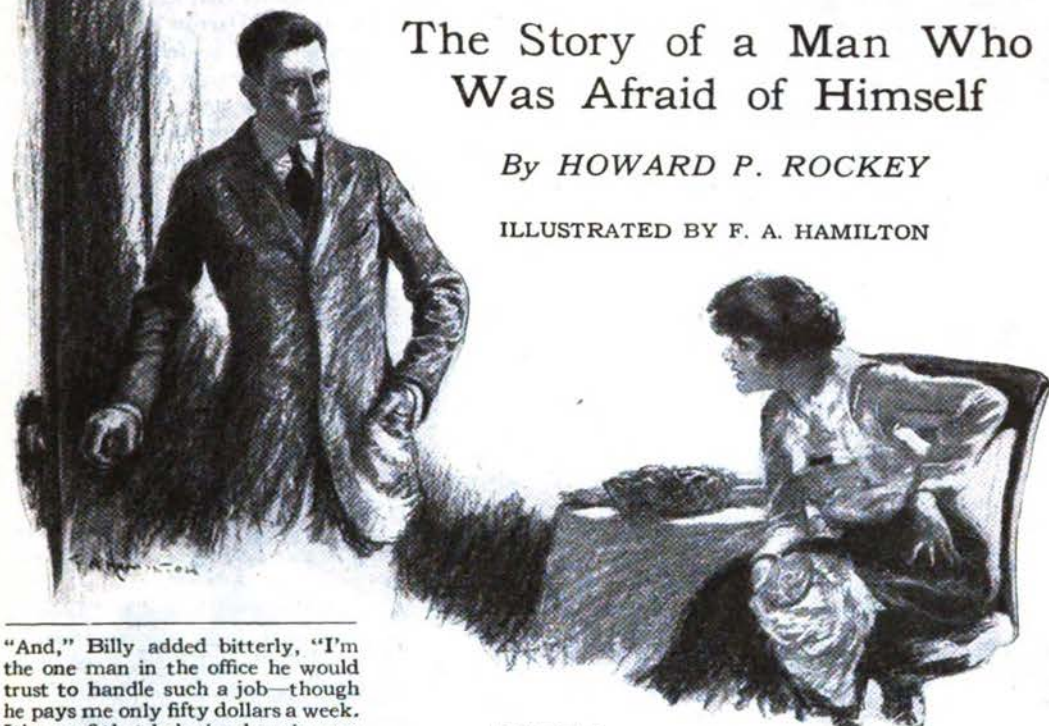


Hobson's Choice

The Story of a Man Who
Was Afraid of Himself

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. HAMILTON



"And," Billy added bitterly, "I'm the one man in the office he would trust to handle such a job—though he pays me only fifty dollars a week. It's proof that he's simply using me—getting all he can for a makeshift salary."

PART I

"I'M working for Bill Hobson first, last and all the time!"

That was the remark Bill made to his wife as they were at dinner in the little Harlem flat that had been their home for the two years of their marriage. He was tired after a long, trying ride in the crowded subway.

"I don't see why you blame me if I take it a little easy once in a while, Mary," he went on. "It's all very well to repeat those old copybook phrases that industry counts—and all that sort of thing, but I've been with the firm for nearly three years, and the boss's private secretary gets a fatter pay-envelope than I do. I'm no clock watcher. I work when there is work to do and I take it easy when there isn't work to do. The result is, I'm disgusted. If Darrow and Darrow can afford to pay me only fifty dollars a week, I'm through. One of these days, I'll land right. Then we'll take a decent apartment and live as we want to live!"

His wife smiled at him sweetly, but with just a touch of pathos in her expression. "Billy," she

said softly, "if you weren't dissatisfied with your salary, I should positively hate you; but I'm afraid you aren't dissatisfied in the right way. I saw a little motto the other day which said that the man who is surprised when pay day comes around will be surprised some pay day—which is just another way of saying that it pays to work without thinking of Saturday's envelope all the time."

"That's all very pretty," said Bill Hobson, "but it doesn't buy us anything. I saw an article in the paper the other day—a man who was the proverbial barefoot from the red schoolhouse who became president of a great paper-manufacturing combination. Industry, and its time-worn trimmings were supposed to be responsible. It makes great reading, but it sounds like bunkum to me!" Hobson snapped. "I'm going on just as I am, and one of these fine days I'll step into something good. That day I'll be through with Darrow."

"Don't be a Macawber, Billy," his wife warned. "I suppose—sometimes—things do turn up—but more often they're *turned up* by hard work."

"Well," Billy went on resentfully, "don't I work? The trouble is Darrow wants it all. He's made his fortune and he won't share it with his employees. He's getting all he pays me for—"

"I wonder," Mary Hobson interposed. "You say you're looking out for number one. Are you really? Darrow is paying you a salary. He naturally bases that salary on what he feels the work you do is worth to the firm. And you can be sure that he's watching you just as he watches every other item of expense in connection with the business—just as you carefully scrutinize the value of things *you* pay for. He may not say anything—but, from what I know of Darrow, he's probably doing a lot of thinking."

"WELL, let him think!" Billy returned—flatly. "He rides to and from the office in his motor-car while I take the subway. He stays at his desk late because the machine gets him home early—and he arrives early in the morning because he can leave his house a full hour later than I do, and ride downtown in comfort."

"But he didn't always do it, Billy," Mary reminded him, for she had known her husband's employer ever since she was an awkward slip of a pigtailed schoolgirl. She was thinking of those days as she dried the dinner dishes. Old Jason Darrow had been the closest friend of Mary's father. He had bounced her on his knee before she was able to articulate clearly. And as she had grown into beautiful womanhood, Darrow had watched her jealously—especially since her own father had passed away.

It was then that Darrow had taken the little orphan girl under his wing. He had wanted to adopt her; but she had steadfastly, though sympathetically refused his offer. She had a good position, a good education, and an unlimited willingness and ability to work. She preferred to be independent. But finally, in the course of her occasional visits to Darrow's office she had met and fallen in love with Billy Hobson. Now, Darrow liked Billy, because he was young, clean cut, good-looking and full of promise. But, as the boss frequently observed to his partner: "All that boy needs is ginger up. Wish he'd want something and make up his mind to get it. It would do him a world of good and make him far more valuable to us."

So, when Darrow learned that Mary had promised to marry Hobson, he grew enthusiastic. "If he really wants Mary he'll work for her," Darrow mused—and his reflection proved to be right. Hobson did toil early and late—and finally the wedding took place. Darrow raised Billy's salary and gave the bride a handsome check.

Three months afterwards, he was sorry he had done so. He was wondering whether he had not been mistaken in young Hobson—and Mary was secretly wondering the same thing.

Billy seemed to consider that his job was a soft snap. He had learned of Darrow's regard for his late chum's daughter, and he felt that his own future was assured with Darrow & Darrow. His habits grew more lax—his time of arrival in the mornings more and more uncertain—and his time of departure in the early afternoon nearer to four o'clock. As the months rolled by, Mary saw several of Billy's juniors advanced over his head with substantial increases in salary. Instead of spurring Billy on, this tended to make him disgruntled and morose. He blamed Darrow—accused him of unfairness—of being unappreciative.

Mary knew that none of these things was the case. She also knew that Billy had brains. The trouble was that her husband was deceiving himself. In his derelictions he was not trying to pull the wool over his employer's eyes. He was pulling the wool over his own eyes—hiding his head in the sand like some great ostrich, simply because he did not wish to see the fault that lay in himself.

It was all the result of Bill's creed: "Looking out for number one." In doing so, as he thought, he was totally ignoring "number two," which he failed to see was his employer and the performance of tasks that would make him invaluable to Darrow. Bill had simply reversed his mathematics. He had made the mistake of thinking that the personal pronoun "I" should always come before the more important "You." He had transposed the arithmetic table and had perceived himself as Number One, when that was really Darrow's rôle, and Bill belonged in second place.

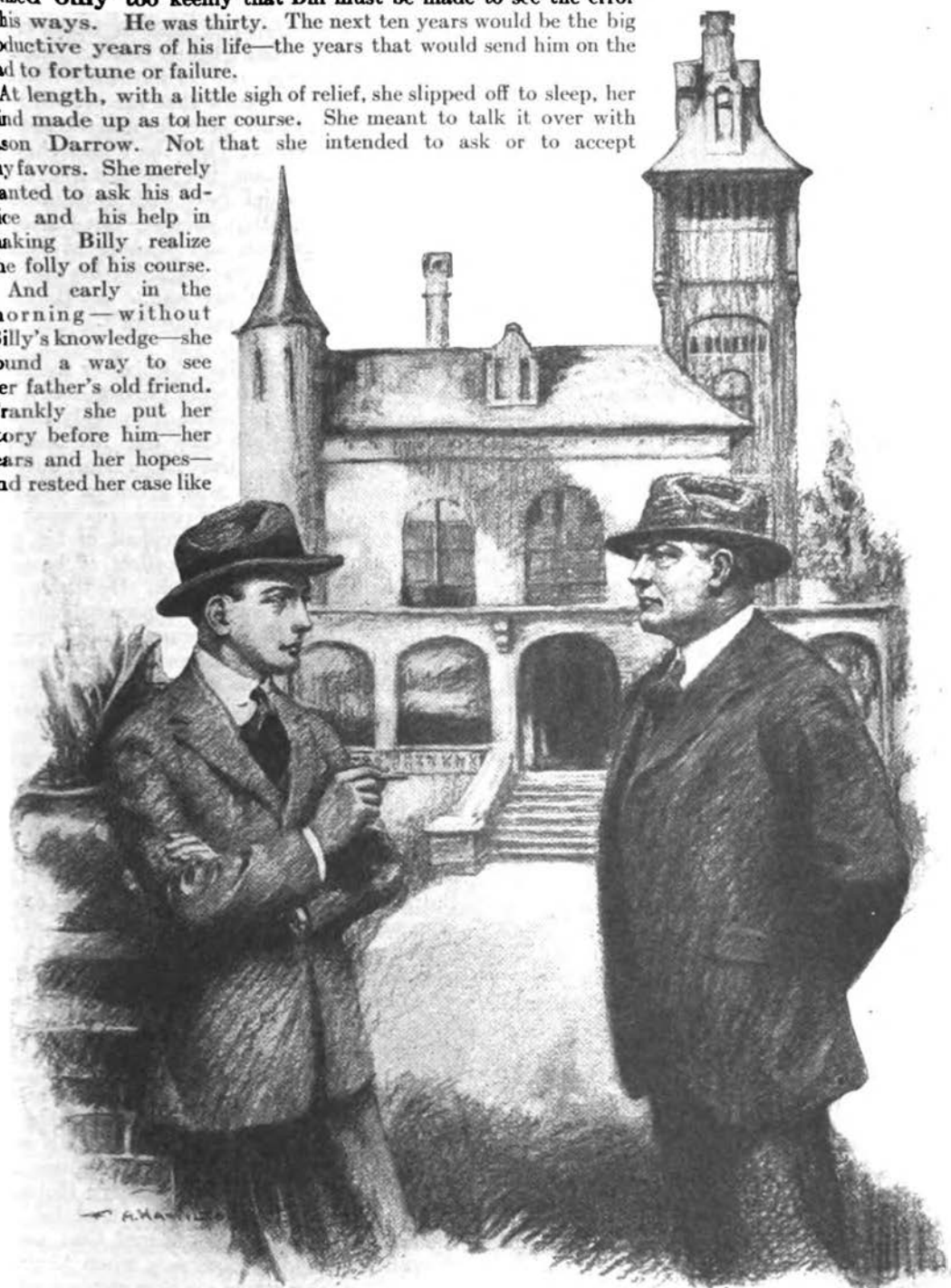
MARY sighed as she finished her chores. "That's it," she murmured to herself, "Bill thinks he is not getting what he should. He wants to get square with Mr. Darrow. And, trying to do so, he is giving pinched service and hurting himself because of it. He's spoiling his own chances and paving the way to getting himself discharged."

And that night, as she lay awake pondering over the matter, Mary tried to figure out the best way to make this all clear to Billy. She knew he would resent her bald statement of her conclusions. He would not only disagree with her, but would accuse her of being dissatisfied with the money he brought home each week. He would claim that he was doing all he could—wearing himself out for an ungrateful boss—

and that she, his wife, was unappreciative of his efforts. Yet she realized only too keenly that Bill must be made to see the error of his ways. He was thirty. The next ten years would be the big productive years of his life—the years that would send him on the road to fortune or failure.

At length, with a little sigh of relief, she slipped off to sleep, her mind made up as to her course. She meant to talk it over with Jason Darrow. Not that she intended to ask or to accept any favors. She merely wanted to ask his advice and his help in making Billy realize the folly of his course.

And early in the morning—without Billy's knowledge—she found a way to see her father's old friend. Frankly she put her story before him—her fears and her hopes—and rested her case like



Darrow paused again to glare at Billy. "If, on the other hand, this is an example to you—if it points the way to what you owe your wife—and what you owe me—you'll live in this house until it wears out—and your salary is—well it's what it is now until you've made good!"

the skillful little attorney that she was. She felt that she was defending a man who had committed a crime—the crime of failure and shortsightedness—and she wanted him acquitted—not punished—on both counts.

"I know his future is in his own hands," she told Darrow, "but, prejudiced as I may be, I think I can see why he is going on this way. Billy is sensitive in the extreme. He feels that his job isn't big enough—that he hasn't enough responsibility—that's why he's never had his chance to show you what he could do. Oh, I know it isn't so," she went on earnestly, "but—perhaps—if you could find a way to make him more interested in his work—he would improve and make something of himself."

Darrow was thoughtful for a while. "Mary," he said, as he stared through his spectacles out of the window. "You may be right, but I doubt it. Some men simply cannot see opportunity. They're too lazy to turn about as it knocks. It reminds me of the time a Kentucky negro and his wife were sitting on a fence rail, staring into an unworked field. The woman heard a band playing. Looking over her shoulder, she told her husband a circus parade was coming up the road. 'What a pity we ain't settin' tother way,' was his response. Now what you want me to do is lift Bill up and sit him around the other way."

"But Bill has good eyesight," she told Mr. Darrow, smilingly. "If you did turn him around he might see the parade—don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," said Darrow. "Sometimes men get assigned to the wrong job. That is the employer's fault. Every employer should study his men and see what they are best fitted to do. I confess I've been a little negligent of Billy since his marriage, and his record in the office hasn't caused me to pause breathlessly and watch his progress."

Mary winced a little at this, and she felt that Billy's ears must be burning; but she made no comment, and after a few minutes Darrow went on.

"SOMETIMES," he mused, half to himself, "the way to make or break a man is to give him responsibility. It breaks more men than it makes; but invariably promotion shows the successful man that he can do something bigger, and proves to the incompetent that he isn't big enough for the job. When a man has had his chance and knows it—and has fallen down—he'll work all the harder to come back, if he's worth his salt. If he's honest and fails, he finds out why he failed. If he isn't honest with himself—knows he hasn't done his best—and still condones his failure, then he's hopeless. I think

I'll take a chance on Billy the first time an opportunity presents itself."

Mary pressed Darrow's hand in both of hers and hurried home with a lighter heart. She knew Darrow would never tell her husband what she had done; and she knew that she would never breathe a word of her secret no matter how the experiment turned out. But the weeks that followed seemed endless. She was not aware that Darrow was watching Billy with unusual scrutiny. No more did Billy know it—but Darrow—shrewd business man and student of human nature that he was—was cudgeling his brain to find out the surest, quickest way to test Billy and give him his chance to prove himself.

MEANWHILE Mary felt better satisfied. She knew that when Darrow once made up his mind, Billy would be thoroughly tried—tried by fire—and she knew that her husband would make good. Once he found out his capabilities—once he was given a position which would flatter his sense of what he ought to have—she was confident of his success. She had watched the effect of business on his nature and on his moods. He took every rebuff, every criticism, as a personal affront. Each time these things occurred, Billy recited them as an evidence of Darrow's grasping meanness. Mary knew this was not true. But she also knew that Darrow himself had not learned that it doesn't pay to call down an employee unless the criticism is constructive and helpful. She knew from her own experience, how such fault finding hurts.

She knew, too, that Jason Darrow did not want to fire Billy, that he would hesitate to do so on her account, and for that reason she figured that Darrow's test of Billy, when it came, would be a supreme one. It would enable Billy to satisfy himself of the ability of which he was always boasting; or it would give him such a jolt that he would turn squarely about in the other direction and battle with all his might to recover the laurels which a failure in such a test would cost him.

All this time, Billy himself was painfully unaware of the thing that was going on. He did not know the big thing that he owed his wife. He utterly failed to appreciate the brains and foresight that were concealed in Mary Hobson's head. And Mary did not mean that he ever should. She had long ago learned that people succeed most and enthuse most when they believe their achievements are their own—and not prompted or made possible by others.

She chuckled a bit as she recalled how frequently the unsuccessful man lays the cause of

his trouble to circumstances—how the successful man delights in telling how he has taken circumstance by the tail and flung it from his path. For Mary had a keen little brain, alive to human frailties and sympathetic with human potentialities.

ONE morning, two months after Mary's appeal to Darrow, a stenographer told Billy that the chief wished to see him. Billy had been mooning at his desk before the girl came in with the message, and he sauntered to Darrow's private office without any particular enthusiasm. He was even turning over in his mind the advisability of asking Darrow for an immediate raise, backed by a threat to quit. But, deep down in his heart, Billy knew he didn't deserve a raise and that he couldn't afford to quit.

But he had little time for idle speculation, or even for recrimination, had he been disposed to so chastize himself. Darrow looked up from a mass of papers on his desk. "Hobson," he said, "I'm going away. I'll be gone for two months or maybe more. I'm tired out. I need a rest—and I'm going to take it—a trip to Japan, just for fun."

Billy's eyes narrowed. He felt his heart rebel. He would have liked a rest and a trip to Japan himself. But the boss was speaking again, and Billy bit his lip.

"While I'm away, I want you to build me a house," he said. "A house in which I expect to live and in which I want to be proud to live."

Billy gasped. But Darrow gave him no time for comment.

"I've been in the contracting business for thirty-five years," Darrow resumed. "I've built everything from grain elevators to palaces for millionaires. I'm like a physician. I can do wonders for others, but I hate to operate on my own family. In other words, I don't want to build my own house. It seems to react against professional ethics. You have brains—"

Billy started. It was the first time Darrow had ever intimated his faith in such a fact. Breathlessly, Billy waited for his chief to go on.

"I want you to build my house," said Darrow quietly, musingly. "I have written down here a few ideas of mine—and Mrs. Darrow's. I want you to look after all the details. Consult with the architects, the builders, and the rest of them. I want the best that can be had. You have a hundred thousand to spend on the house. The location is already obtained and you can run out in my car to look at it. I don't want my own firm or any one with whom I've ever had any business transactions to have anything to do with

it. These firms would either favor me or consider that I was asking a favor of them. That won't do. I want a house that will be what you think I would want, and if I didn't think you could produce such a dwelling I wouldn't give you the job."

Hobson's pride swelled up. He was about to remark that he was quite well aware of that fact when he decided to do nothing of the sort. Instead he assumed the first modest attitude he had been able to enact for months. "I certainly appreciate the confidence you place in me, Mr. Darrow," he said, "and I'll try not to disappoint you."

"Don't try not to," Darrow warned gruffly. "Make good. That's why I'm going away and giving you this commission—because I know you can do it and because I know I can trust you not to put the butler's pantry where the bathroom should be—not to use a nameless cement when you must buy the best on the market. Here's the envelope with my suggestions. Naturally the furniture, carpets and other things of that sort will be picked out by Mrs. Darrow when we return. Now, get busy. Good-by."

Hobson's feelings were strangely mixed. Here he was dismissed thus abruptly by his employer and left to execute the strangest of all commissions: to spend a huge sum of money on the most precious thing a man holds dear—the home in which he is to live.

IT seemed a joke—yet, with a subtlety which Hobson himself did not realize, it turned his mind into new channels and served his ego as healing salve eases a wound. At last he had a big job—a personal job for the boss. Of all the men in the office, he was selected to carry it out. Yet—the old grouch came back—"He picks me for this and pays me a measly fifty dollars a week!" Hobson grumbled to himself as he walked back to his own desk.

He took this feeling home with him, along with his elation over his selection. He related the story to Mary over the dinner table, and as he did so she knew that the big test had come. Now Billy had his chance. It remained for him to prove or disprove himself. She wanted to offer to help—but felt that she would spoil everything if she did so. Darrow had not taken her into his confidence as he surely would have done if he had wished her to play any rôle in the drama.

"And," Billy added bitterly, "I'm the one man in the office he would trust to handle such a job—though he pays me only fifty dollars a week. It's proof that he's simply using me—getting all he can for a makeshift of a salary."

(To be concluded in *The New Success* for June)

THE DOUBTER

By NIXON WATERMAN

WHEN the rivers choose to run uphill;
When the sun sets in the East;
When miracle-wise the bread will rise
Without the help of yeast;
When an automobile, minus gas,
Will still keep up its speed,
Why then the man who doubts he can
Will be likely to succeed.

SO long as the rivers seek the sea
In their ever onward flow,
And the flowers turn to the light and yearn
For the sun's inspiring glow;
So long as the valiant heart holds true,
Though a hundred foes assail
And fights on still, shall the man of will
Be the one who cannot fail.

THE man who "won't" is the man who "can't";
It's the man who "can't" who "won't."
He's the doubter who, when chance says, "Do!"
To his faltering self says "Don't!"
If pushing a button would win his store,
Still bare would be his shelf,
For he'd question fate the while he'd wait
For the button to push itself.

Who's Who in the Affairs of the Nation

Some National Figures, Seldom Heard of,
Who Are Doing Big Things

By **ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN**

Author of "How Presidents Are Made."

**ELLIOTT
WOODS**

**A
Master
of
Many
Sciences**



© Harris & Ewing

A MAN whose recreation is the study and mastery of a dozen different scientific subjects is certainly an interesting member of the human race. Such a man is Elliott Woods, Superintendent of the Capitol at Washington. To all intents and purposes he occupies that once famous position "Architect of the Capitol," which had been in existence for more than a hundred years. His selection was bitterly fought by the American Institute of Architects because Mr. Woods is not an architect although a builder who could plan and carry out the necessary work about the Capitol. He had been, for years, the loyal assistant of the late Edward Clark, who was the last "Architect of the Capitol." Members of Congress who knew Woods and were aware of his capabilities determined to retain him in charge of the building and its adjuncts, so they abolished the office of "Architect of the Capitol," and, in its stead, created the office of "Superintendent of the Capitol" in order to meet the contention of the architects that a man who was not an architect could not become "Architect of the Capitol." Woods was appointed to the new office and continued to do the

same work he had been doing under the direction of Mr. Clark.

Under the supervision of Mr. Woods, many changes have been made about the Capitol. The old space occupied by the Library of Congress has been completely remodeled and fitted up as committee rooms and offices for the Supreme Court. The old hall of the House of Representatives, now "Statuary Hall," famous as a whispering gallery, with its remarkable acoustics for long-distance talking, together with the Supreme Court chamber—have been completely reconstructed along the same plan as first built. Superintendent Woods has restored all parts of the old Capitol to its original condition, removing the paint and calcimine and leaving the original bare granite walls. Under his supervision, the Senate and House office buildings have been erected and connected with the main building by tunnels. Entirely new heating and ventilating plants have been installed and, in fact, all modern improvements have been made in the old building which was completed before the days of elevators and electric lights.

IT was while constructing the new buildings which kept him closely confined to the Capitol that Mr. Woods took up wireless telegraphy. Provision was made by Congress for an experimental station for his use, and soon after it was erected he was talking with Key West, Florida. The Navy has taken a number of his suggestions and improved the wireless service by so doing.

Mr. Woods has made use of some of the sciences he has acquired in much of the work about the Capitol, while others he has used for his recreation and entertainment. Besides wireless he knows all about electricity, and radio communication; not only can he operate telegraph instruments, but he manages the electric plants about the Capitol. He learned and operated the X-ray and made many experiments with it. He is a chemist, an engineer, a photographer, a bacteriologist, a geologist, an astronomer and physiognomist.

He is a musician, also, and can play a number of instruments. He has written an opera and is the author of a number of musical compositions. He is a deep reader and particularly fond of Shakespeare and

Plutarch, and is seldom without a pocket volume of one or the other.

HIS accomplishments are not paraded by himself; only intimate friends are aware of his remarkable versatility. "Several of the sciences I have learned," said Mr. Woods, "have been acquired because I have need of them in my work at the Capitol. I became a bacteriologist because the Capitol must be sanitary. That is also true of chemistry. I had to learn engineering, electricity, and other things because the Capitol is a building requiring a knowledge of them in construction and management. I learned other subjects because they interested and amused me and form a part of my recreation and entertainment."

Mr. Woods is about fifty-five years old. He was brought to Washington by Vice-President Hendricks who was told that Woods was a bright young man who would make himself useful in that city. That was about a third of a century ago, and the prediction has been verified.



THOMAS L. BLANTON

*How He
Makes
Time
to
Talk*



© Harris & Ewing

THOMAS L. BLANTON, of Texas, is the Point-of-Order Man of the House of Representatives. He is, also, the No-quorum Man. In Congress, some men are great when they arrive, some achieve greatness by ability, some by a fortunate turn of the congressional wheel, and others by making points of order and points of no quorum.

Don't mistake me in this. The subject of this sketch, while making himself disliked with his points of order and points of no quorum, is much more than an ordinary member of the House. It does not require much ability to make a point of order; but it often requires ability and knowledge of the rules to sustain the point. It requires still less ability to make a point of no quorum and force a roll call greatly inconveniencing many members and consuming a great deal of time. Frequently a point of no quorum is made simply be-

cause a member is piqued when he is not allowed to speak or have his own way.

Mr. Blanton, this very active member from Texas, is a native of the Lone Star State, representing one of the far-western districts down on the Rio Grande. He did not come to life during his first term, but seemed to be "lying low." He was, in reality, "learning the ropes" and gaining knowledge of congressional procedure. When the Sixty-sixth Congress assembled, Mr. Blanton began to function, with the result that his name appears in the Congressional Record oftener than that of any other man. He has become the equal, in that respect, of James R. Mann in the palmy days when the Chicago representative was building his congressional pedestal.

BBLANTON uses the point of order and the point of no quorum as a club, although, of late, the point of order has been used in a hopeless fight he is making to save Federal money. That alone gives him a sort of unpopularity in Congress where a large majority of the members are "trying to get while the getting is good." It is true that Blanton stages his fight on small expenditures; and while he may knock off a few thousand here and there, the other fellows meanwhile are going around him and spending millions in big blocks.

One object, which Blanton accomplishes by frequently making points of order is that he gets time to talk. Of course, a man who talks too often and too much is bound to say much that is nonsensical. But Congressman Blanton says a lot that is good sense and causes those who listen to "sit up and take notice." When he first began his campaign for the limelight, he incurred a great deal of adverse comment. "Blatant Blanton" was one of the terms applied to him. Then as his plans became more defined, and it was seen that he had one or two definite objects in view and began talking more to the point, this sort of criticism ceased, but not until Mr. Blanton had been in many a scrimmage.

Blanton is versatile and often shifts to different subjects. One of his hobbies is to make war on Samuel Gompers and the Department of Labor as it was conducted under the last administration. He extends his attacks along this line so as to include all organizations of socialists, communists, anarchists and other enemies of the Government, which make use of labor unrest, strikes, and industrial discontent to advance their aims and interests.

MR. BLANTON hits hard and often and, of course, his assaults provoke replies from his colleagues and create comment in the papers, some of which are bitter and personal. A man striking out in all directions, fighting appropriations, extravagance, labor and two or three departments of the government, cannot confine himself to partisanship. Consequently Blanton has as many rows with Democrats as with Republicans. The Texan is not popular in the House, for his earnestness and exuberance often "gets him in bad." Members do not enjoy seeing a new man bouncing himself into the rôle of leadership while men of ten, fifteen and twenty years' service, who were leaders only a few years ago, have to sit back and listen. Nor do they

particularly like the publicity which Blanton achieves, for the one man of 435 who makes himself either famous or notorious is bound to be exploited. And that is one of the many grievances which members of Congress have against the press. The newspapers and even the periodicals are often accused of giving space to the sensational man while ignoring the solid, substantial man of great ability.

But what is the use of ability if it is only developed in ponderous discourse and abstracted constitutional arguments? The man with the punch is the hero of the ring, and the fellow with the sensational act or comical performance holds the center of the stage.

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CLAUDE KITCHIN

*The Man
Who
Worked
Out the
Income
Tax*



© Harris & Ewing

SENIORITY has such a strong hold in Congress that it is almost certain that the man who has length of service on any important committee will become chairman of that committee if his former seniors retire, die, or resign. For that reason, it has been semi-officially announced that Claude Kitchen, of North Carolina, now the ranking Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee, will succeed to the minority leadership of the House of Representatives, this leadership being made vacant by the retirement of the late Champ Clark. On account of the very hard work which Mr. Kitchen did during the World War, his health broke down and, under ordinary circumstances, he would not be considered in fit physical condition to become the leader; but that honor will be conferred upon him although it is quite possible that the most of the work will be done by another.

JOHN N. GARNER is likely to be the most prominent Democrat in the Sixty-seventh Congress, by reason of his position as ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, which will give him the position of "second in command." Mr. Garner is one of the brightest and, at the same time, one of the most likable

men in the House of Representatives. His wit and his genial nature has made him hosts of friends during the eighteen years he has been continuously a member of the House. Mr. Garner, on the floor, is not a talkative man, but when he has anything to say it is always to the point and shows that he has a knowledge of the subject under discussion.

MR. GARNER had leanings toward protection when he first came to Congress; that is, he represented a district lying along the Mexican border, and the people of his section naturally wanted a tariff on the competing products produced by peon labor in Mexico, which came across the Rio Grande. Mr. Garner started out with the idea of seeing that his constituents were treated similarly to those in other parts of the United States, and, perhaps, that is where he acquired the stigma of being a protectionist. The word "stigma," used in this connection, is all right; for calling a Democrat a protectionist was once about the worst thing that could be said of him. As Mr. Garner advanced in the Democratic councils and mounted close to the top of the Ways and Means Committee, he has acquired the broader Democratic view, and it is likely that we will see him in the Sixty-seventh Congress vigorously fighting the Republican protection tariff-schedules and, as acting leader of his party, opposing many measures which the representatives of protection bring forward.

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Dr. HARVEY W. WILEY

*Who Put
a Bureau
on
the Map*



© Harris & Ewing

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY was at one time the stormy petrel of official life in Washington. It was during the period that the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department was "put on the map." For many years, there was a great struggle in Congress for the enactment of a pure food law which would protect the consumers of the United States from adulterated foods. Every effort to pass

such a law failed until it had the earnest backing of President Roosevelt. It might have been of little account if Dr. Wiley had not been frequently consulted and made suggestions which put teeth into the law and made it an effective piece of legislation. Even after it was passed, there was a general opinion that it would be allowed to become a dead letter—like a great many other acts of Congress particularly if they interfere with large interests. But Dr. Wiley was not the man to allow a law which he had advocated for so many years to become ineffective for want of enforcement, and that was the time when he became prominent in affairs at the National Capitol.

Dr. Wiley went at the thing with the vigor of a man who fears no one and has no favors to ask. He went at the food adulterators "hammer and tongs," with the result that he had hundreds of them squealing and protesting to their representatives in Congress, to the Secretary of Agriculture, and to the President. A considerable amount of big business became involved. Men who had always been "all right politically" were being hard hit by Wiley's activities. Powerful pressure was brought to bear to prevent this "wild man at the head of the Bureau of Chemistry from running amuck in the business of the country."

OF course such pressure was bound to be felt. If a sufficient number of politicians are aroused they can generally put the brakes on any one who happens to be actively enforcing a law. A pure food commission to curb Wiley was provided; an active antagonist to Wiley in the Department of Agriculture was found and supported by the Secretary. President Roosevelt took a hand and rather vigorously opposed some of the Wiley

decisions. Then William Howard Taft became President and in his easy going way supported a large number of interests and persons who were clamoring against Wiley and Wiley found himself with his back to the wall fighting a great many persons, but he loved to fight and was enjoying himself hugely all the time. He had the big end of the publicity game and he furnished a large amount of copy for the press of the country. Generally he was supported, and he might have won out but he resigned. One of the shrewd publishers of the country valued Dr. Wiley at four times what the government was paying him and so he entered upon another field and in the line with his chosen work.

BEFORE Dr. Wiley resigned everybody knew about the Bureau of Chemistry. If any one should inquire now he would be informed that there still is a Bureau of Chemistry, but it has not been heard of since Dr. Wiley's time. It was while Wiley was in the midst of his fight that President Taft decided, reversing the doctor by the way, the then important question, "What is whisky?" In those days the question may have been important, but in these days, "Where is whisky?" is far more important.

Dr. Wiley is a veteran of the Civil War, but he is a man whom age does not affect. He is a linguist, speaking several languages and he has a reputation in foreign lands almost as great as in the United States. He has a keen sense of humor, and the faculty of saying witty things at the time when they are effective. Many a good story and many an epigram are floating about Washington, which were original with Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

ADMIRAL McGOWAN

*A
Sailor
Who
Became
a Lawyer*



© Harris & Ewing

IT looks rather odd to see Samuel McGowan in "civies." One almost forgets to call him Admiral which is the title he has borne for many years, during the time that he had the official title of Pay-

master General of the Navy and chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts with the rank of Rear-Admiral. He has held that position since 1906, but it has only been since the United States entered the World War that he was seen constantly in the Navy uniform with the broad gold-band indicating his rank. Admiral McGowan was retired at his own request, but he left a record which will be hard for any of his successors to equal. The United States had a great many useful men during the World War, but there are very few who will equal the record of Admiral McGowan. There is no way of definitely estimating the amount of money he saved the country during the War, but it amounted to hundreds of millions. Compared to the extravagance and waste in other departments it is possible that it amounts to a billion.

ADMIRAL McGOWAN had charge of the purchase of all the supplies for the Navy except the heavy ordnance; this included all the cloth for the uniforms, all food supplies, and all materials that were needed for the ships. His method of dealing with all the people from whom he bought was the same. He and his officers knew practically what these supplies were worth and he offered all of the sellers a fair price. If they refused to sell at that price, he calmly announced that the United States was at war and as a war measure he would commandeer the goods. Then the dealers and vendors would announce that they would sue the

United States for the difference in their price and the one which the government offered to pay if the goods were commandeered.

"All right," McGowan would reply. "Take the matter into the courts; that will give us an opportunity to determine the cost of producing these articles."

As a result the articles were furnished and paid for at the price which McGowan fixed. So far, there has not been any judgment rendered against the United States Navy Department for increased prices. When we consider the tremendous amount of supplies necessary for the Navy, including the coal, oil, food and, in fact, pretty much everything that the Navy used, for it did not use its guns to any great extent, we can understand how great a saving was made to the tax payers of the nation by this vigilant officer.

Samuel McGowan entered the Navy in 1894,

coming from South Carolina. From the very beginning he was an efficient officer. A recent announcement in the newspapers stated that he had been admitted to practice law before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. "I was made a lawyer by the uplifted hand," remarked Admiral McGowan, when one of his friends asked him where he had studied law. "I went into the presence of the judge along with a number of others," he continued, "and as they were being sworn in as practicing lawyers, I uplifted my hand and took the oath with them, I have not studied law, but I know a lot of law."

It is altogether probable that those responsible for making McGowan a lawyer are aware of his ability to perform the duties of that profession. At all events, he will be associated with one of the big legal firms in Washington.

How Major-General F. C. Ainsworth Won His Way

IF an early riser in Washington, D. C., would take the trouble to scout along in the outskirts of the city, he would very likely meet a pedestrian walking vigorously as if he had some special engagement to meet. If this early riser were familiar with the most prominent men in Washington, he would discover that the pedestrian was Major-General Frederick C. Ainsworth, formerly the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, but now retired.

Major Ainsworth would be taking his "constitutional," it having been his habit for years, to arise very early in the morning and take a long walk, covering several good miles before the average man has had his breakfast.

Major Ainsworth will be known, for many years to come, as one of the most brilliant and most efficient officers the army ever had. It must have been during Cleveland's first administration that Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, went to the President and told him that he had discovered in a young surgeon of the Army, then with the rank of Captain, a most efficient man who was doing good work and should be sustained. Ainsworth had been detailed at the head of the great division which dealt with the intricate work of the records of the soldiers of the Civil War and other persons of pensionable status. Senator Cockrell was a "bug" on pensions. Although a general officer in the Confederate Army, he was an everlasting friend of the Union soldier and worked industriously to see that the soldiers of the Civil War who were entitled to pensions, got them. Thus it was that he came into contact with the work Captain Ainsworth was doing. Cockrell's request to Cleveland was heeded, and Ainsworth was continued in his position and backed up by his superiors. The change of administration did not dispose him, but an event brought him into great prominence throughout the entire country.

THE old Ford Theater, where Lincoln was shot, was acquired by the Government, and Congress, in its penny-wise and pound-foolish methods, converted that old building into an office for part of the force that

happened to be under Captain Ainsworth. One day, a large section of the building fell in, several persons were killed, and quite a number seriously injured. Naturally there was a great uproar, and a protest was made against Ainsworth for keeping clerks in such a dangerous building. It even went to the extent of raising a mob spirit, and, during the investigation that followed, the friends of the dead and injured cried out for Ainsworth's life. The newspapers of the country took it up and, strange to say, there were very few publications in the country that told the actual facts and showed that Ainsworth was in no way to blame for keeping the clerks in the dilapidated building—which was, of course, wholly the fault of Congress.

A INSWORTH was then a captain. He continued his work and his methods were so efficient that there was never any left-over correspondence in his office at the close of the day. Every Congressman received a prompt answer to every request, and there was hundreds of such requests every day. That Ainsworth's work was recognized is shown by the fact that Congress successively provided for his promotion so that he became Major, Colonel, Brigadier-General and finally Major-General. With this rank, he became the Adjutant-General of the Army and to this day there are hundreds of Army officers who recall his vigorous rule and insistence upon all rights pertaining to his corps. He was a thorn in the flesh to many an officer, and many an officer of the General Staff has found his various schemes blocked by the intrepid Ainsworth, who knew the Army and its law from A to Z. He had a number of differences with other Army officers, and always enjoyed them.

A INSWORTH'S efficiency became marked from the time he had charge of the large clerical force. He would not tolerate incompetency, and he insisted that every clerk perform his duty thoroughly and continuously during working hours. By many of them he was termed a martinet, but most of them discovered that good service brought about promotion.

A Girl Dares Greatly

Because she must work out her own salvation

THE other girls had given her advice out of the fullness of their experience. They told her that if she wanted to "hold him" she must praise him, and compliment him, and tell him over and over again how much she admired him.

But she couldn't do it. She saw the glaring faults that kept him from success and because she loved him with the one great love of her life, she dared to paint him to himself in his true colors. She thought he would never speak to her again, but—

Read, "A Girl Dares Greatly," by Mary Singer.

Are You "Fool Proof?"

DO you know how to find out whether you or your business or the thing you are trying to promote create a merry "Ha! ha!" when people speak of you? Frank Winslow, a keen young magazine writer, has interviewed a number of big business men and women. They have told him how they have kept from being "fool proof" and, it seems, to this particular bit of effectiveness they owe a large percentage of their success. Maybe what they say will help you.

Some Men Are *Always* in Doubt

PARTICULARLY so is the Doubting Thomas of this story. He doubts even his own thoughts! He doubted everybody and everything—even money! Did you ever meet his kind? Well, if you want to know how to cure them, read this story. It's by Howard P. Rockey—one of the best he has turned out in his long writing career.

Bernard Shaw Northcliffe—Clemenceau

JOHN T. DRAYTON flits from place to place, in Europe, and makes the great people talk through him, to you—that is, if they will talk and Drayton has a pleasing way and a polished determination that generally brings results. The trio named above, he has talked to recently. And they have told him some remarkable things about the various elements that brought about their respective successes.

A Firm That Aims to Make Men—Not Money

THAT is the slogan of The J. C. Penney Company. "We have no inventory problem; we have not had matters of wages or hours to deal with," says Mr. Penney. This remarkable record is not the reward of a single outstanding instance of foresight—it is the result of definite insistence over many years on certain methods that keep the business always prepared to meet current conditions. In telling how he created his business and discovered that the making of business associates is more important than making money, J. C. Penney tells the interesting story of the growth of his company from a little "mother" concern out in Wyoming, which began on \$4,500 of Penney's and his wife's capital and \$1,500 of borrowed money, into an enterprise selling \$50,000,000 annually through 312 stores.

Have You a Little Hobby in Your System?

OLD JEREMIAH HARRINGTON says the way to gain a man's confidence is to win his heart—and nothing reaches a man's heart so quickly as reference to his pet hobby—and every sane man has a hobby, be it baseball, golf, or raising muskrats. Harrington, as you know, is a wise old philosopher. If you sell things, you'll appreciate a lot he has to say about hobbies.

*These features will appear in the Summer Numbers of
THE NEW SUCCESS*

Have You Lost Your Job?

Then throw up your arms and yell, "Three Cheers!"

MANY a man's eyes are opened to his true ability only when he does lose his job. Keeping at one thing too long tends to narrow the vision, to limit the capabilities. At forty-five, David Pritchard was fired, after twenty years of faithful service. For a while the shock numbed him, poison crept into his soul, and all he saw before him was the park bench and the company of failures.

But he woke up! And when he did, he proved that there is no worker like an old worker, no will more dominant than that of an experienced, tried man. And he was *glad* that he had lost his job. For in losing it, he had found HIMSELF!

A woman wrote this story—"Yea Bo! I've Lost my Job." She is Mary Singer. She seems able to turn out just the sort of distinctive stories the public wants.

\$125,000 Worth of Slang!

WHY H. C. Witwer, former soda-water clerk, is the highest paid humorist in the world! There are facts to back up this bold statement. They will stand investigation. Thomas Thursday has collected them and put them in very entertaining sequence and convincing logic.

Trying to Make the Immigrant a Better Man

SINCE the World War, the old Melting Pot has been a source of trouble to those who hope for a better American citizen. Have you read "Is It to Be Race Suicide?" in this number? Very important stuff, that! Brings us to our right senses. Roosevelt had a lot to say about it. We didn't pay much attention when he said it, but we are thinking different now. Keep posted on these matters. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff has written an important article about making the immigrant a better man.

A Minister's Daughter Confesses!

SHE tells all about being as poor as church mice, and marrying a young divine with a very meager salary, and trying to raise a family, and never expecting the joy of having two half dollars to rub together. Ellida Murphy records these confessions—which are absolutely true—with the precision of a stenographer and the charm of a fictionist. It's a chapter out of real life.

South American Indian Becomes Famous Baritone!

THIS is not a newspaper headline, it is a fact. He is Chief Caupolican. His father was chief of the Araucanian tribe of Brazil. He began life as a sailor; now he is one of the principal singers of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. And how he had to fight to gain recognition! Fifteen years of constant struggle before he landed!

Then There's Those Blue Laws

DID you ever hear of that particular forefather of ours who was so sanctimonious that he executed, by hanging,—one Monday morning—a cat that had killed a rat on the previous Sunday? We wouldn't publish this unless an eminent historian were our authority. There were a lot of laws in vogue in those "good old days," so ridiculous that they finally became null and void, as the lawyers say. 'Twas Edmund Burke, one of the world's greatest Statesmen who remarked, "A law that makes man a law-breaker is worse than tyranny."

*These features will appear in the Summer Numbers of
THE NEW SUCCESS*

The Editor's Chat

*Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS,
Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

Smile and Say, "Thank You!"

IF you can smile and say, "Thank you," no matter what happens, you will win, for you have the key to success. Smile and say, "Thank you," and all doors will fly open to you. You will need no letters of introduction or recommendation, you will be popular, loved, and admired. If you can smile and say, "Thank you," you will have no trouble to get by the office boy and into the private office; if you can smile and say, "Thank you," you will minimize difficulties.

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Love Neutralizes Hate

THE injunction, "Love your enemies," is purely scientific. To love an enemy is simply the most scientific way of curing him of being an enemy. Love is the antidote which will neutralize hate and make the enemy a friend, a brother. No human being can continue very long hating one who loves him, who thinks of him as a brother, and treats him like one.

Hold the love thought towards your enemy and, some day, he will stop you on the street, or he will write you, or will do some deed which will show that his hatred is dead. Your love has antidoted it, neutralized it so completely that there is no hatred left.

Hatred, the spirit of revenge, of jealousy, cannot possibly live in the presence of love any more than an acid can retain its biting, eating qualities in the presence of an alkali. One neutralizes the other.

Hatred is never cured by hatred. More hatred simply means more fuel on the fire. Love is the only thing that will put out the fire of hatred.

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Triumphing Over Obstacles

AN inspiration to every discouraged man is the career of Representative Upshaw of Georgia, so crippled that, in his youth, he was confined to his bed for seven years, and almost helpless. He managed, however, to educate himself, and, by writing for the papers, to earn sufficient money to pay for a nurse and buy his mother a little cottage.

Imagine a boy under such appalling conditions, struggling with such a cruel fate, triumphing over obstacles which would have discouraged most boys, who would have said, "What's the use? What can a boy, crippled, lying flat on his back, or even after he is recovered sufficiently to get around on crutches, do towards earning a living?" The majority of youths would have been dependent on their parents and friends. But not this boy. He said, "With the help

of God nothing shall keep me from making a success of my life."

Overcoming his crippled condition to some extent, he entered politics and was elected to Congress. Think of a young man so crippled physically and without means, putting himself, mainly through his own efforts into Congress from an important district in Atlanta, Georgia, where suspicion and opposition were working against him! Then, after he entered Congress, think of this semi-cripple going out nights regularly, speaking to the poor in the slums, the discouraged and "down-and-out," inspiring and encouraging them!

Think of this youth in addition to helping himself, while lying flat on his back, helping other poor boys and girls to pay their way through college! It would seem that Representative Upshaw's career should explode the excuses of the poor boys and girls in America who, strong and healthy, yet say they have no chance!

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Real Happiness

A GREAT multiplicity of material things do not create happiness. Many of the happiest people I know have very little with which to be happy but much to be happy for,—health, life, opportunity. To live in the most glorious country in the world, in the best time of all history, surrounded by friends and with a chance to love, to help, to work and to be useful; the opportunity to make the world a better place to live in—these are the things to make us truly happy. Why, the humblest of human beings has an infinite number of things to make him happy if he will only stop to consider them!

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Training the Eye

A DETECTIVE employed in a noted will contest, noticed that the will, which was under suspicion of being forged, was dated 1904, and was written on a well-known typewriter in a type which had never been used on that particular machine until 1907! No type like it could be found on any other typewriter. This apparently little thing, discovered by the detective's practised eye, proved that the will, which disposed of a large fortune, was a forgery.

What an excellent thing it would be if our children were trained to observe and make mental notes of things, to use their eyes in observing little things in the way detectives are trained to use their eyes!

Because their powers of observation have never been trained, few people extract from their environment and

experience even a tithe of their possibilities, either of happiness or of achievement. Most of us are blind to the many interesting things that surround us. Everywhere we go there are a thousand things to educate the best there is in us, but we do not observe them. Every sunset, landscape, mountain, hill and tree has secrets of charm and beauty waiting for the seeing eye. In every patch of meadow or wheat, in every leaf and flower, the trained eye will see beauty which would charm an angel.

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Which Do You Wear?

TO most of us there is always a cloud somewhere in the sky. We see the mortgage or the rent coming due, or forthcoming bills that must be met, or something that we feel certain is going to injure us or cause us trouble or annoyance. Some people seem peculiarly fashioned for visualizing trouble ahead. They are receptive to all sorts of disturbing elements. They wear dark glasses, and, of course, everything appears gloomy. If they would wear rose-colored glasses everything would be rosy and beautiful, for everything depends upon the color of the mental glasses we wear.

Just as a noted Spaniard used to put on magnifying glasses whenever he ate a certain kind of cherry, so as to magnify its beauty and lusciousness, so should we always wear optimistic glasses, rose-colored glasses that would magnify the good and beautiful. This would keep us from hunting for trouble and would help us to appreciate the glorious things in the world; would so magnify our blessings that the little clouds which now loom so large would be mere specks, too small to notice.

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Exclude "Can't"

"YOU know I cannot help it! I was born that way; I was made that way!" This is one of the hundred excuses that dwarf the development, suppress the growth, of multitudes of people.

Children must be taught that they *can* do things. There is too much of the, "I can't" in their education. A child should be warned against the use of the word "Can't." This word should be excluded from the dictionary as an enemy to his advancement.

Every child should be trained to think that he has vast hidden reserves of possibilities in the great within of himself, and that he should always be on the lookout to discover and develop them. He should be encouraged to resort to every means of self-culture, self-education, self-improvement at his command, in order to bring out what is in him.

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Handicaps As Stepping-Stones

ALEXANDER DUMAS said: "When I found I was black, I resolved to live as if I were white and so force men to look below my skin."

If you have a physical defect or deformity that you cannot change, if you are crippled or marred in any way, if you have an ugly birthmark or blemish which disfigures you, resolve to make this apparent handicap

a stepping-stone to higher things. Let it be a motive for tremendous effort which shall redeem you from any possible inferiority, save you from the scorn or injustice of the world.

Many men of stunted growth, men who have never developed beyond the stature of a small boy; men who were frightfully crippled and deformed, have made themselves famous by sheer dint of determination to show the world that they had tremendous compensating virtues and powers that could lift them away above their physical handicaps.

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Trifles

SOME time ago, in Illinois, a man and his friendly neighbor got into a dispute regarding a cellar trap-door. One wanted it open, the other wanted it closed. This altercation led to a murder.

Almost daily, somewhere, terrible tragedies are occurring, the result of some seemingly trifling incident or remark. Many people ignore the weight of little things and the fact that seeming trifles often lead to big things, even to catastrophes. It seems a little thing, perhaps, to lose one's temper; but it may mean a murder or a body maimed for life.

Don't call a thing little until you know the results that come from it. There are buildings in this country where a raindrop which falls on one side of the house runs into the Mississippi River, and another, separated by a gentle breeze, falls on the other side and enters a river far removed. A stone at the mouth of a stream has often determined the direction of a river. A tiny rivulet may develop into an Amazon River. The stealing of a loaf of bread may end in the electric chair.

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles, life."

Every day is a little life; and our whole life but a day repeated. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that misspend it, desperate. What is the happiness of your life made of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds.

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A Merry Heart

SHAKESPEARE says:

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a!"

There is no other life habit which can give such prolific returns in happiness and satisfaction as that of being cheerful under all circumstances. Resolve that whatever comes or does not come to you, whether you fail in your undertaking or succeed, you will keep cheerful, hopeful, helpful, optimistic, and be grateful for the good things that are yours. In almost everything we can find some happiness if we look for it. The trouble with us is that we want more than we deserve, and we are not grateful enough for the many things that we are privileged to possess.

Think It Over!

FRANCE has a population approximately of 39,000,000. Forty per cent of the people take care of their money. Which means that over 15,000,000 French folks practice thrift. America has a population approximately of 105,000,000. Not more than 10 per cent of Americans save their money.

American women are spending \$750,000,000 a year for cosmetics.

The bee, in proportion to its size, is thirty-five times as strong as a horse.

The balance wheel of a watch moves more than 3,500 miles in a year.

The United States leads the world in commerce, but ranks ninth in education.

The Chinese usually open a conversation with "How old are you?" instead of "How do you do?"

The money lost through fires in the United States from 1915 to 1919 was sufficient to build new homes for 1,416,375 persons.

Owing to the shortages of teachers between 300,000 and 400,000 children in the United States last year had to go without schooling.

Over \$17,000,000,000 must be provided by the United States Government to meet its running expenses for the next thirty months.

For the first time in its history, the great Krupps works at Essen, Germany, have worked a year without making a single implement of war.

The 240 industrial strikes in New York City in the past year meant a loss to the workers of over 10,000,000 working days; in wages \$50,000,000.

In 1893, gasoline sold for 6 cents a gallon. In 1896, there were only four automobiles in the United States. The first transcontinental automobile run took over two months—from May 23 to July 26.

A million dollars in gold coin weighs 3,680 pounds, or nearly two tons. A billion dollars in gold coin weighs a thousand times as much, or 1,840 tons—nearly 2,000 tons. In silver coin a billion dollars would weigh 29,460 tons.

There are more than fifty newspapers in New York City, in fourteen languages; more newspapers than all of educated Norway and Sweden combined and five

times as many, in proportion to population, as any other great city in the world.

The average income of unmarried women, in New York State (with no incumbents) who reported their incomes last year, as subject to State tax, was \$2,394, while that of the men without a family was \$2,459.

Automobiles registered in the United States last year numbered 9,211,295, an increase of 1,645,849 over the preceding year. The registration and license fees amounted to \$102,034,106. In New York State alone the number of cars registered in 1920 exceeded the total registration for the United States in 1910.

Before the World War the people of the United States owed to other countries \$5,000,000,000. This debt has been paid, and there is now owed to us \$10,000,000,000. We hold the largest gold reserve in the world, while our bank deposits exceed \$24,000,000,000, exceeding by millions the entire bank deposits of the world.

The United States is characterized as "the most spendthrift nation the world has ever seen" by William Mather Lewis, Director of the Savings Department of the United States Treasury. "We spend \$22,000,000,000 yearly for luxuries," he says, "and if this stupendous sum was split in two ways we would have enough money to solve the world's capitalization problem."

Ministers are making sacrifices that most people know nothing about. One minister receiving a salary of \$800 a year, gave his boy \$400 a year to help him through college, while he and his wife struggled along on the remaining \$400. Another minister saw a penniless old age staring him in the face. He left the ministry, went into business for four years, made \$25,000 and then went back into the ministry.

The telephone was a toy in 1876; the typewriter a crude arrangement in 1878; the electric industry a baby in 1879, when Edison invented the incandescent light; the phonograph was a curiosity in 1890; the automobile, a buggy with a gasoline engine in 1895; and moving-pictures, a flickering experiment in 1896. When we think of the number of people employed in these industries and their allied offshoots, all the growth of half a century, we need have no trepidation about the future. Undreamed inventions and industries are just around the corner.

WE need to change our standards, not of property, but of thought. If we put all the emphasis on our material prosperity, that prosperity will perish, and with it will perish our civilization. Employer and employed must find their satisfaction, not in a money return, but in a service rendered.—Vice-President Coolidge.



"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibilities. They put me on the payroll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking my advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone way past me, Jim—and you deserve to.' Heads win—every time!"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to win promotion, to earn more money, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

Isn't it about time to find out what they can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.

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7-25-19

THAT TERRIBLE

"IF"

By
WILLIAM MATHEWS

"If I had but an opening!" sighs many a young man in these days of overcrowded professions and multiplying competitors for office and place, "the world should see what I can do." "If I had but an opening!"—as if the very seal and sign of ability—the essential difference between that, or genius, and diletantism,—were not a regal superiority to the "openings" and "opportunities" which so many aspirants to wealth or honor make a condition of success. The successful man is the one who *made* a way when he could not find one; who made the adverse circumstances, over which others were moaning, the ministers and aids to his advancement, instead of becoming their slave. The difficulties which disheartened them only stiffened his sinews; the block of granite which was an obstacle in their pathway became a stepping-stone in his.

A LAD of twelve, who already played the piano very skillfully, once said to Mozart: "I should like very much to compose something. How am I to begin?"

"Pho, pho," said Mozart: "you must wait."

"But you," said the boy, "composed much earlier."

"Yes," replied Mozart, "*but I asked nothing about it.* If one has the spirit of a composer, one writes because he can not help it."

On another occasion, writing in reply to a friend who had asked about his way of composing music, he named certain occasions when his ideas flowed best and most abundantly, and added: "Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. . . . Why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them Mozartish, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so and so, large or aquiline; in short, makes it Mozart's and different from those of other people, for I really do not study to aim at any originality."

THE letters of Dickens show that it was in a similar way that he wrote those wondrous novels that enchant the world. When a new creation was about to rise from the ocean depths of thought, he did not go about asking advice, or gird up his literary energies by a prodigious effort of the will. To use his own language about "The Chimes," all his affections and passions got twined and knotted upon it; he went wandering about at night into strange places, "possessed," spirit-driven, a prophet commissioned to utter the life-giving word to men's souls, and finding no rest until he had uttered it. So it is, though rarely, perhaps, in the same degree, with the

eminent men, the great leaders, in almost every calling; they chose their respective pursuits, if they can be said to have chosen them, not because those pursuits promised the most money, fame, or happiness, but unconsciously, because they could not help it; and they succeeded, not because they resolved with an intense, continuous act of volition to do such and such things, but because they were impelled by a great, prevailing, paramount desire, which engulfed all lesser desires, to do them.

NO doubt there is a will that makes the man; but a great, all-conquering will,—the will of a Caesar or a Napoleon,—if it is not inborn, can not be put into him, and it needs no prompting. To tell a young man that he can become a millionaire, or a railroad president, if he will put into his work the same amount of brains and zeal as A or B did before *he* became a millionaire or a railroad king, is the veriest drivel. It is equivalent to saying that he will become a Samson if he will only put forth a Samson's strength, or that, if an astronomical student will put into his work the mental energy, the spiritual force, of Newton, he will do as great things as Newton,—which is not a very stimulating statement, if it be true. How strangely men persist in regarding moral qualities as habits merely, and not gifts. The will, though susceptible of culture, is a natural endowment as well as the mental faculties, and to want it is as bad as to want mental power.

AGAIN, it is the favorite notion of some persons that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking pains. In support of this theory, Buffon and Hogarth are cited, who both declared genius to be nothing but labor and patience; and an actual or supposed saying of Newton is quoted, that his mathematical excellence was due to nothing but to his having labored more persistently than other men. In like manner, Porson used to say that he had made himself what he was by intense labor, and that any one might become quite as good a critic as he was, "if (mark that 'if!') he would only take the trouble to make himself such."

But those who define genius thus forget the necessary limitation, that the infinite pains must be taken by a capable person. They forget, too, that this very capacity for persistent labor—for endurance,—is just as rare an endowment as a capacity for quick or instant perception; and that a man who, like Newton, can chain his mind to the exclusive consideration of a mathematical prob-

THE ten-per-cent man can't last long in a ninety per cent man's job—yet they may look as much alike as two dimes.

Be a Master of Traffic Management

There is a big and ever-increasing demand for men trained in Railway and Industrial Traffic Work. The salaries offered range from \$50 to \$200 a week and up. Hundreds of ambitious men have trained themselves successfully at home by mail under the guidance of LaSalle experts.

Every big business organization must have its traffic expert, its interstate commerce director—and yet not enough really competent men are available. In many places, "second-raters" are trying to direct the shipping while their employers are looking, inquiring, advertising for efficient men able to handle the complicated traffic problems which come up many times every day. This is your opportunity to get into an uncrowded profession—to make quick advancement—to step into a specialized calling—to be the man always needed and to earn a salary which many men do not reach after years of patient, plodding service.

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Mr. Fred Hoffman took LaSalle training in traffic and reports 500 per cent profit on the cost of his course. Harold Watson got 400 per cent salary increase. B. S. McMullen rose from freight checker to General Manager. Reports like these come to us daily.

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Pennsylvania R. R., Armour & Co., Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corp., etc. Not only men seeking advancement but many prominent executives have found in these courses the way to larger success.

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lem for many hours in succession, has one of the most uncommon of all mental gifts. Because Newton's success in mastering such problems was proportional to the amount of labor he bestowed upon them, does it follow that the same thing would be true of a feeble or even an average brain? Would toil alone, however intense, or protracted, have produced the "Paradise Lost," the "Principia," the Sistine Madonna, or the Venus de Medici? Does the born dwarf ever grow to the average size?

Rousseau tells a story of a painter's servant, who resolved to be the rival or the conqueror of his master. He abandoned his livery to live by his pencil. But, instead of the Louvre, he stopped at a signpost.

"If," says Porson, in the quotation above, "he would only take the trouble," etc. That provoking "if," again! How many subjunctive great men, who might, could, or would have been famous, had not this or that condition been wanting, has it doomed to obscurity! But for this little microscopic particle, how many an Archimedes, who lacks a standing-place, would move the world!

Thiers, the historian was perpetually reconstructing history as it should and would have been "if" this or that event had not happened. It was a mere accident that France was defeated at Trafalgar and Waterloo; the fall of the First Empire was due only to some sin of commission or omission on the part of Napoleon. As if the fall of every empire was not due to such a sin or such sins! The modern Frenchman refuses to believe that the inner necessity determines the chain of events,

and that this necessity is to be found in the national character.

HOW full the world always is of foiled potentialities, "mute, inglorious Miltons," who are always very "promising," because they never do more than promise! E. P. Whipple, in one of his brilliant essays, finely ridicules the eulogists of these subjunctive heroes of literature, art, or science, who might, could, would, or should achieve great things, but whose persistence in not doing great things nobody can understand. These panegyrists will point to some lazy gentleman,—the prodigy, perhaps, of a country village,—and tell you that there is a protuberance on his forehead or temple large enough to produce a "Hamlet" or a "Principia," if he only had an active temperament.

"But," says Mr. Whipple, "the thing which produces 'Hamlets' and 'Principias' is not physical temperament, but spiritual power." It is a principle which admits of few exceptions, that what men can do they will do; and, if they fail to do it, it is because they are conscious of their inability.

When a man appears to have great gifts, and yet accomplishes nothing, it is because he has no aptitude for any particular thing,—no consciousness of ability to push anything through all obstacles and discouragements, to a conclusion,—in short, no potent will to attempt it. What a man *does* is the only true test of what he *is* and to declare that he has great capacity, but nothing to set his great capacity in motion, is like saying how powerful a man would be if he only had great strength, or how swiftly a steamer would cross the Atlantic if she only had a bigger boiler and could move her propeller fast enough.

200,000,000 Pounds of Waste Fat in This Country!

THERE are 200,000,000 pounds of fat stored away in this country which could be used with great profit and without cost. This fat is piling up on the bodies of American citizens who would be much better without it.

Can we use this fat without becoming cannibals? Yes, indeed. This fat can be burned in millions of human furnaces, and thus save other fats or energy-giving food, such as wheat, oats, barley and rye.

The men and women who have these stores of fat to give are not the exceptional heavy-weights, but the average individuals who are approaching middle age.

Insurance tables prove that after the ages of 35 and 40, and throughout middle life, those who are somewhat underweight have a lower death rate than those who are of average weight or beyond.

A vast number of people between 35 and 55 could give up ten pounds of weight and be much better off for it. In fact, if you are much overweight you are likely to be threatened with serious physical trouble.

Fat can be overcome, first, by exercise; second, by diet. Hand ball and other sports, such as walking and skating, are excellent. Setting-up exercises each day are possible to us all; for, no matter how or where we live, each of us has at least six feet of space and twenty

minutes a day to devote to the necessities of health and good looks.

Diet is, however, the best way.

A man who is forty pounds overweight is carrying in his body the equivalent in fuel value of 135 one-pound loaves of bread. We hear a good deal about food speculation and food hoarders—but how about the fat hoarders?

If you cut down your food consumption you begin to burn your own fat. It is a simple method, requiring no drugs and no hunger. You don't have to "cut out" the food you like—only "cut down" the amount.

A healthy over-weight can gradually take off 30 to 60 pounds by following these diet suggestions:

Take hot milk and not cream in your coffee.

Eat only one small pat of butter at each meal.

Avoid soups.

Cut out fat meats, salad oils. Cut out "extra foods," candies, ice-cream, sodas, etc.

Remember, fats and sugars are the great fat producers.

Eat freely of vegetables and fruits, lightly of bread and breakfast cereals.

Eat fruit for dessert instead of pie and pastry.

—*Eric Railroad Magazine.*



Training for Advancement— for the professional practice of Accountancy, for promotion to an executive position in business—this is a matter of purposeful, directed, overtime study that may be undertaken without interference with daytime duties.

Pace Institute, in Resident Schools in New York, Washington, and Boston, and by Extension through the mails, has trained thousands of men and women for positions of increased responsibility and increased income. These men and women now have a definite market value; their economic future is assured. New classes in Accountancy and Business Administration will form this month, in the New York, Washington, and Boston schools, to meet the needs of forward-looking men and women who have decided to gain immediate headway toward positions of technical or executive responsibility.

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To those who find it desirable to pursue their Accountancy Study by Extension through the mails, Pace Institute offers one month's trial instruction with the charge for tuition and texts limited to \$7. This liberal offer enables students to test to their own satisfaction Pace Institute's ability to teach them Accountancy and Business Administration by Extension through the mails. Extension students study the same subjects as do Resident School students. They are taught and developed by Resident School Instructors. They have the privilege of transfer from Extension to Resident School instruction with credit for work done and tuition paid.

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Laugh with Us!



FATHER—My son, you have studied law with no result. Literature and art have also been blanks for you. At the trade school, you also were a failure. I don't see anything else left for you but politics!

◆ ◆ ◆

THE prosecuting attorney had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length, exasperated, he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir," announced the witness; "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that," replied the witness easily, "I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

◆ ◆ ◆

MRS. PROFITEER was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter.

"My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics if you please."

"What's civics?" asked the friend.

"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."

◆ ◆ ◆

MRS. EXE (returning from call)—How could you be so extravagant in your praise of that girl's wretched daubs? You told her that Rembrandt could do no better.

MR. EXE—Well, he couldn't. Rembrandt is dead.—*Boston Transcript*.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE notice in the rooms of hotels which reads, "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"—*Life*.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE city editor looked over the manuscript the caller had handed him.

"If I run this item, madam," he said, "I shall have to use the blue pencil on about nine-tenths of it."

"Oh, that's too much trouble!" she exclaimed. "Let me have it again and I'll write it all with a blue pencil!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"WUZ it a good 'movie,' Buddie?"
"Naw, only four killed!"



"GOIN' in that house over there?" said the first tramp.

SECOND TRAMP—I tried that house last week. I ain't going there any more."

"'Fraid on account of the dog?"

"Me trousers are."

"Trousers are what?"

"Frayed on account of the dog."

◆ ◆ ◆

VISITOR—Why don't you advertise?

TOWN STOREKEEPER—No, siree. I did once and it pretty near ruined me.

VISITOR—How so?

TOWN STOREKEEPER—Why, people came in and bought durn near all the stuff I had.

◆ ◆ ◆

YOUNG HUSBAND—It seems to me, my dear, that there is something wrong with this cake.

THE BRIDE (smiling triumphantly)—That shows what you know about it. The cookery book says it's perfectly delicious.

◆ ◆ ◆

"SURE," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present. "I always mane to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and, therefore, I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

◆ ◆ ◆

"DOCTOR," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in some milk."

◆ ◆ ◆

IT was a beautiful moonlight night and they were taking a stroll down the beach.

SHE—Does the moon affect the tide?

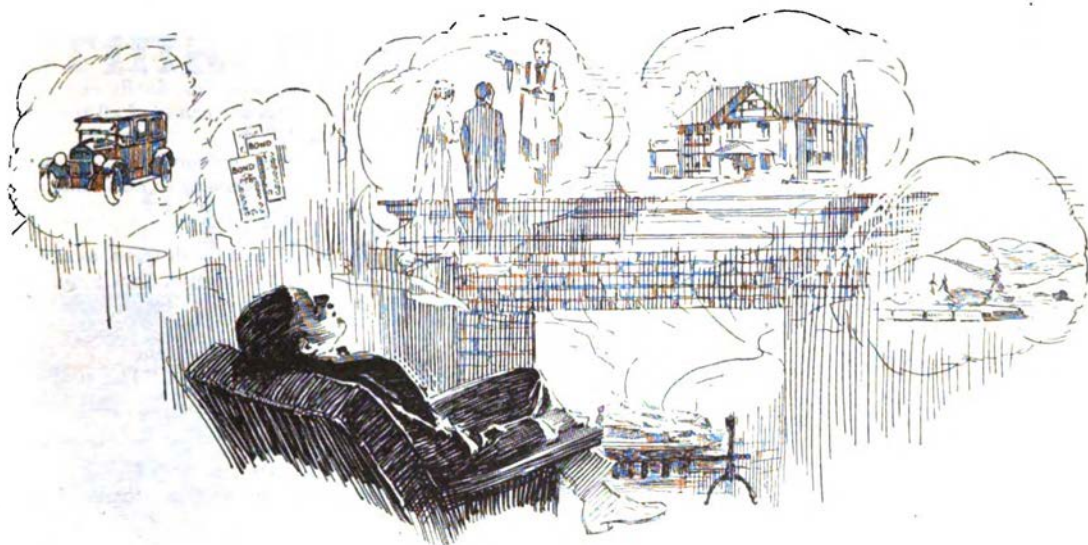
HE—No, dearest, only the untied—*Science and Invention*.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE teacher was intent on the lesson, and continued impressively:

"And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered





Will they still be dreams a year from now?

HOW long can you afford to wait to cash in on your dreams? The days are flying and you want so many things that are clear out of reach right now. Pick out the one thing you want most and figure out how much increased income you will need to get it.

The chances are good that you can have it THIS YEAR if you go about it the right way.

The first thing you must do is to acquire a working knowledge of the laws upon which all business success is founded. The next thing is to learn to apply those laws to every business problem.

In other words, you must know how to analyze every business operation in terms of net profit—because that is the one fundamental rock upon which every successful business and every executive success is founded.

Accounting is the science which deals with the analysis and control of net profit and teaches you how to ferret out waste, incompetence, extravagance, and under-production in every department of business. Is it surprising that men trained in the systematic analysis and control of net profits are eagerly sought and paid unusual incomes?

Perhaps you think of an accountant as a sort of super-bookkeeper. *Get that idea out of your mind forever.* Accounting is a science—and the highest paid science in the world. You can master that science right at home—by mail and in your spare time.

From the very start you will be under the personal guidance of the largest active faculty of Certified Public Accountants connected with any educational institution. There are no books—all lessons are loose-leaf and all instruction is strictly individual.

No matter what your present position may be you will be amazed to find how definitely you can apply this knowledge to your daily work. Your reasoning power of business analysis will be strengthened and improved right from the start.

Then when you have finished the training in General Accounting you have your choice of Post Graduate Coaching through specialized groups of advanced, intensive, highly practical lessons—enabling you to concentrate at no additional cost—on any special branch of Accounting you may select.

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their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (emphatically) there were no flies on the children of Israel."

A small boy from the rear of the room interrupted: "Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either."

◆ ◆ ◆

"I WISH you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snagg's trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."

◆ ◆ ◆



THE head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at a driver's blunder, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back.

"You are so confounded thick-headed you can't learn anything!" he shouted.

"Begorra," answered the driver, "I learned wan thing since I've been with ye!"

"What's that?" snapped the other.

"That sivinteen hundred make a ton."

◆ ◆ ◆

"LITTLE boy," asked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal has been made to suffer to adorn your mamma so proudly?"

"Yes, sir; my papa."—*New York Times*.

◆ ◆ ◆

THEY had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."—*Dallas News*.

◆ ◆ ◆

"HOW do the Joneses seem to like their little two-room kitchenette apartment?"

"Oh, they have no room for complaint!"—*Judge*.

◆ ◆ ◆

MAGISTRATE—Can't this case be settled out of court?"

MULLIGAN—Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered.—*United Presbyterian*.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE mule couldn't help recognizing himself in this essay written on him:

"The mewl is hardier than the guse or turkie. It has two more legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

THE teacher, a lady of questionable age, was having a hard time getting Johnny to memorize the names of the kings of England.

"Why, when I was your age," she finally exclaimed, exasperated, "I could recite the names of all the kings forward and backward."

"Yes'm," replied Johnny, unimpressed, "but when you was my age there wasn't nearly so many kings."

◆ ◆ ◆

"I'M sorry, young man," said the druggist, as he eyed the small boy over the counter, "but I can only give you half as much castor oil for a dime as I used to."

The boy blithely handed him the coin.

"I'm not kicking," he remarked. "The stuff's for me."—*The Watchman-Examiner*.

◆ ◆ ◆

PROFESSOR—Why were you tardy?

Tom—Class began before I got there.—*Orange Peel*.

◆ ◆ ◆

"I HAVE called, sir, to see if you will renew your subscription to our society for converting the heathen. Last year you gave twenty-five cents."

"What! Aren't they converted yet?"

◆ ◆ ◆

"I WOULDN'T be a fool if I were you!"

"That's the only sensible thing you've said during this discussion. If you were I you certainly wouldn't be a fool."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

◆ ◆ ◆



YOUNG JACK eyed the new arrival critically for a few moments, then looked up and asked:

"So you're my grandmother, are you?"

"Yes, dear. On your father's side," replied the old lady, with a smile.

"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out quick enough," remarked Jack, without shifting his gaze.

◆ ◆ ◆

FATHER—Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

DAUGHTER—Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock.—*The Arklight*.

◆ ◆ ◆

DEAR EDITOR—I am in love with a very plain girl, while a very pretty one with lots of money wants me to marry her. What shall I do?

EDITOR—Marry the one you love by all means, and send me the name and address of the other.—*Broadway Conductor*.

Drink Your Way to Health

Dr. H. B. Galatian tells of

"The Miracle of Milk"



Dr. H. B. GALATIAN

If you should meet a friend on the street whose appearance indicated that he was in the grasp of some chronic disease—pale, thin and haggard, and then a few weeks later should meet the same man, and this time his erect bearing, steady stride, and robust condition indicated perfect health, you would feel like asking whether he had found the proverbial "Fountain of Youth." The chances are he would tell you that he had been drinking of that fount from which issues the white waters of youth, health and strength—milk.

I believe if I were told that I must select one method of treating disease, and must discard all other methods, I would retain the exclusive milk diet.

This conclusion is based on the results obtained after many years' experience in prescribing the milk diet, both in private and institutional practice.

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One case I will mention is that of a man whose normal weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, but who weighed but ninety-two pounds when he began treatment. His alimentary tract and nervous system were in a sorry state. For years there was no bowel action without medicine or enemas. Because of the distress incident to eating he had reduced his diet until he was practically fasting. His circulation was so sluggish that he suffered severely from cold. His memory was practically gone and his mind a confusion of ideas. He had tried treatments galore—from medicine to electricity, from spinal manipulations to diet—and was slowly starving to death. The milk treatment was prescribed. And with what results? He has gained twenty pounds and will continue to gain. He can walk long distances and take other exercise. His memory has been regained, his mind is clear, and he is in every respect a different person.

Another case came to me weighing one hundred pounds. This man suffered from extreme physical weakness, and mental lethargy. There was also inflammation of the bile ducts, with retention of bile. Milk was again the prescription. This patient gained twenty-five pounds and was entirely relieved of the liver trouble, his skin becoming pink, and his strength increasing. Later his weight increased to one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has returned to his regular diet and is still well.

Another interesting case is that of a young man who had been having one or two epileptic seizures each week. He took the milk diet, and when I again saw him he told me he had only one attack in a year, and that, a few weeks previously, induced by overeating of cake and ice-cream.

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The above is from an article by Dr. Galatian that appeared in a recent issue of *Physical Culture*. Its appearance created a tremendous demand for further information concerning the milk diet treatment for building up run-down bodies. To supply this knowledge we have had prepared a complete course of instruction in the Milk Diet Treatment, comprising six lessons. This course is the joint work of Bernarr Macfadden, the world renowned Physical Culture Authority and Dr. Charles Sanford Porter, America's leading Milk Diet Specialist.

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The Business Butterfly

(Continued from page 33)

Taranoff has brought is a Corot, and a very valuable one. He may be reached at the Ritz."

The receiver at the other end was hung up. A Corot! What memories the name brought back to Prudence—the haunting recollection of certain worthless copies of the master's art which had been foisted on her dead uncle and which were the cause of her own presence, at that moment, in the office of Vandergrift.

For a little time Prudence thought the matter over. She was wild to see that Corot. Suppose it should prove to be one of the imitations that had found its way into the collection of her uncle, and which had proved a worthless asset in the settlement of his estate. She had never heard of Taranoff, and she did not know through whom her uncle had made his ill-advised purchases. Yet she knew that if she could but see the picture, she would be able to recognize it instantly if it had ever hung in the Tomlinson mansion.

"Just suppose, Prudence Parker," she said to herself, "just suppose that your first act as Mr. Vandergrift's secretary should be the exposé of a plot to sell him a fake Corot! It wouldn't be a bad stroke of business! If my suspicions are correct, I'd like to put a spoke in the wheel of the men who deceived Uncle Enoch!"

Instantly a little plan flashed through her active brain. She lifted the telephone and told the operator to ask for Mr. Taranoff at the Ritz.

Some five minutes later, she was speaking with a suave-voiced man who spoke English with a foreign accent. "This is Mr. Vandergrift's secretary speaking," said Prudence. "I suppose the canvas you have is not large?"

The man laughed. "No, mademoiselle," he explained. "It is quite small—a little landscape of rare charm, and almost priceless."

"Could you have it at Mr. Vandergrift's office at three o'clock?" she asked.

Taranoff seemed surprised. "Mademoiselle, to take so valuable a painting through the streets—to risk its damage or loss—would be, shall we say, foolish. Besides it may be seen here in my suite, under proper lighting conditions, with much more advantage than in a business office."

"Mr. Vandergrift is extremely busy," snapped Prudence, with a glitter in her eyes. "If you can have the painting here at three o'clock, I can arrange for him to inspect it and give you a few minutes of his time. Otherwise, I am afraid he will not be interested."

Taranoff gasped. Then, after a minute's hesitation he replied, "I will come. I shall order a limousine and transport my treasure. Please say so to Mr. Vandergrift."

When Prudence had hung up she sat thoughtfully at her desk for a few minutes. "Now you're in for it, Prudence Parker. Maybe Mr. Vandergrift will appreciate your caution—maybe he will not. Most likely he will not, since his daughter seems so vitally interested in this little painting of fabulous price. However, I'm going to find out whether that picture

ever belonged to Uncle Enoch or know the reason why. Real Corots don't float about at every auction sale, and are not to be picked up from every wandering picture peddler. If this course costs you your job, you'll have to find another one—that's all."

So, in accord with her hastily formed plan, she did not call the Sachem Club, nor advise her employer of her daughter's phone call, nor of the approaching visit of Mr. Taranoff. Instead, she counted the minutes as the little mahogany desk-clock ticked them up and nervously bit the end of a lead pencil until the coming of the hour when the announcement of Taranoff's arrival would be made to her.

Meanwhile, the wily Taranoff had called up the Vandergrift residence and asked for Margaret. Somewhat suspiciously he told her of his conversation with her father's secretary and asked what he should do. Margaret was nonplussed at first. Then she laughed merrily. "Don't worry, Jules," she advised. "Whoever you spoke with must have been following father's directions. Take it down, by all means. He wouldn't know a Corot from a lithograph of Oliver Cromwell. It's a pretty little thing, and I want it; and dad has promised to buy it for me. And," she added with an amused chuckle, "you need the money—don't you, my dear Jules. Do go down and get it and come up here and have tea with me at five. If father pays you a good price, you can take me to the opera and to supper."

"I kiss your hand!" the foreigner whispered into the phone. "I shall go—and I shall come to you at five with the vulgar money in my wallet."

Then he hastened to wrap the treasured canvas securely and engage a roomy taxi-cab at the entrance of the hotel. Half an hour later, he was being ushered into the office of Prudence Parker, who assumed a superior, businesslike air, and directed that the canvas be adequately displayed against the coming of Vandergrift. Deep down in her heart, Prudence was trembling lest her employer return precipitately and spoil her little plan.

She pulled down the window shades and the lights were arranged to the satisfaction of Taranoff. Then he opened the canvas—and Prudence's eyes nearly popped out of her head! "How beautiful!" she exclaimed with careful thought as to her inflection. "Where have I seen that before?"

"Mademoiselle has probably never seen it before," said Taranoff with an indulgent smile. "Mademoiselle is thinking of reproductions of which there are many. This painting was a part of the collection of a distinguished New England gentleman. The estate was somewhat impoverished and the heirs were forced to sacrifice his pictures. I bought it at but a fraction of its true worth. I am offering it to Mr. Vandergrift with but a fair commission to cover my services, added to what I paid."

Prudence's heart was beating wildly. Unquestionably it was one of the pictures Uncle Enoch had purchased before his death.

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"Certainly," bowed Taranoff. "It is a rare bargain at fifty thousand dollars."

"I should say it would be dear at fifteen dollars!" Prudence said sharply.

The man looked up in amazement. Then he smiled. "I see that Mademoiselle does not understand the great value of paintings by the masters. At a public sale, it would bring—"

"It would bring the ridicule of collectors who know about such things, on the head of the crook who dared offer it!" Prudence shot at him.

The man flushed angrily and his hands twitched. "Mademoiselle!" he protested, attempting to hold his rising temper.

"Did this picture belong to the estate of Enoch Tomlinson?" Prudence demanded.

"Yes," admitted the man, somewhat hesitatingly as he looked in surprise at the girl.

"And you claim it is genuine?" Prudence pressed him.

"Of a certainty!" Taranoff replied.

"Then why was it that Mr. Lanning, who was attorney for Mr. Tomlinson, permitted the whole collection to be sold for a few hundred dollars because experts had pronounced it spurious?"

"How do you know that?" demanded Taranoff in a subdued tone, stepping quite close to her.

"That does not concern you," Prudence said. "But I do know it, and I shall tell Mr. Vandergrift that such is the case. If necessary, before he pays you the sum you ask for this doubtful picture, I shall wire Mr. Lanning to come down from Boston and identify or repudiate the canvas. I shall ask him to bring his experts with him and examine it."

"Taranoff's face was purple. 'You will be sorry,' he said. 'I can prove that the picture is genuine.'"

"Then I'll give you a chance to do just that! Prudence said. But even as she spoke, the office door opened and Margaret Vandergrift swept into the room. She was beautiful, in a doll-like sort of way. Her gown was a magnificent creation fresh from Paris. She stared at Prudence in amazement, and then turned to the bowing Taranoff for some explanation of the scene.

"This young lady is questioning the genuineness of my Corot," he smiled, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Margaret turned on Prudence with a look of superior reprimand. "Just what do you know of art and what affair is it of yours anyway?" she asked icily.

"I am Mr. Vandergrift's secretary," Prudence answered quietly. "I am here to look after his interests."

Margaret gave her a contemptuous smile. "And just when do you expect Mr. Vandergrift?" she inquired. "Doubtless he will be able to decide for himself without your valuable assistance. My dear Jules, I apologize for this impudent doubting of your motives. Then she turned again inquiringly to Prudence.

"I have not telephoned Mr. Vandergrift as yet," she said calmly. "I wanted to see this picture first myself, and I am satisfied that it was either sold to the previous owner under false pretenses, or else purchased from his estate by means of trickery. I know that when Enoch

Tomlinson's collection was disposed of, this very picture was pronounced a forgery!"

"What nonsense!" sneered Margaret. "Miss, Miss—whatever your name is—you may wait in the outer office. Please have my father called to the phone and I will speak to him myself."

The Puritan blood of Prudence Parker boiled. She cast a freezing glance of contempt at Margaret. "This is my office," she said coldly. "If you wish to await Mr. Vandergrift, doubtless he will not object to his daughter entertaining her friends in his own office. You may telephone him from there."

Margaret seemed stunned for a moment. Then she threw back her shoulders and gave Prudence a glance of supreme hatred. "Come Jules," she said to Taranoff, "bring the Corot with you and we will go into father's room. I will deal with this impudent young person later."

Together they went out. Prudence sat thoughtfully in her swivel chair. It could not be that she was mistaken. Yet it might be that she had made a mistake in the way she had handled matters. She found herself wishing that Mr. Lanning were in town. She considered wiring him, or even calling him up on the long-distance telephone. But the time was too short, for Vandergrift was due to return at any moment. As his new secretary, she had undoubtedly exceeded her authority. She had mixed herself up in a matter which would undoubtedly be considered outside her province.

Yet, if her suspicions were true—and she felt confident they were—Mr. Vandergrift was about to be charged a fabulous sum for an utterly worthless imitation of a famous painting. If it was the same picture her uncle had owned. She was sure of that. And if his were a genuine picture, then she, Prudence Parker, had been cheated out of a fortune!

A miserable little cry escaped her. "What shall I do?" she said half aloud. I can't stand by and see him deceived. On the other hand, if the picture is real, the fifty thousand dollars which Taranoff is asking, rightly belongs to me!"

Then she heard Vandergrift's voice in the next room—heard Margaret's angry tones and Taranoff's oily explanations, as the two told him what had happened. Her pretty teeth clicked in sudden determination, and she threw back her slender, shapely shoulders resolutely. Without knocking she threw open the door between her own room and Vandergrift's office and stepped boldly in.

Margaret and Jules Taranoff looked at her indignantly, the man not without some misgivings. She saw her employer's brow wrinkle into a frown—saw his keen, hard eyes flash unpleasantly.

"You may consider yourself dismissed, Miss Parker," he said abruptly. Turning on his heel, he adjusted his eyeglasses to look at the Corot which Taranoff had placed against the wall in a very flattering light.

A cold smile came over Prudence's pretty features. "You may consider me dismissed," she said in a tone that made them all stare at her in amazement. "But I do not propose to leave this room until I know the truth about this picture."

(To be continued in "The New Success" for June.)



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An Interview with Dr. Royal S. Copeland

(Continued from page 52)

Municipal Ordinances, then in effect, that could force a change in the situation. Shivering families were promptly relieved, and several hundred landlords who rebelled at what they termed tyranny found themselves in the Police Court. Copeland was the object of savage attacks, as well as enthusiastic eulogies, and, as in the case of his more recent fight against the threatened inroads of typhus, he was concerned with neither. He was looking only at the job—the Big Job of the day's work.

Summer came—the stifling summer of a great city; and, with it, the usual pitiful advance in the infantile death-rate of the congested tenement districts. Again Copeland, with his methods of seeking out all contributing causes to a given situation, found that the children of the tenements were so under-nourished through inadequate milk supply that they lacked, in the majority of cases, the vitality necessary to combat any disease.

Cow Should Be Made National Institution

NOW, if Copeland has one hobby in the way of theories, it is that milk is the most necessary item of food for infants of pre-school age. First, last, and all the time, on the subject of infantile diseases, he preaches milk, milk, and more milk.

To Copeland, the cow should be made a national institution and developed as such. Therefore, when his investigation of tenement conditions coincided so thoroughly with his own beliefs on the subject of children's diseases, he went with force and without delay, at that always pertinent problem in a great city, the price of milk.

The large milk companies declaimed to the high heavens that they were selling their product as cheaply as they could, even to the fraction of a cent. If Copeland wanted lower prices he must go to the farmers, the railroads, the middlemen—to anybody and anywhere but them.

If Copeland had been the usual type of man popularly associated with municipal office, he would have shrugged his shoulders in helpless resignation. But he was not the usual type, and he squared his chin and plunged into another fight.

The great milk companies had powerful financial backing. Up to the time of Copeland's aggressive inquiries into their intimate affairs, there had been little if any organized effort at attack upon any scale of prices they might choose to name. The commissioner found himself the target of a campaign of vituperation and denunciation; but in the Copeland scheme of things, criticism, or the lack of it, has meant nothing. And he proceeded to fight—fight with a concentration and a determination that would not be dissuaded, and that persisted in carrying its purpose into every channel of aid or cooperation in the city, and, eventually up to the governor.

If the campaign for more heat had produced a storm of turmoil, it was nothing compared to that created in

the campaign for more and lower-priced milk. It was a battle waging for weeks that stretched into months, and which finally resulted in widespread concessions that certain enthusiasts claimed as a victory, but which Copeland himself refused to accept as anything more than a half success. Prices were lowered; service was improved; and conditions unquestionably greatly benefited. But the commissioner is not satisfied. Something has been done, a great deal, but not enough. Copeland is not through with his milk problem, and he won't be through with it until he, himself, is satisfied with the thoroughness of his victory.

Coming to another of the manifold angles of Public Health Administration, we find the problem—alarmingly magnified since the advent of prohibition—of the drug addict. New York City, perhaps, was harder hit by the growth in illicit drug-traffic than any other city of the United States, and as the police reports of arrests kept crowding into headquarters, and it became evident that a condition of serious menace was being created, Copeland found an ugly-fanged job on his hands.

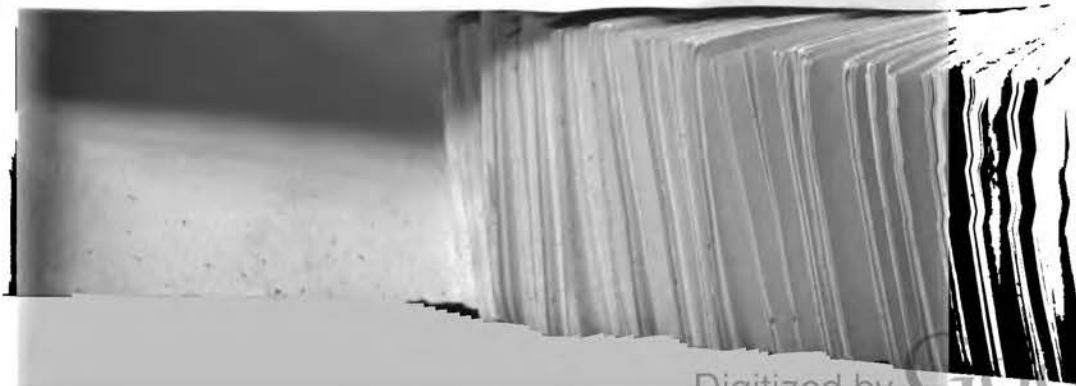
New York City Has Lowest Death Rate

IT was quite evident that police raids could never stem or control the evil. It was equally evident that it was a problem requiring much more to solve than the compulsion of clubbing methods, however vigorous and wholesale.

Copeland's analysis showed, as in other problems of his administration, that it was again a matter of effect back to cause, and that the cause must be intelligently and systematically dealt with if any real reform was to be achieved. The drug appetite is either a physical or a mental ailment—sometimes both. In a very great majority of cases, the victim is only too anxious to grasp at the slightest straw of relief or cure. Therefore, Copeland, assuming that a cure of the addict was much more to be desired than punishment, proceeded to establish a hospital specializing in narcotic cases, and inaugurated a system to register, of course under every effort at secrecy, the names and addresses of all obtainable drug victims.

Where the addict could not afford to pay for treatment, it was provided without cost.

That a vehement protest at such a measure should result, in spite of its obvious benefits, was to be expected. Many of the victims were found to be persons in wealthy and influential positions, who objected strenuously to the restraint of official censorship. And the underground influences of those powers of darkness, were soon felt from a variety of angles of criticism and attack. But Copeland had mapped out a clear line of action, and he never allowed himself to swerve from it. No one claims that this forced registration of drug addicts is anything like complete or even partially successful as yet. It may never be, for it is attempting to deal with a problem too complicated to be solved by direct methods of any kind. But, at



least, it has proven a step in the way of reform that offers, perhaps, the most promising possibilities of any single attempt at constructive handling of this evil.

New York is the largest city in the world. Its death rate is lower than any other city of the globe even approximating it in population. Copeland believes this can be reduced even lower. He believes that the death rate of any municipality, with proper civic cooperation and proper scientific administration, can be reduced. And he speaks with facts, not dreams; with proven realities, not debatable theories.

In the field of municipal health commissioner, he finds a growing specialized opportunity for a man of training, courage and vision, and a call for public service of almost unlimited appeal. From an economic standpoint alone, a reduction in the national death rate of even a fraction of one per cent would be tremendous. When authorities agree that at least one out of every three cases of disease is ordinarily preventable, the possibilities of the health missionary, who is to deal with the life problem of the community, are dazzling.

Copeland has proven himself not only a revolutionist of precedent, but a pioneer of action. He has had to do many things for himself and by himself. He has had to fight for faith in his measures in the most hostile quarters, but when he could not obtain that faith he has gone ahead without it.

♦ ♦ ♦

We Should Smile

THE thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while—

That costs the least and does the most—is just a pleasant smile—

The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow-men

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent;

It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;

It always has the same good look—it's never out of style;

It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;

Such dimples of encouragement are good for me and you,

So smile away; folks understand what by a smile is meant—

It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

♦ ♦ ♦

—Selected.

There is not one man in a thousand capable of being a successful rogue, while any one may succeed as an honest man.—E. W. Howe.

♦ ♦ ♦

The father of What-Will-Be is not What-Ought-To-Be, but What-Has-Been. Consider.—Dr. Frank Crane.

♦ ♦ ♦

Don't belittle a fact—face it.



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The Waterloo of J. Napoleon Perkins

(Continued from page 65)

Lyon and I want to suggest that you show a little clemency toward this boy—"

"Never!" shouted Lyon rising and stamping his foot. "Your business is to apprehend crooks and not to help them wriggle out of the penalties of their wrongdoing!"

"Now, don't get excited," McNamara said, raising his hand.

"I'm not excited!" yelled Lyon, believing his statement with his tone and excited manner. "A thief is a thief—"

"Except when he isn't," McNamara put in calmly. Then reaching into the desk drawer he took out seven one-hundred-dollar bills. "Is this your money?"

"Lyon's eyes glittered. "It is!" he declared emphatically. "I knew the boy was lying when he said he lost it!"

"Even so," said McNamara, "I think this has been sufficient lesson to him—"

"Well I don't!" shouted Lyon. "I intend to make him an example to the other young men of the community."

"Let us talk the matter over together," McNamara suggested. Then turning to James and Minnie he asked them to step outside. When they had gone, the detective touched a button and then apologized to Lyon. "I'm sorry, but there is a man here that I must speak to for a moment—"

"I am a very busy man," said Lyon with a snap of his teeth, "and we are wasting time anyway. I want that boy punished!"

The door opened and Detective Saunders entered, hustling along a scowling individual with reddish hair. "What's the game, chief?" he demanded of McNamara.

The detective smiled. "I guess the joke's on me this time," the detective admitted. "I'm sorry if I've interfered with any of your plans, but I wanted to look you over, Mike. However, it's all right, so here's your wallet and things."

He passed a watch, a penknife, some silver coins and a leather bill-fold to the frowning individual, and Lyon made a mental note that he would not like to meet the man in the dark. He also made a mental note that this police official seemed disposed to release everyone brought before him. But his meditations were interrupted by an angry howl from the red head.

"Look here, Dan McNamara!" he said, pounding on the desk with his fist. "It's true I've done time; but you can't pull any phoney stuff like that on me! I'll have you broke for this!"

Lyon stared at the man in amazement and turned to McNamara for some explanation.

"There were seven 'century notes' in that fold when you locked me up. Do you think you're going to put over any cheap graft like that and not get a come-back!" roared the irate ex-criminal.

"Excuse me," said McNamara quietly. "I was just showing them to Mr. Lyon. He claims they're his."

"He's a liar!" snapped Red Mike, glaring at the alarmed Lyon. "I never saw the old bird before and I don't want to see him again. Where the devil would

I frisk him for seven hundred, even if he carried that much with him? I'll bet he never saw seven hundred before. I can account for every minute of my time since I came out of the pen. Let him do as much!"

"Were you by any chance at a restaurant called Zinatella's on Sunday night, Mr. Lyon," asked McNamara.

"No," said the astonished merchant.

"Well, I was," Red Mike broke in falling neatly into the trap. "I suppose your bull here found that out. What of it since this bird wasn't?"

"Simply that I want to prove to Mr. Lyon that you claim this money as yours—that you didn't steal it from him," McNamara responded.

"Well, that's easy, then," said Red Mike. "Guess I'll be mpochin'—"

"Not yet," said McNamara. "Mike, you know that I never go back on my word—don't you?" The criminal nodded.

"Then tell Mr. Lyon where you got this money. Tell him the truth and you shall walk out of here as free as you came in—except for the fact that I want you out of town in two hours and I want you to watch your step and let me know where you go." He signed to Saunders to open the door and the man beckoned to Minnie and James.

Red Mike started a little when he saw James who was equally nonplussed at seeing the red-headed one.

"Did you take seven hundred dollars from this young man when he was unconscious Sunday night?" McNamara demanded, fixing his piercing eyes on the criminal.

"Yep," said Red Mike, realizing that the game was lost. "I did. That's the guy and that's the same money."

"Good," announced McNamara. "You may go, Mike—but don't forget to mail me a postal card every Saturday."

The man departed hastily, and McNamara handed the seven hundred dollars to Lyon.

"You see, Mr. Lyon," he said, "how easy it is to make a mistake—how everything may seem to be against the accused—despite the fact that he is really innocent. I'm a pretty good judge of character—and this boy's only fault is his youth and his love of throwing a bluff. But I think he's been cured. If you had sent him to jail—if I hadn't been able to disprove your suspicions—he might have come out two or three years from now with a broken heart and a spirit of revenge. That's what makes criminals, sir. You pretty nearly made a bad error. But you can straighten it out. This boy's been a faithful employee, I understand, in all but this one thing. Take him back—"

"Never," said Lyon.

"Don't say that," McNamara said. "His very desire to make good will make him more faithful than ever. If you'll take him back I'll make him promise me to promise this girl that he'll mend his ways."

"I don't want the job back!" James declared with heat. "I wouldn't—"

(Continued on page 113)

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of the Big Features of THE NEW SUCCESS for June, July and August, the summer numbers, are announced on pages 90 and 91 of this issue. Lack of space prevents us from announcing others. But there will be

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(Continued from page 110)

"Oh, yes, you would," the detective interrupted. "You've got to make good what you did. You owe it to Mr. Lyon. Your going back to work for him is the best safeguard in the world that you won't make any more mistakes. You'll develop into a model citizen and Mr. Lyon, here, will have the credit of helping you do it."

"I don't know but what you're right, McNamara," Lyon said thoughtfully. Then, handing the seven hundred dollars to James, he said, "stop in and deposit these at the bank on your way to the office. I'll be back about noon."

James looked down at the money. It seemed to fill him with disgust. He was about to refuse. The two men were watching him narrowly. "I—I'd rather not—"

"Do as Mr. Lyon tells you, Jimmy," said Minnie very quietly. And that's just what James Napoleon did.

◆ ◆ ◆

From Bootblack to Congress

(Continued from page 47)

tive and executive—was undivided. If there should come delay, it would not be through party obstruction.

TOM SCHALL had not "gone over the top" in vain, when he cried, "Rally! No party but the American party, to-day!" and laid his own political future upon the altar, as "his bit" in the World Crisis.

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Tom Schall never forgot his mother. He always kept in touch with her, took care of her, and visited her at regular intervals. As soon as he was able to earn his own living he constantly contributed to her support. She died about four years ago.

Tom Schall should be an inspiration to those who claim that the chances to succeed and overcome handicaps are past and gone.

◆ ◆ ◆

Stop a minute and say, "Hello"
As down Life's Road you go;
For a kindly word and a cheery smile
Will shorten the way by many a mile
For some poor fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute—and say, "Hello."

◆ ◆ ◆

—Moonbeams.

When in doubt, mind your own business.

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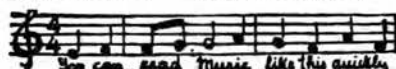
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How Postage Stamps Started

SIR ROLAND HILL, known as the author of the penny postage-stamp, was traveling in England when the postman brought a letter for the daughter of the inn-keeper. After turning the letter over and over in her hand and examining it carefully, the girl asked how much postage was due. She was told a shilling. As she seemed to feel so badly that she did not have the money to pay this with, Mr. Hill paid the postage. This seemed to embarrass the young miss, and, after the postman had gone, she confided to Mr. Hill that the letter was from her brother and that he had made signs on the envelope which conveyed to her all she wanted to know; that there was really no writing inside the envelope. She said they employed this code system of communicating because neither was able to pay postage. On that very day Mr. Hill planned a postal system upon its present basis.

♦ ♦ ♦

He Told It with Flowers!

A WELL-MEANING florist was the cause of much embarrassment to a young man who was in love with a rich and beautiful girl.

It appears that one afternoon she informed the young man that the next day was her birthday, whereupon the suitor remarked that the next morning, he would send her some roses, one rose for each year.

That night he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the delivery of twenty roses for the young woman. The florist himself filled the order, and, thinking to improve on it, said to his clerk:

"Here's an order from young Jones for twenty roses. He's one of my best customers, so I'll throw in ten more for good measure."

♦ ♦ ♦

The Play of the Month

(Continued from page 60)

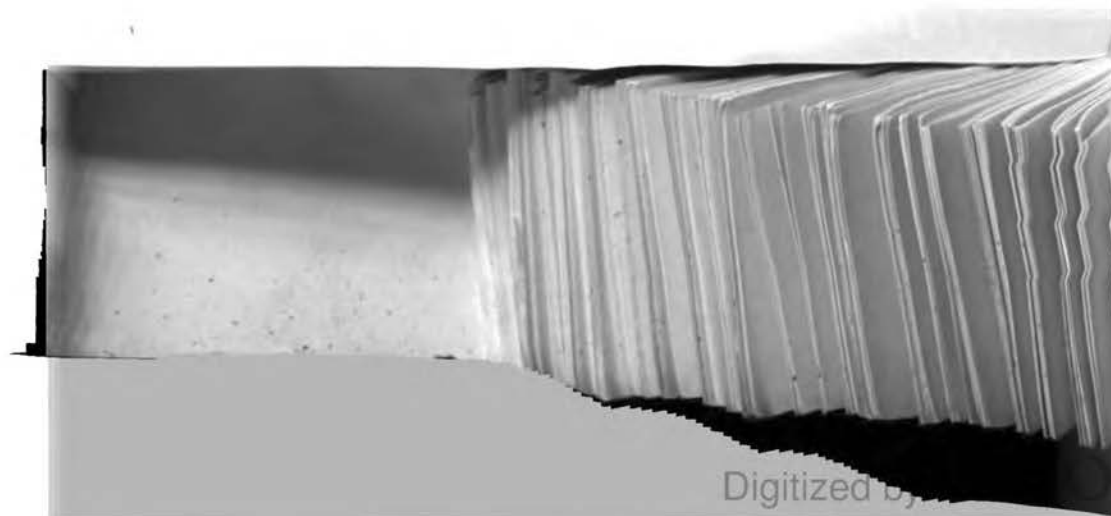
ment; and, behold, he is no longer a giant, a mere money monster—he is, at last, the father of his children.

In this melting moment, the mother tells the children that Jonathan is their father. At all events, he is now their father and they may kiss him good-night if they wish. There is now a happy moment of apology and heart-union. Little Chippy, as he is going upstairs to bed shouts back to his father, "What are you going to do: hang up your stocking?"

The father replies, "I hadn't thought of it, but I'll consider it." At this confession, little Peggy calls out to her father, Jonathan:

"Excuse me, but if you're going to hang up your stocking, you'd better write a note to Santa Claus and tell him that you're going to be better than you have been. Mother'll write it for you if you like; won't you, mother?"

And this is the end of the story, and what is the meaning of it all? This, it seems to me: Mere idealism cannot create the material resources necessary for a home, and mere materialism cannot create the spiritual idealism necessary for a home. The spiritual needs the material and the material needs the spiritual.



FEAR

To the average person FEAR means merely timidity. But FEAR has many other forms—Anger, Worry, Hatred, Jealousy, Fretfulness, Melancholy, Lack of Self-Confidence, General Nervousness (existing where there is no GOOD physical reason), etc.

All forms of FEAR cause a chemical action to take place in the body which creates a very real and deadly poison. This statement is backed up by our Government Research Dept. at Washington. FEAR is, in fact, like a hideous octopus with long arms eager to encircle and strangle.

Your entire trouble may be caused by SOME FORM OF FEAR. Let me diagnose your case. I shall be pleased to go over it in detail, from both a mental and physical standpoint, if you will show enough interest to purchase my booklet, LEAVITT-SCIENCE. I have treated thousands of cases in the last 24 years. For the first 10 years of my practise my work was entirely along physical lines. But for the last 14 I have combined physical and MENTAL measures. I am frank to say that I consider myself perhaps better qualified to diagnose your case than any one with whom you could communicate. Long years of preparatory study here and abroad have given me a foundation possessed by few.

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Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes intently.



can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

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An Interview with Mme. Curie

(Continued from page 28)

tions have required more time in order that the results shall be certain."

Mme. Curie asked me to place particular stress on the fact that special institutions had been founded in America and England to centralize the application of radium therapy.

"In France," she said, "we have no such institution. During the World War I was led to install, at the Radium Institute, a service of emanations for military hospitals to assure treatment of soldiers. This service, established several years ago, has continued to function even after the war because it has been recognized as indispensable."

"What will the gram of radium, which the women of America are to give you, represent?"

"An addition of fifty per cent to our supply. It is a gift that will result in saving, perhaps, hundreds of lives. It is an act of generosity that will go down in history as a crowning glory of American womanhood. It is not myself who will be the benefactor, but the world."

She extended her hand to indicate that the interview was over—that she could say no more. I grasped it and gave it a hearty shake as she smiled up at me—her pale countenance and her gray eyes beaming. And I took good pains to notice that her hand was not soft and delicate, but rather rough—like the hand of a worker. Then I realized that she is a worker—one of the greatest workers for the world's good that mankind has ever known.

◆ ◆ ◆

Keep On!

THOUGH your running is hindered by many a trip.
Keep on, keep on, keep on!
Though you're climbing but slowly, with many a slip,
Keep on, keep on, keep on!

Though you're far from the goal, every effort will pay
In making you fitter to plod on your way;
Though you trip, you will get to the hilltop some day,
Keep on, keep on, keep on!—*Selected*.

◆ ◆ ◆

Couldn't Afford a Bad Bargain

NATHAN STRAUSS, when asked what had contributed to his remarkable career, said: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain." He said that if he got a bad bargain himself he could stand it, even if his losses were heavy, but he could never afford to have the man who dealt with him get a bad bargain.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Selling goods below cost is not a good advertisement, and the usual result is bankruptcy."

◆ ◆ ◆

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A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Publisher's Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

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Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

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FOR there is a law of life that controls your financial affairs just as surely, just as positively, as the law of Gravitation holds the world steadfast in its course through the heavens.

Grasp the secret of this law and apply it intelligently to a definite plan of action and all good things of life are opened to you. It is no longer necessary for you to put up with poverty and uncongenial surroundings, when by the application of this law you can enjoy abundance, plenty, affluence.

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

Few successful men, few men who have attained position and wealth and power, are conscious of the workings of this law, although their actions are in complete harmony with it. This explains the cause of sudden failure. Not knowing the real reasons for previous success, many a man by some action out of harmony with the Law of Financial Independence has experienced a speedy downfall, sudden ruin and disgrace. Others stumble upon good fortune unconsciously by following a line of action in complete harmony with this law of life, although they do not know definitely the reason for their success.

No Chance—No Luck

But, when you know the basic principles of this law, when you understand exactly how to place yourself in complete harmony with it, there will be no longer any luck, chance or circumstance about your undertakings. You will be able to plan your

actions intelligently so that you may reach a definite goal—a goal that may be as modest or as pretentious as your own desires and wishes. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about placing yourself in complete harmony with the Law of Financial Independence. All you need is a firm resolve to follow a definite line of action that will cost you no self-denial, no unpleasantness, no inconvenience.

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The Folly of the Fanatic

THE fanatic always injures the cause he advocates. He bores people by his insistence on his idea or theory, whatever it may be; and when one bores people he has lost all chance of converting them to his point of view.

Very few fanatics know that they are fanatics. They don't realize that by overzealousness for their cause, by forever harping upon it, trying to convert to their views everybody they can get to listen to them, denouncing those who do not believe as they do regarding religion, politics, or the particular "ism" they champion, they unconsciously create a prejudice in the minds of others against them as people who are obsessed with one idea.

It is a great thing to cultivate poise, to keep the mind balanced, free from dangerous extremes. Poised men and women never become fanatics, never run to extremes. They learn to look at all things from a sane, wholesome, common-sense point of view. They are afraid of fanatics because they know that they are not perfectly normal; that their judgment has become warped and twisted because of their mind dwelling exclusively on one idea.

Fanaticism is dangerous because it tends to unbalance the mind. When a man is always button-holing people, holding forth upon his fad or his particular specialty, always harping upon it, trying to convert them to his way of thinking, his sanity is in peril, he is approaching fanaticism, if he is not already there, and fanaticism is very close to insanity.

Telling Time

THE Time of Day I do not tell,
As some do by the clock;
Or by the distant chiming bells,
Set on some steeple rock,
But by the progress that I see,
In what I have to do;
It's either Done o'clock to me,
Or only Half-past Through.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Our Destiny

THE destiny, the greatness of America, lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there and the example of self-sacrifice oft appears, if honor abide there and high ideals, if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoicing in an abundant prosperity and good government at home and in peace, respect and confidence abroad. If these virtues be absent there is no power that can supply these blessings. Look well, then, to the hearthstone; therein all hope for America lies.—Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States.

The greatest thrill that can come to any man is the thrill of successful accomplishment.—Charles M. Schwab.



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RIGHT or wrong thinking not only measures your income but measures your influence wherever you go and in whatever you do. Dr. Marden is the man who has set thousands of people on the route to successful thinking, constructive thinking. Let him reveal the amazing capacities you possess. Let him make your mind a veritable dynamo of successful, straightforward thinking that wins for you the things you want and the success you aim for.

Many a man who thought he possessed only mediocre abilities has discovered wonderful new powers within himself after reading Dr. Marden's suggestions. Some of the things almost seem beyond belief were it not for the positive proof in thousands of letters telling of actual experiences. Men who otherwise might have spent the rest of their lives as plodders have suddenly been transformed into veritable dynamos of energy and success.

"Dr. Marden's writings have proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position and an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year," writes Leonard A. Paris, of Muncie, Ind. This is only one of the more than 50,000 letters written to Dr. Marden in acknowledgment of his marvelous stimulation. Nearly 2,000,000 of his books have been sold—translated into some 20 foreign languages. Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Northcliffe, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker, Luther Burbank, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and many other great people have written him letters of gratitude.

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Former President Wilson Recorded as a Lawyer

IN the first "Record of the Class of '79 of Princeton College," published in 1882, a paragraph referring to his law practice is found after President Wilson's name. He was then called "Tommy" Wilson, the name by which he is still known to his classmates. The paragraph reads:

"Wilson, Thomas W., has hung his 'shingle' on the 'outer walls' at Atlanta, Ga., and reports his business prospects as excellent. After graduation, studied law from October to January, 1881, at University of Virginia, when he was compelled to leave on account of ill-health. Since then he has been hammering away at it at home. While in the University of Virginia he easily captured the oratory medal in the Jeffersonian Society. Tommy has also from time to time written letters on the condition of the South, which have been published in the *Evening Post* and very highly commended. Is neither married nor engaged."

In the second "Record" of former President Wilson's class at Princeton, published in 1885, the following is found:

"Wilson, Woodrow, 'Tommy,' has rigidly carried out the plan of study which he mapped out while in college and is already reaping the rewards of his ability and faithfulness. After studying law at the University of Virginia for two years and distinguishing himself as a speaker and writer, he went to Atlanta, Ga., and there practiced his profession (1882-83). Finding that the drudgery of the law interfered with the thorough and extended study of political science and history, which had always been his ambition, he relinquished his practice and determined upon a two years' course of special study at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He went to that institution in September, 1883, and soon made his mark among the men of ability gathered there. At the end of the year he was made Fellow in History, and held the honors and emolument of that position during the academic year of 1884-85."

Advice to a Husband

DON'T kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist, and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives' waists have no buttons on to button. Some men's wives' waists which have buttons on to button don't care a button whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with buttons on to button.


—Daily News.

Concentration is the secret of strength.

—Emerson.

If you want work well done select a busy man—the other kind has no time.

It requires wisdom to speak, but to keep silence only requires self-control.



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How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
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QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a **victim to pneumonia or consumption.**

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the **cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds.** This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well** and how to **keep well.** The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own house and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3. to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 425, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the **best \$3. investment** you ever made—simply **re-mail the book** and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds **you can do so.** Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes **no drugs or serums, sprays or salves.** And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that **do not cure**, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.



Great Revenges

AALEXANDER THE GREAT conquered the world, bringing long misery to the East. John Barleycorn killed him.

Julius Caesar was Alexander's successor as an organized slayer of men. He was assassinated in the Forum, at Rome, by a group of politicians headed by Brutus and Cassius. Brutus later committed suicide.

Napoleon Bonaparte outdid both Alexander and Caesar. He died a British prisoner on the Island of St. Helena from cancer of the stomach, at fifty-two. The 100th anniversary of his death will fall on May 5.

William Hohenzollern essayed to outdo these as conqueror. He is an outcast dog in Holland, with his destiny yet incomplete.—*The Evening World*, New York.

Asking for Trouble

AN Englishman who retired from a successful business life at the age of 81, said, "I attributed whatever success I have had to my cowardice. I always feared to wade in so deep that it was difficult to wade out." In commenting on this statement, A. W. Gamage, one of London's leading merchants, said, "I should rather call it prudence. I believe in the maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing win;' but, at the same time, it is possible to take chances with prudence. The man who does so usually makes good, but the man who takes chances recklessly is asking for trouble."

The Ten Affirmations

GOD has created me rich, therefore I cannot be poor.
God gives me Eternal Life, therefore I cannot lose it.

God gives me Strength, therefore I shall hold it.
God gives me Faith, therefore I shall increase it.
God gives me Hope, therefore I shall trust Him.
God gives me Assurance, therefore I shall maintain it.
God gives me Wisdom, therefore I shall exercise it.
God gives me Truth, therefore I am free.
God gives me Peace, therefore I shall embody it.
God gives me Love, therefore I shall express it.

—Marie A. Watson.

How the "Run" Started

A DEPOSITOR who had tarried too long in convivial company, presented a check for \$1000 at a bank in Omaha. The paying teller thought it hardly safe for a man, already so heavily "loaded," to carry about that sum in currency, and asked his superior officer for instructions. The depositor thought the bank didn't have the money and went out on the street proclaiming his lack of faith in the institution. The "run" that followed lasted three days.

Now, now is the time to say a kind word;
Lest by to-morrow it might ne'er be heard.

A busy brain has no time for shrinkage.



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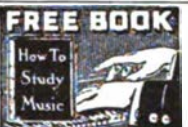
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Charles M. Schwab says: "Dr. Marden's writings have had much to do with my success."

John Wanamaker says: "I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without at least one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books."

Lord Northcliffe says: "I believe Dr. Marden's writings will be of immense assistance to all young men."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a new success of your life.

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IN these three extraordinary books and in the inimitable, inspiring articles appearing monthly in *The New Success*, Orison Swett Marden blazes the trail that leads to success. The Marden Inspirational Library is a combination of three of Dr. Marden's greatest books and a fifteen months' subscription to *The New Success*. No man or woman, who is seeking the way to success, whether it be in business or in social life, can afford to neglect the practical, stimulating, encouraging truths taught in this library. Purchased individually, the complete library would cost you over \$11.00. Use the coupon in the corner and we will send the three books and the magazine for 24 months to any address desired for \$3.00 with your order and \$3.00 per month for two months. It will prove one of the best investments you will ever have made.

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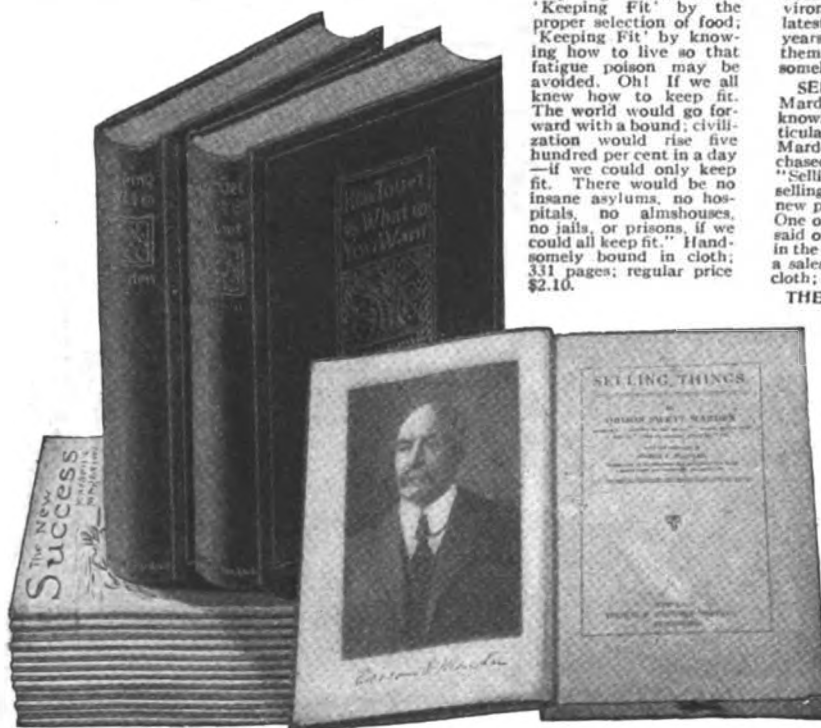
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SEEKING

By ANN PARTLAN

OH, the years we spend in seeking
And the hopeful heights we scale,
The sorrowful descending
Into Failure's dreary vale.
Through the forests, dense with thickets,
That are haunted by strange elves—
Oh, the years we spend in seeking
E'er we find at last—ourselves.

♦ ♦ ♦

An Opinion

YOU can liken the business and financial world to a crowd in the theater. When the show is going along smoothly, everyone is happy; but let somebody yell "Fire!" and, in an instant, a part of the audience is a surging mob trying to get out doors.

Those who lose their heads, of course, make all the noise and take up the most room; they block the exits in their frenzy and keep themselves and others from getting out. While the fire itself may be serious, the stampede is usually more so. You can have the panic without a fire; the mere mention of fire will start a stampede.—*W. P. G. Harding, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board.*

♦ ♦ ♦

There Are Others Like Him

ONCE, while walking through the land of Imagination, I saw a dull-eyed man, sitting at the door of a small, dingy cottage.

"Why are you so poor?" I asked.

"I am not poor," he answered indignantly.

"There is coal underneath my garden—one hundred thousand tons of it."

"Then why don't you dig it up?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "at present I have no spade and I don't like digging."—*Herbert N. Casson.*

♦ ♦ ♦

The Difference

A PESSIMIST closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corner of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done." An optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets George do it. But a "pep-ti-mist" takes off his hat, rolls up his sleeves, goes to it, and does it.

—*The Rotarian.*

♦ ♦ ♦

Courtesy is a tremendous salesman. The smile has sold more goods than sales ability without the smile. No smile no sale.

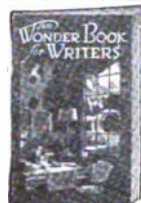
♦ ♦ ♦

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been is lying in magic preservation in pages of books.—*Carlyle.*

♦ ♦ ♦

He who loses wealth, loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses his courage, loses all.—*Cervantes.*

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Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orison Swett Marden, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The New Success—Marden's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Lowrey-Marden Corporation, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Orison Swett Marden, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Robert Mackay, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Ralph Borsodi, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1921.
[Seal]

HENRY L. RUPERT,
Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30th, 1921.)

How to Kill a Minister

TELL others that you don't like him, but never tell him why. If you told him why you don't like him, he might show you wherein you were mistaken; then you would need to apologize to him for talking behind his back.

Criticize his sermons. Say, "He's too old-fashioned in his theology, or he's too liberal; his sermons are too long; he is too closely confined to his notes; he's tiresome, stupid, and monotonous." Never tell him his sermon helped you, that might make him puffed up.

Complain because he doesn't call as often as you think he ought to. Forget that he has several hundred other people to call upon, that he must prepare two sermons each week, must marry the living and bury the dead, and be all things to all men on all occasions, that he may win some.

Criticize his family, especially his wife. Say, "She takes up too much of his time; she tries to run the church; she is not in sympathy with his work; she has too many hats; she dresses too well, or not well enough."

Go to some other church because you don't like your own minister, and because the other minister is more sensational, more dramatic, more educated, more orthodox, more heterodox, more social, and more anything else that suits your fancy.

Always look for your minister's weakest points, never look for his strongest qualities. To look for his strongest qualities might mean to be convinced that with all his failings he has consecrated himself to the high calling of God for your salvation, that he has sacrificed a larger income for a mere living wage, and that he has cast in his life with the people of God to the end that men may come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

There is nothing else needed.—*The Congregationalist.*

♦ ♦ ♦

Rothschild's "Rules of Business"

(These were found in the desk of the famous banker, Baron Rothschild, shortly after his death in 1836.)

CAREFULLY examine every detail of your business.

Be prompt in everything.

Take time to consider, but decide positively.

Dare to go forward.

Bear trouble patiently.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never tell business lies.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Never appear something more than you are.

Pay your debts promptly.

Shun strong liquor.

Employ your time well.

Do not reckon upon chance.

Never be discouraged.

Be polite to everybody.

♦ ♦ ♦

Most anybody can do a thing he feels like doing, but it takes a true man to do a thing when he doesn't feel like doing it.—*Sam Jones.*

The Silent Salesman

HE arrives without delay.
 He always gets a hearing.
 He comes in without disturbing the prospect's thoughts.
 He speaks when the prospect is ready to listen—the most opportune time.
 He states your proposition and does not qualify it by inconsistencies.
 His arguments have time to assimilate without disturbance.
 His traveling expenses are a mere detail.
 He often gets an order, but more often establishes a connection.
 One good order pays for his multitude of visits.
 He builds good will and prestige.
 He is powerful in the promotion of a new line and very valuable in the follow-up.
 His characteristics like his fellow travelers determine what impression he will make.
 If he is well dressed, pleasing in manner and presents his proposition in an honest, sensible, business-like way, he certainly gets better attention, centers more interest and creates more sales than his shoddy, expressionless brother.
 The silent salesman is a business-building fact of the century.
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 —The Red Oval.

A Real Man

THE test of a man is the fight he makes
 The grit that he daily shows,
 The way he stands on his feet and takes
 Fate's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
 When nothing his progress bars,
 But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
 While some other fellow stars.—Chords.

When Galli-Curci Sang to Seven

ON one occasion Galli-Curci, the famous soprano, sang at Panama City. There were only seven persons in the hall. Did the singer slight her work?
 Not a bit of it. She gave the seven in the audience the best she had, and the next night the hall was crowded.
 Possibly there is a moral in this for you or somebody else.

If you get up in the morning with nothing particular to do, you are very likely to do it.

The man who builds a factory builds a temple, and the man who works therein worships there. To each is due not scorn nor blame, but reverence and praise.—Calvin Coolidge.

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